

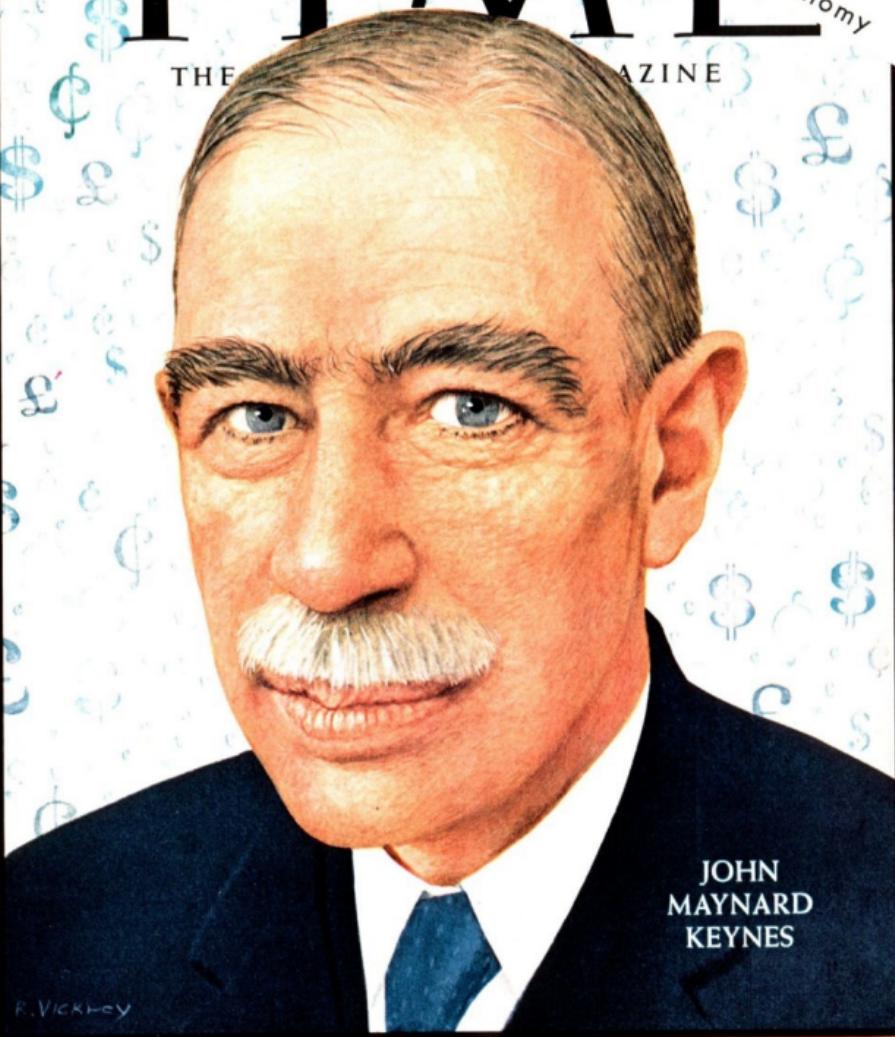
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 31, 1965

TIME

THE WORLD'S NEWSWEEKLY MAGAZINE

BUSINESS IN 1965:
The Keynesian Influence
On The Expansionist Economy



JOHN
MAYNARD
KEYNES

R. VICKREY

VOL. 86 NO. 27

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB now presents 104 ways

MORE HITS BY THE SUPREMES

Nothing But Heartaches
Stop! In The Name of Love
10 more



2187. Ask Any Girl, I'm In Love Again, 10 more =

LOVE AFFAIR THE RAY CONNIFF SINGERS

W-LP, N-14
Main title
10 more



1983. Also: Just Friends, For All We Know, etc.



1977-1978. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.)

PETER, PAUL & MARY A Song Will Rise



2114. When The Ship Comes In, 12 in all

NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS

Choo Choo Chay ee
Kisses Sweeter Than Wine
Down
Lark Day
Springtime
+ 2 MORE

COLUMBIA

2127. Also: We'll Sing In The Sunshine, 12 in all



2075. Also: Jamaica Farewell, Try to Remember, etc.

TONY'S GREATEST HITS VOL. III

I Left My Heart
In San Francisco
I Wanna Be Around
The Good Life
9 MORE

2150. Tony Bennett sings A Taste Of Honey, etc.

Mr Tambourine Man THE BYRDS

1966. Mr Tambourine Man
The Byrds
10 more

2120. Here Without You, Knew I'd Want You, etc.

ROGER WILLIAMS plays THE HITS

Dear Heart - Mr. Lonely People

9 more

2077. Also, High On A Windy Hill, etc.

My Name Is Barbara

1965. My Name Is Barbara
Barbra Streisand

Why Did I Choose You
My Man - 10 more

2113. Also: I Can See It, Where Is The Wonder, etc.

SOFTLY AS I LEAVE YOU FRANK SINATRA

1957. Dear Heart
10 more

REPRISE

1765. Also: Talk To Me Baby, Pass Me By, etc.

THE KING FAMILY SHOW!

Pass Me By • Stardust
Climb Ev'ry Mountain
10 more

2136. Also: Always, Make Someone Happy, etc.

JOHNNY CASH ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL

1958. Folsom Prison Blues
It Ain't Me, Babe - 10 more

2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, Long Black Veil, etc.

1933. Delightful performance of Gracie's soaring tone poem

1945. In The Chapel, In the Moonlight, 10 in all

DEAN MARTIN HITS AGAIN

You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You

You'll Always Be The One I Love

plus 8 more

1903. Also: In The Chapel, In the Moonlight, 10 in all

JIMMY DEAN

The First Thing Ev'ry Morning, Under This Sun Too Many Times

+ 2 more

2160. Also: Anytime, All By Myself, Til Tomorrow, etc.

BY POPULAR DEMAND

Festivals & Parties
Who's Who
Who Can I Turn To
I'm Gonna Love You Again
I'm Gonna Love You Again

2175. Also: I Will
Never Let You Go
Love, Forgiveness, etc.

TCMOSKOVY SWAN LAKE Ballet Suite

GRAND PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY

1962. A treat, a delight all over again - M. T. Journalist

2177. Other artists
join in the fun
with Mario, Mario

A SESSION WITH
THE SWAN AND THE PLAYBOYS
Save Your Heart For Me
Count Me In - 10 more

2172. Also: For Your
Love, Traveller Man, Free Like Me, etc.

1933. A show that's perfectly wonderful - 10 more

2133. Also: Steagger Lee, Greenback Dollar, Susie Q, etc.

1977. Also: Come See About Me, You, Kiss of Fire, etc.

2137. Also: Steagger Lee, Greenback Dollar, Susie Q, etc.

1961. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, More, More, Fascination, etc.

2181. Also: People
A Married Man, Take
The Moment, etc.

2185. Also: Wee Wee
Hawee Hawee, etc.
Mortin' Inside, etc.

All I Ready Want To Do
I CHOOSE
Don't Think Twice
Needless And
2 MORE

2164. Also: Kipp
Dove Come Down In
The Wind, etc.

2184. More hilarious
reminiscences by
this great comedian

BILL COSBY tells
WHY IS THERE AIR?

and other
marvelous things

2166. Also: Kipp
Dove Come Down In
The Wind, etc.

2185. Also: Time After
Time, More, etc.

2115. Also: Time After
Time, More, etc.

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SCORE

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

1965. Tom Jones singing the title song

2157. Also: Scores of
titles from the movie

MARY MARTIN IN
THE SOUND OF MUSIC

1965. Mary Martin singing
the title song

2126. Also: Fly Me To
The Moon, I Believe
In You, More, 11 more

2026. Also: Fly Me To
The Moon, I Believe
In You, More, 11 more

1933. A show that's perfectly wonderful - 10 more

2133. Also: Steagger Lee, Greenback Dollar, Susie Q, etc.

2137. Also: Steagger Lee, Greenback Dollar, Susie Q, etc.

1961. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, More, More, Fascination, etc.

2181. Also: People
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2166. Also: Kipp
Dove Come Down In
The Wind, etc.

2185. Also: Time After
Time, More, etc.

2115. Also: Time After
Time, More, etc.

2188. Also: Fly Me To
The Moon, More, etc.

2115. Also: Time After
Time, More, etc.

2188. Also: Fly Me To
The Moon, More, etc.

2115. Also: Time After
Time, More, etc.

ROBERT GOULET SUMMER SONGS

1965. Robert Goulet singing
the title song

2177. Also: Scores of
titles from the movie

2154. Also: Old Cape
Cod, Cape May, etc.

My Name Is Barbara

1965. Barbara Streisand

Why Did I Choose You
My Man - 10 more

2133. Also: I Can See It,
Where Is The Wonder, etc.

Original Soundtrack

THE GAY CLARK FIRE,
HAVING A WILD WEEKEND

1965. Gay Clark singing
the title song

2157. Also: Scores of
titles from the movie

1905. Also: I Can't Stop
Loving You, Till, 12 in all

1905. Also: I Can't Stop
Loving You, Till, 12 in all

to enjoy yourself!

YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE

ANY 9

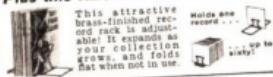
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JUST LOOK AT THIS EXCITING SELECTION OF HIT RECORDS . . . there's music to suit your every mood! And by joining now, you may have ANY 9 of these records — ALL 9 for only \$4.95! Furthermore, we'll also send you a record rack FREE.

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THE RETURN OF ROGER MILLER Version (DO WACKA DO) John King of the Road 12 inch	THE VERSATILE HENRY MANCINI And His Orchestra 12 inch	ELLINGTON '66 Red Roses For A Blue Lady All My Living I'm In Love With You 12 inch	SERKIN - BEETHOVEN Leopold Stokowski Symphony No. 4 Three Favorite Sonatas MOONLIGHT APPASSIONATA 12 inch	WOODY HERMAN My Kind Of Broadway Who Can I Turn To The Sound Of Music 10 min 12 inch
1962. Also: In The Summertime, There I Go Dreamin', etc.	1963. Also: Days of Wine and Roses, The Good Life, etc.	1960. Also: Days of Wine and Roses, The Good Life, etc.	1963. " . . . the work is a masterpiece." — The N.Y. Times	1966. Also: I Feel Like Nowhere, I'm Like You, etc.
PORTS OF CALL Levi Laine Peter Beter Philadelphia City Student Council	PETULA CLARK I Know A Place 12 inch	THE SWINGLE SINGERS Anyone for Mozart? 12 inch	SARAH VAUGHAN Singin' All The Way All The Way The Second Best Is None 12 inch	GOD BLESS AMERICA Marion Monroe Tabernacle Singers Dorothy Price 12 inch
1966. Six Favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ravel, Chabrier	1963. Also: Where It Love, Shaw Girl, Little Angel, etc.	1961. Delightful and swinging performances of 5 works	1962. Also: How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Bit Harts, 10 More	1960. Also: America, The Beautiful, American Singers, 8 more
TRINI LOPEZ THE FOLK ALBUM Steve & I Michael Tree More Charms, Laura Lee	AMANDA WILLIAMS CALL ME INSEPARABLE 12 inch	EYDIE GORME & THE TRIO LES PACHES 12 inch	LESLEY GORE Sunshine & Rainbows Judy's Turn It's My Party 12 inch	JAY: AMERICANS BLOCKBUSTERS 12 inch
1962. Also: Crooked Little Man, Puff The Magic Dragon, etc.	1959. Also: Be My Love, Letters, Gigi, etc.	2102. COUNTRY VADS Max Amer., Lena Lu- nara, 9 more	2177. Also: She's A Fool, Look of Love, Hey Now, etc.	1962. Let's Get The Door, Cara Mia, 10 more big hits
OKLAHOMA! Rogers & Hammerstein Florence Henderson John Gary, etc.	NUTCRACKER SUITE Peter and the Wolf 12 inch	LENA HORNE feelin' good 12 inch	JOHNNIE RIVERS IN ACTION Lynn Anderson Soul Serenade 12 inch	HELLO, DOLLY! Louis Armstrong 12 inch
1945. The whole won- derful story out of My Dreams, etc.	1959. "Skillfully, warmly, richly per- formed . . . high art."	2104. Also: Nancy O' The Waves, Don't Cry For Me, Baby, etc.	2174. And I Love You, Too, Settling, 2 more	1962. Also: It's All New, New Rhythms of Love Ol' Teddy Wilson, 10 other hits
THE GENIUS OF JANIS JOPLIN: A Walk in the Sun, Ballad Clair De Lune, Simple Gospel + more	I STARTED OUT AS A CHILD! Bill Cosby 12 inch	JOHNNIE HORTON'S GREATEST HITS 12 inch	LEONID BERNSTEIN CARL NELSON, String Quartet, 3 Royal Danish Orch. 12 inch	JOHNNIE RIVERS IN ACTION Lynn Anderson Soul Serenade 12 inch
2181. Also: Hayak Serenade, Sing-Song, etc.	1971. A childhood re- captured through a wacky reading glass	2064. Also: Nancy O' The Waves, Don't Cry For Me, Baby, etc.	2178. Also: One of Those Days, Taking My Time, etc.	2179. I Still Get Jazzblues, 10 more
GEORGE & GENE JONES & PITNEY THIS TIME BY BASIE Two Great Stars	THIS TIME BY BASIE HITS OF THE '50'S & '60'S Christy Minstrels 12 inch	MARVIN GAYE HITS 12 inch	LEONID BERNSTEIN CARL NELSON, String Quartet, 3 Royal Danish Orch. 12 inch	JOHNNIE RIVERS IN ACTION Lynn Anderson Soul Serenade 12 inch
1961. Also: Hayak Serenade, Sing-Song, etc.	1971. A childhood re- captured through a wacky reading glass	2064. Also: Nancy O' The Waves, Don't Cry For Me, Baby, etc.	2178. Also: One of Those Days, Taking My Time, etc.	2179. I Still Get Jazzblues, 10 more
GOLDFINGER Original Motion Picture Sound Track	ELTON JOHN LET'S GET IT ON	MARY WELLS GREATEST HITS 12 inch	BEECHWOOD BEETHOVEN'S 9 SYMPHONIES Leonard Bernstein 12 inch	VIVALDI THE FOUR SEASONS Leonard Bernstein N.Y. Philharmonic John P. Natale, cond. 12 inch
1974. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey	1973. "Raydn col- lectors will certainly want this." —Hi-Fi	1965. Also: Love Is A Beer, Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.	1976. Also: Your Old Standby, You Beat Me To The Punch, etc.	2213. Baroque mas- terful performance
20 TOP POP SONGS The House Of The Rising Sun I Want To Hold Your Hand Medina And The Moon 12 inch	RAY CHARLES GREATEST HITS Hi The Georgia On My Mind 12 inch	CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM IN IRELAND 12 inch	CHAIKOVSKY: Pathétique Symphony 12 inch	WEST SIDE STORY Original Soundtrack Recording
1962. Also: Bits And Pieces, A Hard Day's Night, My Guy, etc.	1973. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.	1964. Also: Love Is A Beer, Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.	1976. Also: Soprano In Blue, I'll Never Smile Again, 12 in all	1937. "The most ad- venturous musical ever made." —Life

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George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 29

I SPY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). In "Affair in T-sien Cha," Agents Scott and Robinson solve the mystery of a train that disappears en route from Hong Kong. Color.

Thursday, December 30

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Rossano Brazzi, Suzanne Pleshette and Troy Donahue star in *Rome Adventure*, a naive drama of an American girl determined to learn about love in Italy. Color.

Friday, December 31

THE GATOR BOWL GAME (ABC, 2-5 p.m.). Georgia Tech v. Texas Tech, from Jacksonville. Color.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Napoleon and Illya resort to their own brand of witchcraft to outwit a voodoo dictator in "The Very Important Zombe Affair." Color.

Saturday, January 1

SUGAR BOWL (NBC, 1:45 p.m.), Missouri v. Florida, from New Orleans. Color.

COTTON BOWL (CBS, 1:45 p.m.), Arkansas v. Louisiana State University, from Dallas. Color.

ROSE BOWL (NBC, 4:45 p.m.), Michigan State v. U.C.L.A., from Pasadena.

ORANGE BOWL (NBC, 7:45 p.m.), Nebraska v. Alabama, from Miami. Color.

Sunday, January 2

N.F.L. CHAMPIONSHIP GAME (CBS, 2 p.m.). The top of the Eastern Conference v. the best in the West. Color.

N.B.A. GAME OF THE WEEK (ABC, 4-6 p.m.). New York Knickerbockers v. Philadelphia 76ers, from Philadelphia.

Tuesday, January 4

CBS REPORTS: THE VOLGA (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A view of Russian industry, farming, education, and the life of the ordinary citizen in the Soviet Union today. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE. John Osborne's threnody on the middle years electifies with bolts of bitterness and sparks of caustic humor. Bill Maitland, the effigy that Osborne burns in his anathema on the modern world, is played with stunning force by Nicol Williamson, a 28-year-old Scotsman, who spares neither himself nor his audience with a gripping performance.

CACTUS FLOWER is a French farce seasoned to U.S. tastes by Adapter-Director Abe Burrows and served with unerring timing by a well-chosen cast. Lauren Bacall is drollly dry as a spinsterish nurse with a voice that would intimidate gangrene, and Barry Nelson is convincingly mock-innocent as a dentist with a master's degree in bachelorhood.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU. The screwball humor of George Kaufman and Moss Hart today seems brushed with tender nostalgia in a superb revival of the 29-year-old comedy about the slightly zany and entirely winning Sycamore family.

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN. Tired philosophy and an undocumented personal in-

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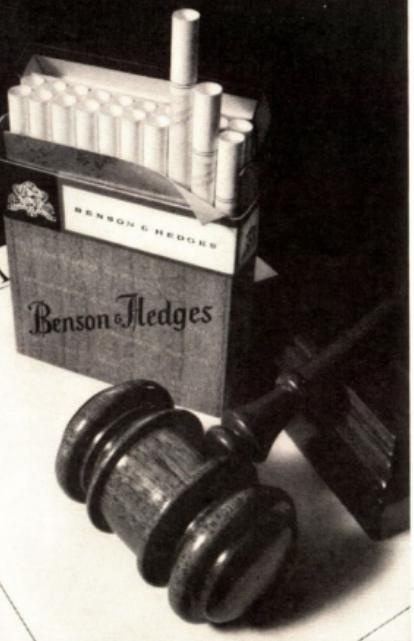
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you get more.



interpretation of the relationship between Conquistador Pizarro and Inca Ruler Atahualpa are injected into a historical spectacle that pleases visually but fails to satisfy dramatically.

GENERATION. The battle between age groups is second only to the battle of the sexes as the stuff of which life and plays are made. William Goodhart makes it laughing matter in a lighthearted comedy about a doting father (Henry Fonda) who finds his daughter and her nonconformist husband living in a Greenwich Village loft and—much to Fonda's distress—liking it.

Off Broadway

THE WHITE DEVIL. The decisive motion of John Webster's bloody tragedy "is a plunging dagger, but the determining mood is an obsessive sense of evil. In this revival, an authoritative cast headed by Frank Langella and Carrie Nye propels the play with a controlled drive and fury.

RECORDS

Opera

PRESENTING MONTSERRAT CABALLÉ (RCA Victor). The 32-year-old Spanish soprano (TIME Dec. 24), who has been winning superlative reviews since her first U.S. appearance last April, shows that they are richly deserved. In superb performances of *Costa diva* and other arias from Bellini and Donizetti, Caballé's voice is full, pure and effortless. Dark torments of sound shade evenly into silver pianissimos, all in the service of the poetry she sings.

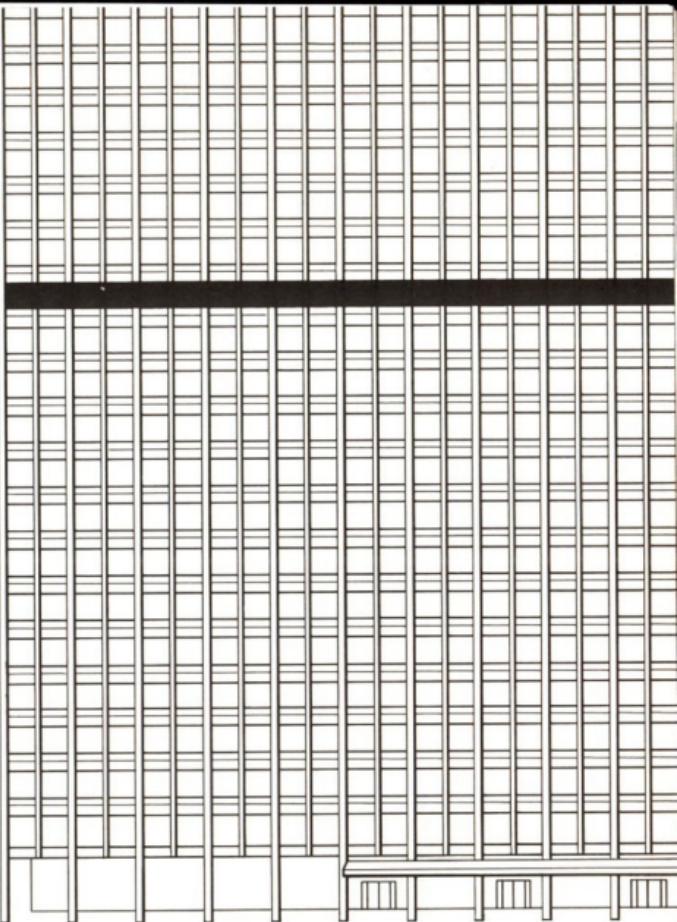
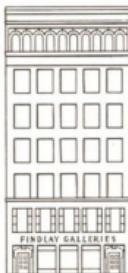
BERG: WOZZECK (2 LPs; Deutsche Grammophon). A chilling interpretation of Berg's musical masterpiece on man's inhumanity to man. Karl Böhm conducts the orchestra of the German Opera of Berlin, and an excellent cast including Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Soprano Evelyn Lear as his unfaithful mistress. Berg's eerie music is impregnated with drama, yet more than most the opera demands to be seen, if only for the finale, in which Wozzeck's illegitimate son, taunted by other children about the death of his mother, hops off alone on his hobbyhorse.

OFFENBACH: THE TALES OF HOFFMANN (3 LPs; Angel). Nicolai Gedda is a lucky tenor. As Hoffmann, his three loves in three acts are two golden sopranos and one gilded fledgling: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is Giulietta, the courtesan; Victoria de los Angeles is Antonia, the lovely invalid; and Gianna D'Angelo is Olympia, the dancing doll. Gedda and the evil basso have difficulty in keeping up with the ladies, and the performance, in spite of some spirited conducting by André Cluytens, is a series of uneven set pieces.

NICOLAI GHIAUROV: FRENCH AND RUSSIAN Arias (London). The Don Basilio of the new *Barber* is a 36-year-old Bulgarian whose rich and rolling basso has resounded through Europe's great opera houses and is now being heard at the Metropolitan (TIME, Nov. 19). On this recording, his voice (singing Bizet, Borodin, Glinka, Tchaikovsky) is a pleasure to the ear, but some of his interpretations are too broad; as Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust*, for example, his laughter sounds like a parody of villainy.

ROSSINI: THE BARBER OF SEVILLE (3 LPs; London). Teresa Berganza takes her place as one of the rosiest Rosinas on records. The Spanish coloratura executes the florid

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Braque, Buffet
and
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TUES	8:30-8:35 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:00-9:10 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:10-10:00 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:00-10:10 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:10-10:30 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:30-10:35 <i>Dear Abby</i>	11:00-11:10 <i>Conflict in Marriage</i>	11:30-11:35 <i>In Hollywood</i>	12:30-12:35 <i>Ask Betty Furness</i>	1:00-1:10 <i>In Hollywood</i>	1:30-1:35 <i>Ask Betty Furness</i>	2:00-2:10 <i>In Hollywood</i>
WED	8:30-8:35 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:00-9:10 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:10-10:00 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:00-10:10 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:10-10:30 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:30-10:35 <i>Dear Abby</i>	11:00-11:10 <i>Conflict in Marriage</i>	11:30-11:35 <i>In Hollywood</i>	12:30-12:35 <i>Ask Betty Furness</i>	1:00-1:10 <i>In Hollywood</i>	1:30-1:35 <i>Ask Betty Furness</i>	2:00-2:10 <i>In Hollywood</i>
THU	8:30-8:35 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:00-9:10 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:10-10:00 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:00-10:10 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:10-10:30 <i>The Morning Report</i>	10:30-10:35 <i>Dear Abby</i>	11:00-11:10 <i>Conflict in Marriage</i>	11:30-11:35 <i>In Hollywood</i>	12:30-12:35 <i>Ask Betty Furness</i>	1:00-1:10 <i>In Hollywood</i>	1:30-1:35 <i>Ask Betty Furness</i>	2:00-2:10 <i>In Hollywood</i>
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SAT	8:30-8:35 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:00-9:10 <i>The Morning Report</i>	9:30-9:35 WEEKEND	10:00-10:05 <i>Weekend</i>	10:05-10:10 <i>Weekend</i>	10:30-10:35 <i>Weekend</i>	11:00-11:05 <i>Weekend</i>	11:05-11:10 <i>Weekend</i>	11:30-11:35 WEEKEND	12:00-12:05 <i>Weekend</i>	12:05-12:10 <i>Weekend</i>	12:30-12:35 WEEKEND
	ALAN JACKSON	NEWS Mike Wallace	ARTHUR GODFREY TIME	NEWS Dallas Townsend	HOUSE PARTY Art Linkletter	ABIGAIL VAN BUREN Allan Jackson	NEWS DR. PETERSON	NEWS DIMENSION Ralph Story	NEWS Ned Calmer	NEWS Dimension Betty Furness	NEWS Reid Collins	NEWS
SUN	9:00-9:10 <i>Weekend</i>	9:30-9:35 WEEKEND	10:00-10:05 <i>Weekend</i>	10:30-10:35 WEEKEND	11:00-11:05 <i>Weekend</i>	11:30-11:35 <i>Weekend</i>	12:00-12:05 <i>Weekend</i>	12:30-12:35 <i>Weekend</i>	1:00-1:05 <i>Weekend</i>	1:05-1:10 <i>Weekend</i>	1:30-1:35 WEEKEND	
	NEWS John Meyer	NEWS Richard C. Hottelet	NEWS Richard C. Hottelet	NEWS Richard C. Hottelet	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS
	2:00-2:05 <i>Weekend</i>	4:30-4:35 WEEKEND	5:30-5:35 <i>Weekend</i>	6:00-6:05 <i>Weekend</i>	6:05-6:10 <i>Weekend</i>	6:30-6:35 <i>Weekend</i>	7:00-7:05 <i>Weekend</i>	7:05-7:10 <i>Weekend</i>	7:30-7:35 <i>Weekend</i>	8:00-8:10 <i>Weekend</i>	9:00-9:05 <i>Weekend</i>	9:05-9:10 <i>Weekend</i>
	NEWS Richard C. Hottelet	NEWS Arthur Godfrey	NEWS Richard C. Hottelet	NEWS Richard C. Hottelet	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS Arthur Godfrey	NEWS Dave Schoumacher	NEWS George Herman
												NEWS ANALYSIS Marvin Agronsky

NOTE: Weekend Dimension, hosted by Bob Dixon, calls on CBS News worldwide correspondents, other authoritative guests, and star personalities like Garry Moore and Henry Morgan, to report timely, informative, and human interest material.

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2:30-2:35	3:00-3:10	3:30-3:35	4:00-4:10	4:30-4:35	5:00-5:10	5:30-5:35	6:45-6:55	6:55-7:00	7:00-7:15	7:15-7:30	7:30-7:35
Kirby's Corner	Personal Close-up	Personal Close-up	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	THE WORLD TONIGHT	WORLD-WIDE SPORTS	The Reasoner Report
Kirby's Corner	Personal Close-up	Personal Close-up	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	THE WORLD TONIGHT	WORLD-WIDE SPORTS	The Reasoner Report
Kirby's Corner	Personal Close-up	Personal Close-up	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	WALTER Cronkite Reporting	THE WORLD TONIGHT	WORLD-WIDE SPORTS	The Reasoner Report
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DIMENSION Durward Kirby	NEWS Ned Calmer	DIMENSION Mike Wallace	NEWS Reid Collins	DIMENSION Walter Cronkite	NEWS Douglas Edwards	DIMENSION Alexander Kendrick	LOWELL THOMAS	SPORTS TIME Phil Rizzuto	NEWS Douglas Edwards	FRANK GIFFORD	DIMENSION Harry Reasoner

1:00-1:10 1:10-1:15

	
NEWS Dallas Townsend	JACK DREES ON SPORTS
JACK DREES ON SPORTS	NEWS Neil Strawser

7:55-8:00 8:00-8:10

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passages with ease and accuracy but never allows them to detract from her sweet but peppery portrayal. The Italian tenor Ugo Benelli makes a lightweight but appealing Almaviva, while Bass Nicolai Ghiaurov is a richly venal Don Basilio, fairly licking his chops over the wondrous power of calumny and his chance to exploit it. The other singers are not outstanding, but the performance is generally effective and well-styled by Silvio Varviso, who conducts the Rossini Orchestra and Chorus of Naples.

CINEMA

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD. In this taut, tasteful version of John le Carré's bestseller about a burnt-out British secret agent, Richard Burton gives his best screen performance. This is all one needs to know.

THUNDERBALL. Sean Connery returns as 007, equipped with a back-pack jet and aqua lung for all sorts of spectacular conquests by land, sea and air.

LAWRENCE AND HARDY'S LAUGHING 20'S. Witness innocence runs amuck in excerpts from the silent classics of Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, assembled with hilarious results by Cinema Anthologist Robert Youngson.

KING RAT. A shrewd G.I. con man (George Segal) exploits his buddies for fun and profit in Writer-Director Bryan Forbes's harsh, searching drama about survival of the fittest in a Japanese prison compound during World War II.

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS. Director Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*, 8½) ostensibly explores the subconscious of a mild little matron (Giulietta Masina) whose husband has strayed, makes her problems materialize as a Freudian three-ring circus in full color.

REPULSION. A deranged French manipurist (Catherine Deneuve) gives her London suitors a bloody bad time of it in Writer-Director Roman Polanski's heart-thumping shocker.

THE LEATHER BOYS. Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell and Dudley Sutton lend exuberance to this sharply observed British drama about a pair of motorcycle-riding newlyweds, whose marriage is threatened by the boy-husband's homosexual pal.

TO DIE IN MADRID. Rare vintage newsreels recall the tragedy of Spain's disastrous civil war (1936-39) in Producer-Director Frédéric Rossif's masterly compilation, narrated most movingly by John Gielgud and Irene Worth.

DARLING. Director John Schlesinger's brittle jet-set satire, with Julie Christie as the playgirl who makes a name for herself by doing the wrong things with the right people.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A THOUSAND DAYS: JOHN F. KENNEDY IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Harvard Historian-New Frontiersman Schlesinger's admiration for the late President is often obvious; nevertheless this is by far the most perceptive, the most vivid, and the best-balanced assessment of the Kennedy years that has yet appeared.

THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN, by John O'Hara. The "concern" is that of the tough, grasping Lockwoods of eastern Pennsylvania, who want to turn themselves into gentlemen but don't want to give up the

morals of the coal patch. The period detail is meticulous, but the book as a whole, like most of the author's long novels, will be useful principally to the reader who wants to commit O'Hara-kiri.

THE WILD SWAN, by Monica Stirling. A tender and touching biography of Master Storyteller Hans Christian Andersen, who lived to be 70, and was still seeing life as a fairy story more magical than any he wrote.

MY LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS AND ON THE PLAINS, by David Meriwether. Dictated to a granddaughter and now published for the first time 72 years after his death, this gruffly matter-of-fact autobiography overflows with anecdotes which show that life on the early American frontier was a grim and dangerous business.

IN MY TIME, by Robert Straus-Hupé. The distinguished director of the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute looks back without anger at his youth amid the ruins of a Middle-Europe shattered by World War I, weighs his own nostalgia for a lost bourgeois civilization against the dynamics of the atomic age.

QUESTIONS OF TRAVEL, by Elizabeth Bishop. In the first book of poems that she has published since 1954, a fine but unprolific poet presents a slender sampling of superb descriptive verse.

THE BEGGAR, by F. M. Esfandiary. The injustice of justice and the crime of punishment are shrewdly displayed in this fiercely ironical parable, composed by an Iranian-in-exile, that demonstrates how the devil takes the hindmost when play God.

THE PEACEMAKERS, by Richard B. Morris. In an impressive account of the political maneuvering that led to the Peace of Paris (1783), Historian Morris holds that royalist France, far from being a loyal friend, would have scuttled the newly founded U.S. except for the timeliness of Jay, Franklin and Adams.

THE MAIAS, by Eça de Queiroz. In this major novel written in a minor language, Portugal's most important 19th century novelist delineates the degeneration of the aristocracy that ruled and undermined his country as the century was drawing to a close.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Those Who Love*, Stone (2)
3. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (3)
4. *Airs Above the Ground*, Stewart (4)
5. *Hotel, Halley* (5)
6. *The Lockwood Concern*, O'Hara (7)
7. *The Honey Badger*, Ruark (9)
8. *Thomas*, Mylans (8)
9. *The Robbi*, Gordon
10. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Kennedy*, Sorenson (1)
2. *A Thousand Days*, Schlesinger (2)
3. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (3)
4. *A Gift of Joy*, Hayes (6)
5. *Games People Play*, Berne (4)
6. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyar (8)
7. *Is Paris Burning?*, Collins and Lapierre (10)
8. *The Penkovskiy Papers*, Penkovskiy (7)
9. *The Sense of Wonder*, Carson
10. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (5)

LETTERS

MOY

Sir: My nomination for TIME's Man of the Year is the Vietnamese guerrilla, who for 25 years has fought, always against great odds, for the right to govern himself.

P. S. ADAMS

London

Sir: The Viet Cong soldier, who, though underfed, underpaid and underequipped, has fought the world's most powerful nation to a standstill.

NEAL NUSS

Park Forest, Ill.

Sir: I nominate the American G.I. In the past year no other man or group of men has done so much for the American people.

SUSAN PULLUS

Dallas

Sir: The Student Demonstrator,

LEROY VOGEL

Professor of History

Centenary College

Shreveport, La.

Sir: The U.S. spacemen, who have achieved so much and have opened the space age by their daring experiments.

ANTHONY HAGERTY

London

Sir: Barry Goldwater, whose honesty, frankness and sense of morality inspired the present U.S. President in his fight against international Communism.

ALEJANDRO DEL MOLINO TORRES

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Sir: Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, a world leader who, I predict, will succeed Johnson as President of the U.S.

PATRICK BEARY

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir: John W. Lennon of the Beatles.

MADELINE R. TRESS

Brooklyn

Historian Schlesinger

Sir: As another historian, I commend you for honoring the craft with your cover story on Arthur Schlesinger [Dec. 17]. I too, would plump for activism because of its merit to the interpreter of history. However, there is a factor in such associations that Schlesinger fails to emphasize. That is the gracious receptivity of men such as his President and my Governor to interloping historians. Access is the key to effective political participation and observation, and Kennedy and Scranton have literally opened their offices to public scrutiny.

GEORGE D. WOLF

Special Assistant to the Governor
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir: According to TIME, Rusk considered Schlesinger one of the "biggest gossips in Washington." I am one of Mr. Schlesinger's closest friends. I saw him every two or three weeks. In reading his book, I was amazed to find all he knew and the experiences he shared with the President and others. Never did he ever give me the slightest hint of these activities and discussions. Until last month, I thought he was just a friend of the President.

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS
Chairman

Department of Economics
University of California
San Diego

Sir: Concerning the historian as participant: In 1892 President Eliot of Harvard notified Henry Adams that he would be the recipient of an honorary degree in recognition of his *History of the United States*. Adams declined, and urged that the honor be conferred on Nicolay and Hay for their *Abraham Lincoln, A History*. Eliot replied:

"Those gentlemen did not write history, but the historical biography of a man just dead. They were actors in many of the scenes they described, and, therefore, could not be historians. They have prepared invaluable materials for the subsequent historian, and done an admirable piece of literary work; but I submit that they have not written history." I don't agree, but that's what the man said.

PAUL M. ANGLE
Secretary

Chicago Historical Society
Chicago, Ill.

Viet Nam

Sir: How refreshing, how stimulating, to read of a Dwight Owen [Dec. 17]. This is the kind of man who would have been at the Boston Tea Party; he is the man about whom the history of this country is written. Eight years ago, while a senior at Brown University, I had the privilege of living with the Owen family. "Dewy" Owen was even then a bright boy who made sure my baby sitting was never dull. It was worth it.

A. STEPHEN CASIMIR, M.D.
Vestal, N.Y.

Sir: It is nice to read about all the support for us back there and to receive all the delicious cookies and candy from our friends. But although cookies are nice, they don't stop the rashes that come from the heat and dampness, or shave the faces that have not seen a new blade in days, or kill the fungus that seems to be a common place. And all the time I see body powder and disinfectants and so many other things sorely needed by us marines arrive under the title of "We Care," etc., on their way to the Vietnamese people.

(LANCE CPL.) D. L. GREEN
U.S.M.C.

Viet Nam

Sir: Here in Viet Nam we can't understand why so much undeserved publicity is given to Vietnams, since they and their supporters comprise such a small and infantile portion of the population. Most of these people are interested only in reading about themselves. If all publications would treat them as the morons they

are, I'll bet my time for rotation that the streets of the U.S. would soon empty of Vietnams.

(A/IC) WILLIAM E. COOK
U.S.A.F.

Viet Nam

Sir: Your cover story on General Johnson [Dec. 10] is a worthy tribute to a great American. We are most fortunate to have such a deeply religious, professionally competent and genuinely sincere leader for our army. He practices those things he expects of his subordinates. All citizens should pray daily that God will give him the strength and courage for the hard decisions ahead.

T. E. CARTER

East Point, Ga.

Sir: Your story saddened me, because it bolsters the myth of fighting efficiency in Viet Nam. Australian troops, speaking to our correspondents, describe the Americans as poorly led and poorly trained in jungle warfare. Our men will not go on patrol with Americans because it is too dangerous. These examples of dangerous practices are cited: marines yelling to one another on patrol, unbuttoned mess tins and cigarette butts, transistor radios blaring, lighted cigars at night, an appalling lack of observation of danger signs.

ALAN MACDONALD

Hamilton, N.Z.

Sir: With apprehension, sympathy and horror, I spent a sleepless night after reading your cover story on General Johnson, written with tongue in cheek and excellently disguised disgust about the methods used to drag hopeful youth away from fine families to the slaughter of Viet Nam after being indoctrinated with hatred and brainwashed for mass murder and suicide. It is a pity that the U.S.A., which had all the makings for world leadership, was left with a leader who uses toughness to cover up his weakness. This is one more reason the world mourns the untimely death of Kennedy, who was able and determined to bring the nations into brotherly line.

M. HALTRECHT

Montreal

Sir: The cover story on General Johnson is a welcome change from the articles I have read about our misunderstood specimens of manhood who manage to muster up enough energy to hold up platoons and march. As I read the grim reminder of Bataan and the death march, I couldn't help comparing those soldiers with our protest marchers, many of whom would be wasting a match to burn their draft cards, because they would be either

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physically or mentally unfit to serve in the armed forces. We who are mothers of young sons should add this article to their required reading lists.

TERESA C. DUSSAULT
Hudson, N.H.

Sir: About your quotes from Dean Rusk's speech [Dec. 17]: Won't Government spokesmen ever face the essential Viet Nam issue? Whether or not Hanoi "leaves South Viet Nam alone," many experts believe that the situation in South Viet Nam is a revolutionary one and that the Viet Cong is primarily a civil-revolutionary force. Will Mr. Rusk never acknowledge this possibility? Will he persist in evading the real point?

W. BACKEMEYER
University of Sydney
Sydney, Australia

Sir: Herewith the rest of the story on the bombing of the Metropole [Dec. 10]: Two floors were occupied by the outpatient clinic of the Navy Station Hospital. Twenty-two hospital corpsmen lived in the Metropole. Sixteen were injured in the blast; 14, though injured, spent the next twelve hours aiding the injured as well as carrying out their assigned hospital tasks. On the "blast" side of the Metropole, doctors' offices, treatment rooms, an eye clinic, the X-ray department and bacteriology laboratory were demolished. In the main hospital building, two patients were injured. But assisted by a surgical team from the Army 3rd Field Hospital enabled us to gain "medical control" of the situation by late afternoon the same day. We are small, but wound tight!

A. C. HERING
Captain, U.S.N.
Senior Medical Officer
Navy Station Hospital
Saigon

Voting Problems

Sir: Your Essay on voting [Dec. 10] was directly to the mark. As the staff director of the President's Committee on Registration and Voting, I was shocked to find that while apathy is a major cause of non-voting, election laws written when buggy whips were a big industry and high-button shoes the latest style are the major block. The fact is, we are shortly going to have 100 million Americans attempting to register and vote. Our procedures and practices simply are not up to that number, and revision must take place—and soon.

DONALD G. HERZBERG
Executive Director
Eagleton Institute of Politics
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J.

Vatican II

Sir: In its superb comprehensiveness and magnificent clarity, TIME's interpretive summary of the Vatican Council's work [Dec. 17] is a masterpiece in objective journalism. It ought to be made required reading for every Protestant minister, Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox priest, Jewish rabbi, and every divinity school student.

WILLIAM B. LIPPARD
Editor Emeritus

Missions

American Baptist International Magazine
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir: Until history provides perspective, your Essay must be filed with the contemporary evaluations of Vatican II as

the best capsule analysis. You avoid the extremes of so much of the press coverage, from indiscriminate flattery to unimaginative cynicism. That a newsmagazine weighs for its readers the triteness or the significance of different council statements is evidence that John XXIII's dream and Paul VI's plans are already being realized: Vatican II was not just for the Catholic Church (ecclesiastical) but for the world (ecumenical).

(THE REV.) J. W. LANGLINAIS, S.M.
Dean, Arts and Sciences
St. Mary's University
San Antonio, Tex.

Passover Plot

Sir: About your article on Hugh Schonfield's book *The Passover Plot* [Dec. 10]: please ask the good Mr. Schonfield what miraculous drug Jesus took to feed the 4,000 from seven loaves and fishes.

DONALD A. LONGO
Pittsburgh

Sir: Schonfield has missed the point. The plot is much bigger than he realized; its magnitude must make us gasp with admiration. Think of the Madison Avenue techniques apparent in the show put on some 30-odd years earlier—finding out about the impending tax from "contacts" (the perfect excuse for a trip to Bethlehem), timing the conception of a boy child, setting the stage (the angels' choir) and star alone must have cost plenty). What seriousness of purpose, what singleness of thought to hold for 33 years! And finally, she even managed to have Him find someone on that last day to take care of her in case something went wrong. Hail to the hitherto unknown perpetrator of the plot. Back of every great man is a woman.

LINDA J. BERGSTEN
Clarendon Hills, Ill.

Pop Prayer

Sir: I am dismayed by your story on "Pop Prayer" [Nov. 26]. However, the Episcopalians have no monopoly on this. Our local reform rabbi, from his pulpit, pleads with us to come to "syna-go-go." The children think he's "cool."

(MRS.) LORENNA ALEXANDER
Wellesley, Mass.

The Supreme Court & Obscenity

Sir: Is it not poetic justice that the nine old men [Dec. 17] who, in the name of democracy, opened the sluice gates on the filth pouring over our children are now themselves being inundated in the swirl of pornography?

L. C. LEMMON
Arlington, Va.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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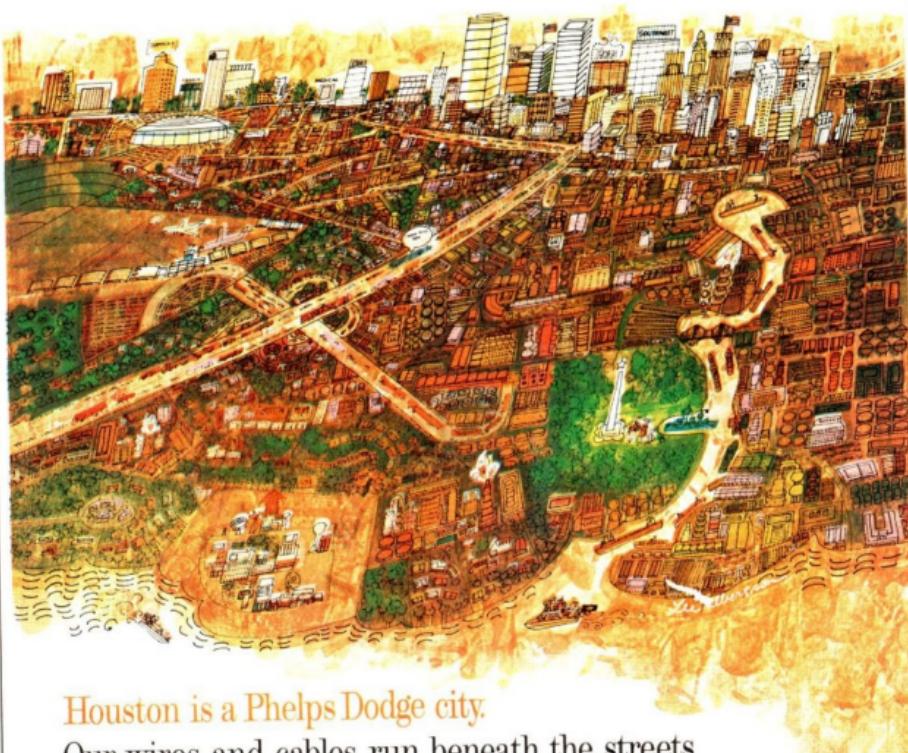
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TIME

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PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Robert C. Gordon

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS: Lawrence E. Laybourne

GENERAL MANAGER: John J. Frey

ART DIRECTOR: James M. Thompson

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

WITH the beginning of the new year, TIME's guaranteed circulation in the U.S. reaches another new high: 3,300,000 copies a week, some 200,000 more than a year ago. This step-up fits a long-term pattern of steady growth, which has been accelerating in the past decade. In January 1946, U.S. circulation, in round figures, was 1,500,000; in January 1956, it was more than 2,000,000, an increase of about one-third. The new circulation base marks an increase of 65% in ten years.

TIME's total worldwide circulation is now well past the 4,000,000 mark, with an estimated readership of 17 million in 150 countries. The breakdown by editions:

U.S.	3,300,000
Atlantic	263,000
Latin America	92,000
Asia	100,000
Australia	65,000
New Zealand	30,000
Canada	300,000
Worldwide	4,150,000

In general, our readers around the world vary widely in age, occupation, status and interests. While not trying to flatter them or ourselves, we think of them as having a high level of intelligence, knowledge and taste. Among the newer readers, there are some fairly clear patterns. A full 80% of our U.S. circulation growth in recent years has been in the urbs, suburbs and exurbs of the East, the industrial Midwest and the Pacific Southwest. These new readers tend to be managerial and professional people, relatively affluent, and getting a little younger. A decade ago, more than half of TIME household heads were managers and professionals, and today the figure is just about the same: 53%. Over the same ten

years, their median annual income has risen from \$6,090 to \$10,907; their median age has dropped from 40.2 years to 39.

The six international editions are all in English and virtually identical in editorial content (the Canada edition carries an additional four pages of Canadian news, written and edited by a staff based in Montreal). They are printed in six plants around the world. Their circulation gains (up 47% since 1956) have been coming largely from the economically advanced areas. For example, there is now one TIME reader for every 19 people in Canada, but only one for every 668 in Latin America.

TIME is even gaining behind the Iron Curtain, although the figures aren't such as to send our circulation people swinging into a mazurka. Until the 1960s, circulation there was limited to 322; today it is 1,161. While most copies still go to government officials and foreign embassies, TIME is now sold on selected newsstands in Poland and Yugoslavia.

If percentages were everything, one might say we had made some spectacular advances in out-of-the-way places. In five years circulation in Greenland has nearly doubled—we now have eight subscribers there. And in Red China (pop. about 750 million) we have had our own great leap forward—from 3 to 20 copies, all to officials, and we hope they learn a lot.

AIMING to reach an important audience with an important message on safe driving, the Ford Motor Co. chose TIME as the one magazine to make the delivery. The 12-page ad in the center of this issue represents the largest single advertising commitment ever made in any issue of TIME.

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HOW CALIFORNIA COULD BE THE FIRST STATE TO ENTER THE 21ST CENTURY

The 21st century, with the problems its exploding population will bring to government, is closer today for California than most other states. Already 19 million strong, California's residents will increase to 30 million by 1980 and a predicted 60 million by the year 2000.

To solve the problem of this crushing growth, and the torrent of paperwork that will accompany it, California had Lockheed make a six month study of the State's present and future

information flow. The result: a plan for a comprehensive, integrated, statewide information system. Based on Lockheed's aerospace systems experience, it would produce savings of \$170 million annually for the State. And \$400 million per year for both State and local governments. But monetary savings are only part of the story.

In human terms, California's residents would benefit from greatly improved and streamlined services in virtually every activity of State government. Education, employment, welfare,

public health, recreation, housing, mental health, justice.

Integrated information systems such as this are just one measure of the technological competence of Lockheed: a corporation dedicated to the conquest of new worlds through innovation.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 31, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 27

THE NATION

THE WAR

Edgy Truce

The hoped-for words went out to the troops from the staff headquarters of General William Westmoreland, commander of all U.S. forces in South Viet Nam. The order read: "In keeping with the spirit of Christmas and consistent with like instructions that have been issued by the Chief of Staff, Vietnamese Armed Forces, Lieut. General Cao Van Vien, General Westmoreland has directed that U.S. forces in Viet Nam will not fire at or on the enemy except in self-defense during the hours of 1800, 24 December, and 2400, 25 December."

And so, as dusk settled over the embattled country on Christmas Eve, there was hope there would be a temporary truce for the first time in eight years.

Not since the first winter of World War I, when Britons and Germans laid down their arms to play soccer together, had a war been stopped for Christmas. It was at best an edgy respite whose mood at the start was reflected in a news photo of two G.I.s relaxing in the jungle, their weapons at the ready. But as it turned out there were repeated Viet Cong actions and it was quickly dubbed the "bullet-riddled truce." One Marine patrol near Chu Lai suffered heavy casualties.

Lull on the Ground. The idea of a holiday from death was first proposed on Dec. 7 by the Viet Cong, which does not celebrate the birth of Christ. Since it was plainly intended as a propaganda ploy, the Communist offer of a twelve-hour cease-fire was at first ignored in Washington and Saigon. Finally, though still skeptical that the Communists would honor their commitment, the U.S. last week raised the ante and proposed a 30-hour truce.

As if in anticipation of the lull, fighting on the ground was light all week. But over North Viet Nam U.S. bombers dumped more tons of bombs on Communist installations. In a series of pre-truce raids near the Haiphong industrial area, eight U.S. planes were shot down by Red anti-aircraft fire and SAM missiles. American pilots knocked out key bridges and destroyed the important Uong Bi power plant, which had first been raided the previous week. All action stopped when the truce began.

Message of Peace. Throughout the world, hopes rose that the guns would somehow stay silent for good. In his

Christmas message, Pope Paul VI exhorted: "Brothers, heed the message of peace which Christmas brings to men who even now are the object of God's love. Check the way things are going. It is possible that you are on the wrong track. Stop and think. True wisdom is to be found in peace, and true peace is to be found in the alliance of love."

President Johnson steadfastly refused to discuss the cease-fire, insisting

ranging from Dean Acheson to Gene Autry, George Meany to Thomas Dewey. By candlelight in the evergreen-decked state dining room, they feasted on roast duckling, Bibb lettuce salad, lobster imperial and "Yule log" dessert (chocolate cake coated with mocha butter)—the last culinary triumph of White House Chef René Verdon, a Kennedy find who heatedly gave notice a week before the party that he was leaving



G.I. RESTING IN THE JUNGLE
Death wanted a holiday.

that any comment should come from U.S. military men in Saigon. There was no letup in the Communists' verbal war. Peking continued to denounce the U.S. for defending South Viet Nam and heaped scorn on the President's repeated offers of unconditional negotiations. "They will be buried in the sea of a people's war," ranted Hsinhua, Red China's official press agency. "Neither 'unconditional discussions' nor 'suspension of bombing' can deceive the South Vietnamese or other people."

THE PRESIDENCY

Visitors' Week

The last White House banquet of 1965 was in many ways the most memorable—if only because Lyndon Johnson was plainly in robust health again.

The occasion was a state dinner for West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. In his honor, the White House invited a spirited, varied list of 140 guests,

(TIME, Dec. 24). Renaissance-costumed madrigal singers wandered among the tables during dessert, and Metropolitan Opera Star Robert Merrill led everyone in a post-dinner sing-along of both English and German lyrics to *Silent Night*. Afterward Lyndon Johnson and his guests sipped champagne and danced until 1:30 a.m.

The evening climaxed the President's first full week of work in Washington since his Oct. 8 gall-bladder operation. Belying the frequent criticism that he has little skill or patience for subtle foreign-policy negotiations, Johnson dealt firmly but diplomatically with three heads of state.

First had come Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, who explained to Johnson that his government regards warm relations with Communist China as a strategic necessity. Though he protested that he was more pro-U.S. than pro-Communist, Ayub was disappointed in his hopes of winning U.S. support



THE JOHNSONS & ERHARD (TOP LEFT) & WHITE HOUSE CAROLERS

How not to tickle Lyndon? Mention 87 votes.

for Pakistan's view that Kashmir's fate should be determined by the people of that disputed state.

Like Winston & F.D.R. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson followed Ayub by a few hours. On his fifth visit to Washington since Johnson took office, Wilson felt sufficiently at home to josh the President on a sensitive subject. When Johnson commented lightly on the Labor Party's precarious two-seat margin in Parliament, the Prime Minister shot back with a remark about Johnson's "86 votes"—a nearly accurate reference to the scandal-tinted 1948 Texas senatorial primary in which Lyndon squeaked through by 87 votes. The President protested: "You haven't been here six hours, and you've already taken one vote away from me." Retorted Wilson: "Mr. President, you can afford to lose one vote. I can't."

Wilson's most important assurance was a pledge to Johnson that Britain would not add to the U.S. military burden in Southeast Asia by dismantling any of its own major bases east of Suez. Johnson, in turn, promised to support Britain's embargo on oil shipments to Rhodesia by offering U.S. aircraft to fly the crisis. Prime Minister Wilson was so cheered by his rapport with the President that he confided after the talks: "We are as close together as Churchill and Roosevelt ever were."

Like Foster & Konrad. Chancellor Erhard came to Washington with the avowed hope of securing a bigger role for West Germany in NATO's nuclear planning. Bonn had made no secret of its impatience over Washington's reluctance to go ahead with controversial plans for a multilateral NATO force (MLF) of nuclear-powered surface ships or submarines. However, Johnson made no firm promises on the sensitive issue

of a nuclear role for Germany, and made clear that the MLF proposal has now been permanently scuttled.

Though plainly disappointed by Johnson's turndown, Erhard fervently pledged continued support of America's determination to win the battle for South Viet Nam. Said the Chancellor in a National Press Club speech: "Yielding there may mean defeat here. Those who advise you to withdraw from Viet Nam and those who advise us are ignorant of the lessons of history." For home consumption, one of the Chancellor's top advisers said proudly: "The personal relationship between President Johnson and the Chancellor can only be compared to the friendship between John Foster Dulles and Konrad Adenauer."

Red Nose & Mistletoe. Johnson was almost up to his old working habits. Most days he was awake and reading the papers before 7 a.m. and well into his daily schedule by 8. Despite the heavy load of meetings and social events, he was usually up until at least 2 a.m.—either reading state documents or conferring with White House aides.

The strain began to tell. Soon after the German Chancellor went home, Lyndon Johnson climbed wearily into Air Force One and returned to Texas for a long, leisurely Christmas. At the ranch, the Johnsons' stuffed deerhead hatrack sported its annual Rudolphian patch of red nose. Mistletoe, which is native to L.B.J. country, was pinned on fireplace mantels throughout the house. Lady Bird's gift to Lyndon was a 30-page, red leatherbound album of family Christmas pictures dating back to 1936. The theme of the script running through the book was "Christmas Is a Family Time"—which, in a sense, was the message the President had preached to Ayub, Wilson and Erhard.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Disinvited Guest

By custom and courtesy, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee sits at the President's table whenever the White House entertains a visiting head of state. Nonetheless, William Fulbright has been a conspicuous absentee from Lyndon Johnson's last three dinners for foreign dignitaries. Though Fulbright returned to the U.S. Dec. 13 from a less-than-triumphant trip Down Under (TIME, Dec. 13), the Arkansas Democrat was not even sent an R.S.V.P. to the White House banquets for Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson or West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard.

Dismissing press reports that he is "feuding" with Johnson, Fulbright insists: "I couldn't stand to go to all those banquets." In fact, Fulbright is off Johnson's guest list because the President resents the Senator's criticism of Administration foreign policy. Fulbright has not only castigated the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic as "a grievous mistake" but of late has also publicly criticized the deepening American involvement in Viet Nam.

Neither Johnson nor former Senator Fulbright is about to engage in a public vendetta. As the President observed privately last week, Woodrow Wilson only aggravated his foreign-policy problems by denouncing antagonistic Senators as a "small band of willful men." In fact, there is far stronger popular support for Johnson's foreign policy than there ever was for Wilson's—whatever Bill Fulbright may think of it.

THE CONGRESS

The Quiet Junketeers

There was a time when any Congressman traveling abroad was automatically labeled a junketeer, when an Adam Clayton Powell might wind up on the shores of the Aegean with a couple of pretty secretaries, and an Allen Ellender might inflame all of black Africa with truly phrased racist comments. No more—or hardly any more.

Partly as a result of such well-publicized escapades, the congressional traveler nowadays is more likely to head for the Quai d'Orsay than the Folies-Bergère. In 1965 more than 100 Senators and Congressmen—roughly one-fifth of the combined membership—will have traveled outside the country, ranging round the globe from Warsaw to Wellington, Delhi to Danang.

The year's most publicized delegation was led by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. With a group of four other Senators, two Democrats and two Republicans, Mansfield circumnavigated the world on a "fact finding" mission for President Johnson, in 37 days touched down for talks with high officials in 16 countries. Main topic of conversation: Viet Nam. Last week Mansfield's band returned to the capital and the majority

ty leader reported his still secret findings to L.B.J., later talked with Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara.

In all, some 70 tourists from Capitol Hill found their way to the war that will occupy so much of the next session's business. With rarely more than 120 first-class (hot and cold running water) hotel rooms available in Saigon and logistics and manpower problems in the field, U.S. officials were often hard pressed to take care of the Congressmen. Nonetheless, most Saigon hands appreciated the visitors' eagerness to learn about the war at firsthand.

"The whole American effort is dependent on public knowledge," reasoned one U.S. official. "If the public gets a phony idea, it would put dangerous pressure on the whole mission. The war needs understanding. Simplistic ideas are dangerous." His remarks received quiet but fervent applause from a Vietnamese official who asked for more Congressmen "to see for themselves the actual face of our war."

PROTEST

Advise & Dissent

Harry Truman, who knows what it is to fight a foreign enemy under a bombardment of domestic criticism, had some sharp-tongued answers last week for the current generation of dissenters. Lyndon Johnson, he suggested, should simply ignore criticism of his Viet Nam policy by the likes of Senators Robert and Edward Kennedy. "They are outsiders, just as I am," snapped Truman. "They have no more business sticking their noses in than I have." As for draft-card burners, said Harry, "all they want is front-page attention."

If so, they should be happy. A federal grand jury in New York indicted four pacifists for violating a 1965 law that prohibits the willful destruction of draft cards. If convicted, they could be imprisoned for five years and fined \$10,000. The foursome, accused of burning their cards during a Nov. 6 demonstration, will be defended by the New York Civil Liberties Union, which announced that it would challenge the law's constitutionality. As for Selective Service Director Lewis Hershey's decision to reclassify as 1-A draft-card burners and sit-in demonstrators at draft boards, Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, objected that this "degrades" the system. Replied Hershey: "Any deliberate, illegal obstruction of the administration of the law cannot be tolerated."

The Army meanwhile made clear that dissent is for civilians. Lieut. Henry Howe Jr., 23, was photographed in November carrying a placard that read: "End Johnson's fascist aggression in Viet Nam." Last week a court-martial at Fort Bliss, Texas, found him guilty of showing contempt of authority and conduct unbecoming an officer. Howe was sentenced to two years at hard labor and dismissal from the service.

NEW YORK

Mao's Man In Harlem

In the bitter Harlem riots of 1964, as in the Watts uprising last August, a handful of Negro demagogues helped to prolong and aggravate the violence. On the hot summer night when New York's black ghetto boiled over, a disgruntled Communist named William Epton incited a street-corner crowd: "We will not be fully free until we smash this state completely and totally." Later, Epton cried: "In that process, we're going to have to kill a lot of these cops, a lot of these judges, and we'll have to go up against their army."

Last week, under 1901 New York law that had not been successfully invoked for 45 years, a State Supreme Court jury—including two Negro women—found Epton, 33, guilty of conspiring to riot and to overthrow the state. He faces a maximum penalty of twelve years in prison. The same grand jury that indicted Epton investigated the riot's causes. It gave immunity from prosecution on riot charges to 13 witnesses, eleven of them members of Ep-

ton's Progressive Labor Movement. The state charged that Epton sought to keep the disorders "going and going." Police, who had made a tape recording of his July 18 speech, arrested him a week later for trying to organize a march in defiance of a city ban. His attorney argued that Epton was only trying to "do something both locally and nationally for the poor and oppressed." But the poor and oppressed of Harlem apparently have little use for the Progressive Labor Movement or for leaders of Epton's stripe. When the jury brought in its verdict, there were three spectators in the courtroom.

The 8:02 to History

Apart from its archaic title, the 343-mile Long Island Rail Road had never earned much claim to distinction. It will have next month. Then, after a score of years of financial troubles, the creeping, creaking L.I.R.R. will become the first major commuter line in the U.S. to come under state ownership.

The Long Island's owner, the Pennsylvania Railroad, last week happily accepted \$10 million as a down payment for the \$65 million sale to New York



DEMAGOGUE EPTON (CENTER) & FOLLOWERS
How to help the poor? Kill the cops and smash the state.

ton's Progressive Labor Movement. The 13 were cited for contempt after refusing to testify. Five have been sentenced to four months in the workhouse; eight cases are pending.

Epton was no ordinary agitator. He joined the Communist Party in 1958, dropped out four years later because, in his words, it was "no longer a revolutionary party." With other frustrated militants he organized the Peking-oriented Progressive Labor Movement, became its Harlem chairman and ran for the city council in 1963 and the state senate this year on the party's ticket.

Long before the riots, according to a Negro detective who infiltrated the group, Epton was concocting plans for a "bloody revolution." Though he had no hand in starting the violence, the

State's six-month-old Metropolitan Commuter Transportation Authority. Since emerging from post-bankruptcy reorganization in 1954, the 132-year-old L.I.R.R. had paid no dividends, raised fares seven times, won tax relief and other concessions under a state-legislated rehabilitation program that is to expire next summer. After that, there would have been no more money available for much needed modernization.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller's Commuter Transportation Authority, which is authorized to float a \$200 million bond issue for capital improvements, plans to equip the L.I.R.R. with high-speed engines, new cars, rehabilitated stations, a link with the city's subway system, and possibly a new terminal on Manhattan's East Side. All of which

should do more for the morale of its 260,000 daily passengers than the line's advertising campaign to establish itself as "the route of the dashing commuter." If the state can make the railroad carry commuters quickly and comfortably at fares that will not make them flee to the highways, the L.I.R.R. may well set a Great Society precedent for the rescue of moribund lines in other metropolitan areas throughout the U.S.

NEW JERSEY

Slide-Rule Caesar

As he made the rounds of Jersey City's sprawling Medical Center last week, Mayor Thomas J. Whelan cheerily shook hands with employees and urged them to give him a call "if there's anything I can do for you." That was a pretty tall offer, considering that 1,172 of them—two-thirds of the hospital's entire staff—were to be fired by Mayor Whelan this week.

Since economy-minded Tom Whelan, 43, took over Democratic Boss Frank Hague's old fiefdom in 1963, he has discharged a total of 1,777 municipal employees for a saving of \$10.5 million, more than one-fourth of the city payroll. "If there is a toe in town I haven't stepped on," says he, "it's because I haven't found it yet."

Novice to Nemesis. Whelan, one of 13 children of a Hague wardheeler who held a patronage job as a court bailiff, flew 63 combat missions as a pilot in World War II, later became chief security officer of New Jersey Bell Telephone Co. In 1960 he took a company course in politics, won a seat on the Jersey City city council. Two years ago, when it was discovered that Italian-born Mayor Thomas Gangemi had never become a U.S. citizen, fellow councilmen elected Whelan to fill out Gangemi's term—chiefly because they figured that Whelan would be easy to dump when new elections rolled around.

Instead, the novice turned nemesis. One of Whelan's first acts was to fire 503 city employees, including his own staff photographer, for a saving of \$1,900,857. Next he bounced 102 city-paid schoolboard clerks, who drew \$400,000 a year. "City jobs here were just plain patronage plums in about 80% of the cases," argues Whelan. "A man doesn't carry that much fat around and live." With the savings the mayor decreed a pay raise for policemen and firemen that had been turned down by the voters only two weeks before he took office. Whelan's blunt explanation: "Morale is shot."

Clocks & Crusades. For those who kept their jobs, the mayor lengthened the city hall workday from seven to eight hours, made them start punching time clocks. Says Whelan: "Most city employees used to regard their jobs as part-time affairs. If they worked a 20-hour week, they were liable to put in for overtime." Taking his department heads on a tour of Jersey City's seabrous

slums, Whelan protested: "See this? You haven't been doing your job. If you had, things wouldn't be this bad." Flailing the business community for civic apathy, he told a meeting of local merchants: "Your theme song should be *O Say, Can You See What's In It for Me?*"

When Jersey City Negroes rioted in 1964, Whelan roared: "Race riots, hell! This is just plain hoodlumism! Being poor is no excuse for taking the law into your own hands. Anyone touching a cop better be prepared to come off second best." The mayor bluntly rejected civil rights groups' demands for a police review board. "If there's going to be any civilian reviewing this stuff," said he, "it'll be me." Whelan was bombarded



JERSEY CITY'S MAYOR WHELAN

Blunt words, sharp ax.

with congratulatory mail for his nonsense stand. Last May he was elected to a full four-year term, beating out six opponents with a 55% majority of Jersey City's voters.

Saving the Cities. Armed with a slide rule, which he keeps on his desk, Whelan constantly casts about for new economies. As a result of his pork paring, the Jersey City tax rate has been reduced by \$2.84 per \$1,000 of assessed valuation—luring back industry that had long since gone elsewhere.

Democrat Whelan is already being mentioned as a candidate to run against New Jersey's popular Republican U.S. Senator, Clifford Case, who comes up for re-election in 1966. Whelan has been realistic enough to win the support of Jersey City's present Democratic boss, John V. Kenny—even to the point of naming Kenny's son-in-law to a \$20,000-a-year post as administrator of the city medical center. In a campaign against Case, Whelan's pitch would be his familiarity with the problems of New Jersey's cities. "The ills of our cities are the greatest internal problem America has today," says he. "The cities need a greater voice than they have now. The city has to be saved. If we fail, God doesn't know what will happen."

TRANSPORT

Lessons from the 727

The November crashes of two Boeing 727 jets may result in significant new precautions to make airplane travel safer. The Civil Aeronautics Board, which last week issued a preliminary finding on the disasters—one near Cincinnati, the other at Salt Lake City—noted that only 52 passengers in the two tragedies got out alive, while 101 died.

In the Salt Lake City wreck, most of the 43 victims were burned to death. Thus, the CAB recommended that the 727's fuel lines, which run through the craft's belly to the three rear-mounted engines, be relocated to withstand the shock of a crash landing. In both cases, CAB investigators found evidence that synthetic cabin material such as soundproofing, when exposed to fire and soaked by jet kerosene fuel or hydraulic fluid, may exude deadly gases; survivors of the Salt Lake City crash reported that fun—"seared and burned" their lungs. As a result, the CAB called for laboratory analysis of interior appointments used in all jet airliners.

The board's safety experts are also considering recommending that airline personnel be required to explain before takeoff the operation of emergency exits (window exits swing inward). Another conclusion from the Salt Lake tragedy, in which many passengers were trapped in the aisles, is that airliners should have more and bigger exits. The CAB may even recommend that an entire section of an airliner's fuselage be designed so that it can swing open as an escape hatch.

Aviation experts are already conducting research into a host of other safety innovations. Among them are such devices as an explosive charge to blow fuel tanks clear of a crashed plane; resilient, supertough nylon fuel tanks that would not burst on impact; a jelly-consistency fuel that would smolder instead of explode; and fail-safe instrument systems that would permit entrusting difficult landings to the automatic pilot. In zero-zero visibility, jet pilots crack, their only problem after landing may then be to find their way to the terminal.

SEQUELS

All for Love

"By God," Frank Boykin proclaimed indefatigably, "everything's made for love." And during his 28 years as U.S. Representative from Alabama, *omnia vicit amor*. Wrapped perennially in a white linen suit, his huge (250 lbs.) frame topped by a theatrical thatch of silver hair, he looked like a cartoonist's Claghorn—and spent money like a Dixie Gatsby. At one celebrated Boykinalia in 1949, nearly every VIP in Washington came to Frank's house to sample a potpourri from his favorite hunting and fishin' spots. There was salmon from

Quebec, pheasant from the Dakotas, antelope from Wyoming, elk from Montana, bear from Georgia—not to mention coon, possum, squirrel and deer from his own 100,000-acre preserve in Alabama.

The voters' love for Boykin ran out in the 1962 Democratic primary. Five months after his defeat, he was charged with accepting a bribe in an attempt, as a Congressman, to persuade the Justice Department to go easy on a convicted savings-and-loan swindler.⁸ He was found guilty, given a \$40,000 fine and a six-month jail sentence, which was suspended because of his age.

Last week, on the entreaties of three Senators and 34 Congressmen, all from the South—but none from Alabama—President Johnson gave a full pardon to Boykin. He is now 80, and after all those lovin' years has an ailing heart.

Cooler for Collie

A year before he was arrested for the night-rider slaying of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo near Selma last March, Alabama Klansman Collie Leroy Wilkins was riding around with a sawed-off shotgun in his car. Stopped by the cops in Hueytown, near Birmingham, Wilkins pleaded guilty to violating a 1934 federal law designed to curb gangsters, which requires registration of such weapons. After a not-too-inquiring probation officer reported that he had a blameless character and Birmingham Federal Judge Clarence Allgood himself decided that Collie's mother "is a real good woman,"

⁸ The case of Boykin's co-defendant, former Maryland Congressman Thomas F. Johnson, is now before the Supreme Court, which will decide if a speech that Johnson was convicted of being bribed to make on the floor of the House is covered by the constitutional guarantee that Congressmen cannot be held accountable for statements made during debate.

Wilkins was let off with a hand-smacking; a suspended sentence and two years' probation, conditioned on his promise not to leave Allgood's judicial district in that time without specific permission from the parole officer.

Selma is not in that district. So after two Alabama juries had failed to convict Wilkins, 22, on murder charges, and a federal court had found him guilty of conspiring to violate the constitutional rights of civil rights workers in the Liuzzo slaying.⁹ Judge Allgood last week sentenced Wilkins to a year and a day in prison, his original term on the firearms charge.

CRIME

Stupefying Sam

As a poor boy from Hepzibah (pop. 400), W. Va., Samuel Desist had every reason to live down to his patronym. But, setting his sights on an Army career, he enlisted and persisted. By 1962, when he was 39, Sam Desist wore a major's gold oak leaf and was press officer for the U.S. Army at Orléans in France. Desist also acquired a chic French wife, who bore him two sons, and a taste for *la vie* as it is not lived in Hepzibah.

At Orléans, where he got to know some of the city's first families, the American major soon became a familiar figure at château parties and hunts. After the French Ministry of the Interior awarded him the honorific *Croix de Chevalier de l'Ordre du Mérite Civil* for promoting Franco-American relations, Desist's local reputation zoomed along with his popularity. He had found a home. When he retired from the Army last year, Desist decided to settle down near Orléans, and took a job with a metallurgical concern.

Bigest Ever. He did not, it seems, devote all his hours to metallurgy. Last week agents of the *Brigade des Stupéfiants*—France's counterpart of the U.S. Narcotics Bureau—showed up at Desist's 14-room home at Saint-Jean-le-Blanc and arrested him in connection with smuggling 209 lbs. of pure heroin into the U.S. The narcotics, worth \$2,800,000 wholesale and as much as \$100 million retail (after cutting and diluting), had been found in a shack at a Columbus, Ga., trailer court. It was the biggest single haul of heroin ever captured in the U.S.

Besides Desist, seven other men and women were arrested, including Chief Warrant Officer Herman Conder, 35, who was recently transferred from Orléans to Fort Benning, Ga.; Frankie Dio, 48, operator of a Miami Beach nightclub and younger brother of Brooklyn Mobster Johnny Dio; and

⁹ Two fellow Klansmen convicted with Wilkins in the civil rights case, Eugene Thomas, 42, and William Orville Eaton, 41, also face trial for murder in Mrs. Liuzzo's slaying. Thomas is under indictment as well for violating the federal firearms law.



DIO (RIGHT) & COMPANION
A fortune in the freezer.

Jean Nebbia, 52, and Jean-Claude Le Franc, 50, both leading figures in France's Mafia-backed dope-smuggling fraternity.

Free Shipment. As American and French narcotics agents pieced together the story, Desist, who owned the apartment that Conder rented while he was stationed at Orléans, persuaded the warrant officer to bring the heroin into the U.S. for a \$10,000 courier's fee—small change compared to the worth of the package. The drug, packed in 190 half-kilogram plastic bags, was secreted inside Conder's home freezer before the Army shipped it home with his other belongings. Soon after it arrived at Fort Benning in November, Le Franc tried to make the prearranged pickup.

But something went amiss, and the Feds weren't saying what. Finally, early this month, Nebbia was dispatched to the U.S. to smooth out the trouble and get the huge bundle of heroin into circulation *tout de suite*. Desist came along on a different plane. The trio met in New York and went to Columbus, where Le Franc and Nebbia planned to take delivery on the long-overdue shipment. U.S. narcotics agents, who had been tipped off about the scheme, shadowed them all the way. They had hardly reached Columbus before they realized they were being followed, and hightailed it back to New York. Desist left immediately for France; Le Franc and Nebbia stayed behind in Manhattan.

There, both were arrested last week, along with two Frenchwomen and a Brazilian national who were also charged with complicity. Meanwhile, agents had swooped down on Conder's trailer home in Columbus, arrested him and recovered the hot heroin. In Miami Beach, agents picked up Dio, who a few days earlier had flown to New York and lunched with Le Franc. As for Chevalier Desist, he was lodged in the Orléans jail, and faced the prospect of extradition and a different kind of *vie* back home.



WILKINS & FRIENDS
A gun in the car.

THE YEAR'S BEST, OR, THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP

MAN is a tireless maker of lists. He catalogues sins and virtues, victories and defeats, laws of nature and properties of beauty, the noblest thoughts and the fastest athletes, the richest men and the best-dressed women. The habit is not universally applauded. Kierkegaard, for instance, a little contemptuously compared categorizers to Leporello, Don Juan's servant, who merely kept a list of his master's conquests while the Don enjoyed them. But list-making remains popular, perhaps because it creates the impression, however illusory, that it imposes order on a chaotic world, establishes a hierarchy of values, and somehow fixes passing achievement, if not time itself. Amid the turbulence of U.S. culture, lists are inevitable. They are, in a sense, a matter of self-defense, a small aid in keeping track of the almost overwhelming rush of cultural "products." All such lists are arbitrary and endlessly debatable. But the act of making them, or attacking them, at least has the virtue of requiring judgments of quality rather than mere measurements of quantity. Herewith some lists for 1965, together with the background against which they were drawn.

BOOKS: No Taxi to Greatness

Publishers poured out so many titles that Humorist Richard Armour suggested that it might be time to return to book-burning—or begin author-burning. In fiction, the big commercial names—Du Maurier, Morris West, Kerouac, Hersey, Ruark, Shaw, and Burdick and Lederer—all fell flat. In his *Of the Farm*, John Updike, always on the verge of being the finest writer around, retreated a bit from the verge. John O'Hara wrote a new title over the same novel. So successful was James Michener's 1959 *Hawaii* that he transported it to Israel: *The Source* was the year's biggest seller. It was also one of the dullest, and at 909 pages, it was outweighed only by Marguerite Young's 1,198-page pseudo-Joycean, plaster of Paris monument, *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* or by that 1,046-page bore, *Hurry Sundown*.

The Jewish writers who have recently become mainstays of American fiction remained silent. Fiction's field was dominated by Southern writers, mostly derivative of Faulkner: William Humphrey's *The Ordways* was a sunnier, mellower *As I Lay Dying*, and the late Flannery O'Connor's *Everything That Rises Must Converge* was a collection of brilliant short stories with all the Faulknerian sense of Southern Gothic horror. About the only fictional challenger to these was *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* by Peter Matthiessen, a young man who is an anthropologist and an allegorist—and a bit too much of both to be a really good novelist. Brian Moore, memorable for the brilliant *Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, was only slightly off his form in *The Emperor of Ice-Cream*, about a Belfast boy's emotional coming of age. And at a time when American humor languishes, Peter De Vries—though far more than a humorist—contributed in *Let Me Count the Ways* an irresistible epic of a piano mover with a twelve-year hangover. Speaking of hangovers, Norman Mailer's widely overpraised but undeniably well told *An American Dream* was more reprehensible for its absurd naivete than its repulsiveness.

In nonfiction, which was generally more distinguished, it was indisputably the Year of the Kennedys in which Arthur Schlesinger Jr., with his *A Thousand Days* made an art form out of instant history. Not too far behind—and duller because more self-consciously definitive—was Ted Sorenson's *Kennedy*. But for every excellent Kennedy book, there were at least seven sloppily sentimental ones, and the surfet went so far that *Monocle* magazine's Victor Navasky struck home with his satirical suggestion for a brand-new title: *Taxi to Greatness*, the story of the cab driver who drove young John F. Kennedy and Jacqueline Bouvier to the movies on their first date.

Quite apart from Kennedy, it was a vintage year for biography, ranging from George Painter's brilliant but specialized *Proust: The Later Years* to Richard Dillon's *Meriwether Lewis*, in its own way an equally special and rather Proustian account of an imaginative, ultimately ravaged figure in U.S. history. For those who remain fascinated by Dylan Thomas, Constantine FitzGibbon retold the life of the doomed Welshman, warts, work, women and booze. In a more sedate mood, Lady Longford, in her *Queen Victoria: Born to Success*, presented the best biographical portrait of the Queen and her age since Strachey.

Among more general historians, Daniel Boorstin's second volume of a defined trilogy, *The Americans: The National Experience*, defined the driving American character as it developed between the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. Samuel Eliot Morison's 1,150-page *The Oxford History of the American People* was impressive but quirky. Will and Ariel Durant's series on Western civilization continued to be a marvel of readable scholarship with the *Age of Voltaire*, and Kenneth Stampp's *Era of Reconstruction* put the blame back on the South's unreconstructed rebels instead of on all those Yankee carpetbaggers. Among minor but intriguing miscellany, *Intern*, by "Doctor X," was unsettling but fascinating to anyone who has ever been in a hospital and suspected the worst about the way it was run.

THEATER: Beddy-Bye for Grownups

On the whole, writers for the stage performed more poorly than writers for the page. Despite some hopeful regional attempts at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis and the Arena Stage in Washington, American theater is irrevocably centered in Manhattan. And Broadway continued to be beset by urban blight. Part of what was wrong was the audience itself—tood old, too prosperous, too complacent to be bothered about the basics of the human dilemma. These playgoers and, to a degree, the daily New York critics who reflect their likes and dislikes, demand beddy-bye stories for grownups—the Theater of Reassurance. This is the audience that barely kept alive the season's best serious new play, John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*, a scathing indictment of the opiates of the middle class, notably sex, told in Osborne's splenetic, scornful, grieving, whining voice.

Lowering Broadway's and off-Broadway's ruinously high prices might lure back some of the disaffected audience—the young, the educated middle- or lower-income people. Not that American playwrights were exactly bursting with new ideas. Significantly, some of the season's best plays were revivals, notably *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams (1945), the best American play of the last two decades, a drama of the human spirit that moves from death toward life; and *You Can't Take It With You*, by Kaufman and Hart (1936), which now came as a reminder of the virtues of human comedy in an era of black comedy and nihilistic spoof. The best new comedy was *The Odd Couple*, an uproarious situation farce about two middle-aged newly de-weds, directed by Mike Nichols, who has temporarily defected to the movies.

Off Broadway, the members of the avant-garde, some of them now pushing 40 and haunted by that panicky postdebut feeling, produced mostly slavish imitations of Pinter, Beckett and Ionesco. The once exciting off-Broadway houses staged only about 60 plays, as against more than 100 two seasons ago. In its third season, as in its first two, Manhattan's Lincoln Center put on only two kinds of productions: total disasters and qualified disasters. And the APA-Phoenix company scarcely managed to stay in business, though it is by far the repertory's best, ranging intrepidly from Giraudoux's *Judith to War and Peace*.

CINEMA: Screening the International

The movies continued to be more interesting than the stage—and the chief movie characteristic continued to be internationalism. So mixed were stars, directors, writers, moneymen—and styles—that it was virtually impossible to nail down a film's nationality.

The Italians, once known for their stark, rubble-strewn neorealism, were becoming increasingly Hollywoodish and slick in their technique. Reflecting prosperity, their main theme seemed to be the ennui of the affluent society. In this category was *Red Desert*, in which Antonioni used a stunning new vocabulary of color to describe 20th century anxiety, and Fellini's latest work, *Juliet of the Spirits*, a bauble of fantasy that went nowhere but was enchanting to look at. *The Moment of Truth*, by Italian Director Francesco Rosi, was a brutal, bloody elegy to a great bulldog. Not that the Italians had lost their skill for sex farce, as demonstrated in *Marriage—Italian Style*, rare old slush transformed into earthy, effervescent folk comedy.

The British also were preoccupied with the easy life and sex. In *Darling*, the delightful English newcomer Julie Christie played a jet-set playgirl who sleeps her way from pad to palazzo. Perhaps the strongest fad, springing from England, was a kind of deliberate attempt at improvisation, as in Richard Lester's *The Knack*, a style that is in danger of turning moviemaking into an In joke about moviemaking.

Some Hollywood movies tried for foreign forms; for example, Sidney Lumet's *The Pawnbroker*, self-conscious despite Rod Steiger's virtuous performance. *Ship of Fools*, by the overrated Stanley Kramer, was saved by the performances of three foreign stars, Simone Signoret, Vivien Leigh and Oskar Werner. *Nothing But a Man*, on the other hand, was persuasively unpretentious: it took a stronger, warmer, more objective look at contemporary Negro life in the U.S. than any other film to date.

For sheer fun, the top movie was *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*, a nostalgic, slapstick, visual comedy, closely followed by *Cat Ballou*, with Lee Marvin in a sidesplitting parody of all the drunken, woolly bad 'uns ever portrayed. For sheer horror it was *Repulsion*, by Poland's young Roman Polanski, the new master of the monstrous. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* was the spy thriller to end all spy thrillers—and perhaps about time.

MUSIC: There Was an Old Man Named Ives

It was the Beatles on top, with their innumerable shaggy imitators from the Rolling Stones to Herman's Hermits to the Pharaohs. On the whole, the music was improved, the lyrics slightly more comprehensible. With Bob Dylan, rock also blossomed into a hybrid called folk-rock, but folk itself stayed with its perennial purist, Joan Baez (*Farewell, Angelina*) and the young American Indian Composer Buffy Sainte-Marie, who as a singer is a sort of Cree Callas, with more conviction than voice.

There was lots to be found in the wholesome bag, too, notably Julie Andrews and the tinkly, tweeting movie track of the *Sound of Music*, the year's big bestseller. The newest sound was produced by Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, a trumpeting mixture of mariachi and Dixieland. Jazz continued to flail around in various directions, not knowing how seriously to take itself. Perhaps the year's best jazz record was Miles Davis' *E.S.P.*, combining a thoughtful questing with virtuosity.

On the classical side, the great calliope of the big-city symphony orchestras boomed right along. One of the more intriguing events: the first performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra of Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 10, reconstructed by musicologists from a sketch left by the composer at his death 51 years ago. If any major new contemporary composers made their appearance, the news is not yet out.

During its last season in its storied and glorified old house, New York's Metropolitan Opera offered some superb new singers, including Italian Soprano Mirella Freni, Spanish Soprano Montserrat Caballé and Bulgarian Bass Nicolai Ghiaurov. The Met also launched its new national touring company, whose performances ranged from a fine *Cinderella*

to a terrible *Carmen*. Opera companies in other cities tirelessly found out-of-the-way things to do, for instance, the Kansas City production of Handel's 241-year-old *Julius Caesar*, and the Boston première of Italian Composer Luigi Nono's starkly modern *Intolleranza*.

An average 200 new classical records appeared each month, which encouraged even cautious giants to stray from the standard repertory. RCA Victor, for instance, rescued from oblivion an obscure 19th century composer named Charles-Henri Alkan. The energetic smaller companies like Nonesuch went for broke with baroque, scouring the mountains and valleys of Europe and bringing back recordings of every fanfare and trio sonata written before 1800. Records unveiled several monuments to durability. Artur Rubinstein at 76 played Chopin's *Eight Polonaises and Four Impromptus* (RCA Victor) more nobly than ever; and Vladimir Horowitz, 61, returned to the concert stage after a twelve-year absence, an event which Columbia captured in an exciting disk, *Horowitz at Carnegie Hall*.

Other remarkable items included Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass* (Deutsche Grammophon), an incendiary work written by a 72-year-old agnostic; and *A Purcell Anthology* (Angel), offering many antique gems in lapidary performances. The rarest find was Charles Ives's *Symphony No. 4* (Columbia), a hitherto unplayed 1916 work of the insurance man who was also one of America's greatest composers. As premiered by Leopold Stokowski and the American Symphony Orchestra, it proved a wild, exhilarating romp, required two assistant conductors to help keep the rhythms distinct.

In opera, the top attractions were *Götterdämmerung* (London), the next-to-last in Conductor Georg Solti's heroic uncut Ring cycle, with Birgit Nilsson as a larger-than-life Brünnhilde, and Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* (Deutsche Grammophon), a modern masterpiece of doom. There was also Maria Callas, who sounded at the end of her voice during a brief return to the Met, but in a recorded *Carmen* (Angel) she was undefeated and magnetic as ever.

ART: Op Goes the Easel

The password in art was "anything goes"—and a lot of it went. Pop pooped out, op faded, but only after causing national astigmatism. Canvases crawled out of their frames and became "shaped," oils moved over for acrylics, paintings blinned with colored lights or glimmered fluorescently in the dark, sculpture climbed down from pedestals, and if someone felt like hanging his coat on the wall and calling it "art," well, that was all right too.

It was the year of superscale. James Rosenquist exhibited an 85-ft-long painting with, among other objects, light bulbs, hair dryers, tires and a larger-than-life view of an F-111 fighter-bomber. Larry Rivers did an assemblage—only 33 ft. long—on the Russian Revolution. And from Los Angeles, now one of the major art capitals, Edward Kienholz sent a prop man's re-creation of a Santa Monica Boulevard artists' hangout titled *The Beanery*, complete with the smell of bacon grease. The newcomer of the year was Cleveland-born Ronald B. Kitaj, 33, who won acclaim with collages of blatant colors and contorted figures. There was also a score of bright, dramatic new artists from Britain.

The oldtimers had their day too. Hans Hofmann greeted his 85th birthday with a spate of splendid, poetic new work. Marcel Duchamp, 78, hailed as pop's Dada, was treated to his first Manhattan retrospective; Alberto Giacometti, 64, led the viewer into a petrified forest of wasted figures.

The latest fad was kinetic sculpture. Swinging in Manhattan's Guggenheim as the year began were the mobiles of Alexander Calder, who started it all almost four decades ago with a tiny wire circus in which the trapeze artists reacted to the movement of air. Raising the roof in Manhattan's Jewish Museum at year's end were Jean Tinguely's motorized contraptions, which bump and grind with deafening effect, and Nicolas Schöffer's audio-visual cybernetic contrivances. Kinetic sculpture not only entertained with movement but provided music, chatter and clatter, its limits defined only by the artist's imagination. In fact, that just about described the whole U.S. culture scene in 1965.

THE WORLD

JAPAN

Merry Bonenkai

Before they can celebrate the New Year, the Japanese must eradicate all memory of the old. Last week they were eradicating it with kamikaze-like abandon in a venerable tradition called *bonenkai* (forget the year past), and nowhere more suicidally than on Tokyo's gleaming Ginza.

There is quite a ritual to the occasion. First to come to the Ginza each afternoon are the icemen, their saws slashing through great frozen blocks destined for dilution in tumblers of whisky. Next are the fragrant wagons of the noodle vendors, trailing plumes of steam in the neon sunset. Then come the girls—300,000 of them—to work in the 3,000 clubs of Tokyo's six *sakaba* (drinking quarters). Wispy-bearded Santa Clauses, a legacy of the American occupation, parade in sandwich boards that proclaim the virtues (or lack of them) of such establishments as Le Rat Mort and the Eyebrow Club, Romance Town and the Club Bum Bum Room. Finally come the customers—Japanese businessmen and executives, laden with yen and the ghosts of *bonenkai* past.

"Teeny-Weeny Wonder." In Tokyo's nightspots there are girls to suit every male personality. Ladies' Town on the Ginza assuages the married man's conscience (and concupiscence) with girls dressed in long, satin bridal gowns and lacey veils; the Aho (Idiot) Club in the Ueno District outfits its girls in crisp white nurses' uniforms and pale blue caps. There are bars with girls in sailor

suits (to conjure up memories of the Imperial Navy), others where the intellectual clientele is served by misses who have read every literary quarterly.

Drum majorettes are the feature at the Albion, cowgirls at the Las Vegas, and at the Transistor Cutie Club a bevy of "teeny-weeny wonders" all under five feet tall are trained to peer up tactfully at the businessman in elevator shoes. All told, Tokyo's clubs gross some \$1,500,000 a night. From Christmas week through the New Year, they count on trebling that take.

Punching the Clock. Biggest and newest of the nightspots is the Mikado, in Tokyo's swank Akasaka District. Run by a Korean "cabaret king" named Yoshiaki Konami, 54, the Mikado boasts an electric eye to open the door, a "dancing" West German water fountain, 1,250 hostesses in evening dress or kimono, and 30 Japanese Rockettes who bump and grind through *Papa Don't Preach to Me* in top hat and tails. Bare-breasted "Arabian" beauties alternate onstage with lion-maned Kabuki dancers. There is an exclusive downstairs party suite with 120 of Tokyo's most luscious hostesses, as well as a 16-page leatherbound wine list in which choices range from \$5.80 for a thimble of Hennessy brandy to \$1.50 for "aerated water," otherwise known as Coca-Cola. During the Christmas season, the Mikado offers its customers an all-purpose *bonenkai* kit containing champagne, smoked oysters, a noise-maker and a tinsel hat.

Konami offers not only favors, but

discipline as well. Each girl punches in on a time clock when she arrives at 5:30 p.m. Roll call is taken and dancing orders given at 6 on the dot, the girls sitting at assigned desks on the club's vast second floor. Every 40 minutes throughout the night, copies of drink tabs are collected at the cashier's office. Those whose tabs are consistently slim get fired. To get girls for so rough a regimen, Konami has 100 recruiters (known as "girl scouts"), who hire only girls between the ages of 18 and 28.

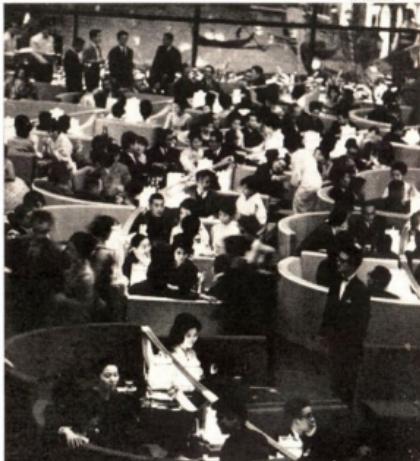
To his 50 top hostesses—a competitive ranking based on nightly earnings—Konami has promised 41 four-door Toyopet Crown sedans and nine Volkswagens. Actually, that is not so much of a bonus: club girls in Tokyo's top spots can earn \$12,000 a year in tips and salary alone, not to mention what they make moonlighting.

Girl Scout's Creed. Time was when the bulk of Tokyo's night life was supported by American servicemen. Not any more. Almost all of the customers are Japanese. A recent Asahi Shimbun survey showed that Japan's major corporations spent \$1.4 billion this year on nightclub entertainment. The figure represents a \$220 million increase over 1964, and amounts to a sixth of the national budget. In Japan, the bar, the cabaret and the nightclub are indispensable extensions of the office, and plenty of legitimate business is conducted between drinks and floor shows. There is other business too; though Japan's tough anti-prostitution law forbids open solicitation, after-hours liai-



FLOOR SHOW AT THE MIKADO

For those with the yen, brides, nurses and occasional housewives.



KONAMI'S GIRLS AT WORK

sons are easily arranged. But most of the girls do so well selling drinks that they can afford to remain respectable.

Last week girls of both persuasions were ready and waiting as fully 100,000 men descended on the Ginza on Christmas Eve, sweeping past special police squads and barriers erected to keep drunks from falling into the traffic. It was a merry *bonenkai*, and a sure bet for a happy New Year.

RED CHINA

The Slow Creep Forward

From Manchuria to the upper Yangtze, Red China lay snowbound. In the drought-ridden northwest provinces, hundreds of thousands of peasants, students, and Communist cadres in patched cotton tunics marched through the icy, windswept wheat and barley fields armed with buckets of water to pour on the parched acres. In Szechuan province, farmers gathered nitrogen-rich pig manure in an effort to make up for a woeful lack of chemical fertilizers. In barbershops and mortuaries, others gathered human hair for the foreign wig market (5,000 tons last year brought \$5.5 million to China). And in Peking itself, Chinese Communist leaders celebrated the Winter Solstice Festival with \$10 meals of Peking duck, dipping the lacquered skin in sweet sauce, then rolling it with onions in wafer-thin pancakes. Thus last week did Red China look ahead to its new five-year plan.

Still benumbed by the disaster of 1958's "Great Leap Forward," Red China's economy is barely creeping today. During the first two or three years of the new plan, Peking must rely on foreign grain (anywhere from 112 million to 466 million bushels from Canada alone) to feed a steadily growing population: the 1965 grain harvest fell 3,000,000 tons short of 1964's output. What improvement in the food situation that has occurred is due largely to the relative freedom of peasants to raise their own livestock and till small private plots of land. With the grudging permission of a regime desperate to put some life back into the economy, fully 80% of Red China's pigs and 95% of its poultry are privately produced and sold in small free markets in the villages. The future of such free enterprise does not seem bright; editorials in the party press have begun to warn that "the fight against speculation of private dealers is a long and complex struggle; the collective must come first."

Industrial output has shown a modest gain. The growth rate (5%-8% in 1964) apparently has climbed to 11%. The next five years will see some \$14 billion invested annually in "capital construction" (precision-instrument plants, integrated steel mills, tractor factories), and already industry has supplied agriculture with 50,000 sorely needed tractors and the beginnings of a chemical-fertilizer program.

But Peking's foreign adventures—



FORCE-FEEDING PEKING DUCKS

For five years, pig manure, hair and weapons,

and its efforts to develop a nuclear delivery capacity—strain heavily at the economy. Support for Viet Nam's "war of national liberation" and the crash development programs going on in nuclear weaponry cost Peking up to \$5 billion a year—nearly half of what goes into industrial investment. U.S. experts estimate that it may take only ten years for Red China to develop a ballistic-missile system capable of delivering a thermonuclear punch to Western Europe or the Western U.S. Until that day, Mao insists that his millions keep their belts tight.

COMMUNISTS

Ricketty Revisionists v.

Leftist Adventurers

American pilots over North Viet Nam have often wondered why the Russian-made SAM missiles that whoosh toward them like floating phone poles have proved to be so ineffectual. A possible answer came last week from Red China in the form of a sneer. Charged Peking's People's Daily: "So far, a great part of the Soviet military equipment supplied to North Viet Nam consists of obsolete equipment discarded by the Soviet armed forces or damaged weapons cleaned out of the warehouse."

The contemptuous blast was the latest round in the strident Sino-Soviet dispute that gets shriller and angrier by the day. Clearly discredited is the theory that the U.S. stand in Viet Nam might neutralize the ideological dispute between the two Communist nations and force them together in common cause. If anything, the rivalry has been intensified. When a Moscow weekly reprinted charges that the Red Chinese were exacting transit fees in dollars for Russian military and medical supplies shipped by rail across China to Hanoi, Peking hotly accused the Soviet Union of "resorting more frequently to rumormongering, slander, and sowing discord."

What's more, cried People's Daily, Moscow's "ricketty revisionists" had "extolled Lyndon Johnson, plotted with the U.S. to set up a counter-revolutionary United Nations armed force, joined hands with U.S. imperialism to support the Indian reactionaries against China [and attempted] to extinguish the roaring flames of the Vietnamese people."

All lies, of course, sniffed Pravda. The Soviet party newspaper denounced the Chinese as "leftist adventurers who want to fight to the last man. They do not recognize tactical maneuvering and insist only on resolute offensive and direct blows, and no matter how unfavorable may be the turn of events, they demand that the fight be carried on." On top of that gibe at the hard knocks the Chinese-backed North Vietnamese are receiving, Moscow could not resist a further cackle, at Peking's expense, over the Chinese setback in Indonesia. "History proves that such a position leads to premature actions and abortive coups which are damaging to the mass revolutionary struggle," crowed Pravda. "The working class must not absolutize any single form of struggle, but must flexibly combine them, skillfully applying its entire arsenal." As to the charge of foisting damaged weapons on North Viet Nam, Moscow radio said: "The roar of anti-aircraft guns in Viet Nam drowns out the dishonest arguments of certain malcontents."

The polemical protests from Moscow and Peking still lacked the malignity that marked the final period of Nikita Khrushchev, and indeed Moscow's new leaders, Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin, had kept their peace for 14 months after ousting Nikita. But last week's exchange proved once again that between ricketty revisionists and leftist adventurers, peace is a forgotten word.



MOSCOW BEAUTY SALON

Also nose bobs for proletarian heroines.

Russia

The Face Race

First came the hemline revolution, then the permanent wave. Last week the Kremlin authorized yet another step in the transformation of the Soviet woman from proletarian heroine to bourgeois feline. Out of an old beauty salon on Moscow's Gorky Street it created the Institute of Cosmetology, which, when it opens next year, will have a staff of 300 specialists. Purpose of the institute, according to Tass: "The perfection of the human face and body."

Russian women have long been anxious to get into the face race. The Gorky Street establishment, which for years had been getting quiet advice from Elizabeth Arden and the Paris Academy of Beauty, was already dispensing complexion cures (for 1 ruble, or \$1.11) and facials (2 rubles) to as many as 1,500 customers a day. Apparently, their problems were serious. "In the opinion of the beauticians," reported Tass, "the most difficult thing is to convince the patients that the tragic defects in their appearance do not demand medical attention." Just in case they do, however, the institute's plastic surgery department will offer a complete line of nose bobs at a flat rate of 50 rubles per capita.

BERLIN

One-Way Traffic

Through checkpoints in the Berlin Wall they streamed, in Volkswagens and DKW's newly polished for the occasion, on elevated trains and subways, by pram, by wheelchair and on foot. Though limited to a maximum of 100,000 a day by the new Christmas season-pass agreement negotiated last month by East Germany and West Berlin, and dunned three West German marks (75¢) for the privilege, more than 500,000 West Berliners were expected to make two trips apiece to visit their relatives in East

Berlin during the 16-day holiday period.

To a drab city where coats are still shapeless and shoddy, the well-dressed visitors brought gifts of fresh fruit, flowers, candies and toys. They would have brought much more, but the East German Grenzpolizei refused to allow any merchandise across the border that might display the abundance and quality of Western goods. Meat or sausages, phonograph records and stereo tapes, fur and leather goods, clothes or any products in cans, bottles or sealed packages were all strictly *verboten*.

Also *verboten* was any passage by East Berliners in the opposite direction. To underline that point, two Americans were sentenced to eight years of hard labor by an East German court for helping five East Germans to escape. Moses Herrin, 23, and Frederick Matthews, 23, both former servicemen working as bartenders in West Berlin, were arrested on Sept. 19 when the Grepos found a 13-year-old girl, trying to reach her parents in West Berlin, hidden in their car. Also detained by the Reds ever since Nov. 24, on suspicion of "aiding flight from the Republic," was Mary Helen Battle, 25, a West Berlin theology student from Oak Ridge, Tenn.

EAST GERMANY

The Curious Case of Dr. Apel

The Wall can keep East Germans from moving West, but it cannot prevent them from looking in that direction. Last week Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht felt obliged to order a turnaround during the party's Central Committee meeting in East Berlin.

His speech lasted six hours, but the lines that the party faithful had been waiting for came in a brief, embarrassed critique of a prominent party aide who, according to Ulbricht, was caught between "the general interests of society" and "illusory, unbalanced demands."

That was old Spitzbart's way of referring to his late brilliant planning-

commission chieftain, Dr. Erich Apel, 48. Apel shot himself in his office three weeks ago, the same day that East Germany signed a \$15 billion five-year trade pact with the Soviet Union—over Apel's bitter protests.

Under the pact, East Germany agreed to continue to reserve 50% of its exports, including machinery and other specialized manufactures, for the Soviet Union. Apel and his young technocrats wanted to boost hard-currency earnings with increased exports to the West. Their "illusory, unbalanced demand" was to use these earnings to buy technically advanced Western plants and equipment. Instead, the trade pact committed East Germany to deliver some 300 merchant ships to the Soviet Union, at prices 30% below what Western buyers would have paid. The Soviet Union promised to supply oil, iron ore and other raw materials—at prices well above the world market.

Apel is believed to have let a diary detailing the Soviets' methods of short-changing the East Germans and giving the inside story of negotiations for the pact. The Communists say that the diary is a forgery. Ulbricht was conspicuously present at Apel's state funeral, and the official explanation for his death remains "overburdened nerves."

The party meeting also signaled stricter literary and cultural censorship, largely as a result of the deplorable East German fondness for Western modes. "These monotonous Western hits and dances, the eternal 'yeah, yeah, yeah,' is simply nerve-killing and ridiculous," barked Ulbricht. The East German Ministry of Culture, the state movie monopoly and a popular radio station were under fire for encouraging—or failing

ZENTRALBILD



ULBRICHT (LEFT) AT APEL FUNERAL
No peeking.

to discourage—"American sex propaganda" and "beat music." Worst offender of all was one of East Germany's few youthful talents, Balladier Wolf Biermann, 29. Biermann's slangy, sardonic songs describe life in the shadow of the Wall as something less than idyllic. They were pronounced guilty of "ill-concealed bourgeois anarchistic socialism," and, worse still, skepticism.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Crowning Failure

The frustrations and failures of rigid Communist economic planning are just as keenly felt in Czechoslovakia—perhaps because the Czechs have always known better. In prewar (and pre-Communist) Czechoslovakia, "Made in Czechoslovakia" was a label of quality respected the world over. No longer. So shoddy have Czech goods become that in some cases even Moscow has rejected the output of its Comecon daughter.

For nearly 18 months, Prague economists and *apparatchiks* have been hard at work on "NEM"—a New Economic Model for the nation designed to liberate the Czech economy from the worst rigidities of Stalinist central planning and to introduce widespread Western profit incentives for factory managers. Though the plan has yet to be unveiled, last week Prague's Central Committee published a 19,000-word preamble to NEM that was remarkable in its candor about past mistakes.

"The problems that have not been solved," said the committee, "represent the loss of many thousands of millions of crowns." (There are 7.2 Czech crowns to the dollar.) "Consumers have not had a large enough influence on assortment, quality and range of production," the preamble continued, and production is so low that "living standards in this country greatly lag behind those of mature capitalist countries." Frankly admitting that it will take years to shake the economy out of its planning straitjacket, the committee justifies the switch in ringing words: "The development of the socialist way of life has nothing in common with the antiquated ideas of ascetic socialism that do not take into account the material needs and interests of the people."

WEST GERMANY

Almost the End

The last time Konrad Adenauer "retired" was in 1963, when he grudgingly made way for Ludwig Erhard as Chancellor. But politicians who expected him to fade gracefully from the scene at the age of only 87 were soon proved wrong. In last fall's election campaign, Adenauer sorely embarrassed his successor by electioneering up and down the Rhine, pressing for closer cooperation with Charles de Gaulle, needling Erhard's favorite ally, the U.S., for its supposed nuclear "sellout," and hardly disguising his desire for coalition with

the Social Democrats, who were determined to oust Erhard from office.

Erhard's impressive victory was a powerful blow to Adenauer's fading prestige. Last week Adenauer, now almost 90, told the weekly *Christ und Welt* that he will retire again—this time as chairman of the Christian Democratic Union, a post which he had continued to occupy after Erhard took over as Chancellor because Economist Erhard has little interest in party politics. "No matter how fresh one can feel at 90," said *der Alte*, "one must take into account that today or tomorrow, everything can suddenly stop. Everything has an end." Or almost. *Der Alte* will still occupy his seat in the Bundestag and doubtless continue to snipe at Erhard and his policies whenever the chance arises. A good opportunity was not far off: last week Charles de Gaulle invited Adenauer over for a visit in late January—just before the French leader is due to get together with Erhard for another of those regular and so far fruitless meetings provided for by the Franco-German "friendship" treaty.



LABOR'S ROY JENKINS
No noose is good news.

GREAT BRITAIN

Left-Right for the Team

For weeks Prime Minister Harold Wilson had been preoccupied with foreign affairs—daily consultations on Rhodesia, his trip to Washington to see Lyndon Johnson, his speech to the U.N. Home again last week, he took time out for some domestic housekeeping.

Out of the Cabinet went Thomas Fraser, who as Transport Minister infuriated Britain's freewheeling motorists by proposing a 70-m.p.h. speed limit and spot-check drunkometer tests. And out of the demanding home-secretaryship went Sir Frank Soskice, 63 and ailing, who intends to retire from politics by the next general election.

Man to Be Watched. Wilson's replacements added a youthful and vigorous left-right punch to his team. As

Transport Minister, he appointed the red-haired, vivacious firebrand of the party's left wing, Barbara Castle, 54, who has been in Wilson's Ministry of Overseas Development. The most important shift involved the new Home Secretary, Roy Jenkins. At 45, he is the youngest member of Wilson's Cabinet—and a man to be watched.

Though he is the son of a Welsh miner who became an M.P., the elegant Jenkins by taste and temperament is far more at home in London's salons than the New Towns' public saloons. As early as Oxford, Jenkins found himself at odds with the woolly Marxism of the university's Labor Club, helped found the more moderate Democratic Socialist Club. While still in his 20s he wrote a biography of his friend and political mentor Clement Attlee, has since penned three historical works, including a bestseller on Liberal Prime Minister Herbert Asquith. His latest: *Victorian Scandal* (see Books), about the ruination of Liberal Sir Charles Dilke. "I regard writing as the only real work," Jenkins once said, and he does it well enough for the *Economist* to have once considered him for its editorship.

Élan & Efficiency. In Labor politics, Jenkins has always been on the right: pro-Europe, pro-NATO, ill at ease with the party's radical, utopian socialists. He was long in Labor Leader Hugh Gaitskell's inner circle. When Wilson became Prime Minister last year, he offered Jenkins what many insiders considered a noose to hang a potential rival: the Ministry of Aviation, which was faced with the politically delicate task of arranging sharp cutbacks in Britain's aircraft production. Jenkins did the job with élan and efficiency, earning the promotion to Home Secretary. This post, too, will test his mettle: crime, immigration, racial discrimination—all explosive problems in Britain—are his new bailiwick. Jenkins is not yet a serious rival for Wilson's succession. But with his youth, he may become the very model of a leader for the 1970s: pro-Europe, moderate in social philosophy, possessed of a feel for the past as well as an openness toward the future in an era of rapid change for both the Labor Party and Britain.

FRANCE

The Permanent Opposition

France's first direct presidential election in the 20th century was over, and Charles de Gaulle, with 55% of the vote, had won. Or had he? *Le grand Charles* had sought overwhelming confirmation of his policies; instead, he had unwittingly created his first permanent and meaningful opposition.

The opposition's new leaders had no intention of losing the spotlight De Gaulle had given them. "We are faced with a dying regime," declared Socialist Loser François Mitterrand. "When we see how shaky Gaullism is with De Gaulle, what will it be without De Gaulle?" He mapped a campaign to



MITTERRAND AT HOME
The threat was clear.

organize a grass-roots party structure in every important town in France for his *Fédération Démocrate et Socialiste*—but excluding the Communists who backed him for President. Catholic Center Candidate Jean Lecanuet, 45, whose Kennedy-style campaign made him a national figure in a matter of weeks, was putting together his new *Centre Démocrate* Party, frankly aimed at wooing moderates and pro-Europeans out of the Gaullist camp.

The threat was all too clear to Gaullist Deputies. De Gaulle himself might be secure for another seven years, but Mitterrand and Lecanuet were taking dead aim at his parliamentary supporters due to test their strength in parliamentary elections that must be held before March 1967. De Gaulle's men got the message. Rebellious against a government measure to tighten taxes on small businessmen, whose votes they will need, Gaullist Deputies forced Premier Georges Pompidou to put off the bill until a safe 1968. "When I leave here, I have a rendezvous with General de Gaulle," huffed Pompidou. "I will bring him your unanimous greetings."

SPAIN

A Few Whiffs

One of the fundamental principles of Franco Spain has been that labor and management were both part of one big happy family—and, therefore, that all strikes were illegal. Last week the principle was put to a merciful death. At the instigation of the government, Spain's 601-member national Cortes (Parliament) restored to labor the right to strike for higher wages. "A difference of interests is inevitable," admitted Luis Gómez de Aranda, who pushed the bill through on behalf of the government.

In a sense, the right-to-strike law is only an admission of the facts of life. Spurred by the nation's increased prosperity and the need to keep up with

rising prices, the Spanish labor force has been growing in power and audacity. A series of wildcat strikes this year ended only when the government bowed to the workers' demands for more pay.

The new law has its limitations. Transport workers and civil servants are still forbidden to strike, and the government can still ban any walkout by declaring that its motivation is "political." But the measure is unquestionably a major step forward, and it brought a few whiffs of other new freedoms. For the first time, Spain's censored press was permitted to follow the bill as it went through the parliamentary machinery. There was even discussion of its provisions on television. And, unlike the rubber-stamp parliaments of old, this year's session gave the bill a thorough going-over. For six weeks the bill was before a study committee, was then passed on to the Justice Committee, which reworded it. One old-guard Falangist, charging that the bill was "unconstitutional," tried to get it thrown out. Fifteen other legislators wanted to tack on amendments that would strengthen workers' rights even more. And, when the measure finally reached the floor, 35 members actually voted against it—because they thought it did not go far enough.

UNITED NATIONS

Farewell to No. 20

Gauged by its paralyzed predecessor, the U.N.'s 20th General Assembly was a success: at least it was able to vote. But in performance, particularly on the key level of peace keeping, it was a lackluster gathering at best. As Assembly President Amintore Fanfani of Italy gavels the session into adjournment last week, the 20th had proved unable to budge from the impasse over peace-keeping procedures left it by the 19th. However, it had:

- Passed a 7,000-word "Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Racial Discrimination," which has yet to be ratified by the U.N. member states but which is still, in Fanfani's words, "of great moral significance."
- Concurred unanimously on "The Inadmissibility of Intervention in the Internal Affairs of States," an action that the Russians had hoped would condemn the U.S. for its stand in Viet Nam but which was broadened to include Communist subversion as well.
- Heard Pope Paul VI plead for "No more war, never again war!" in a rare and warming speech that was made doubly poignant by the U.N.'s inability to impede world conflicts.
- Displayed the immature emotionalism of many of its African members who, in protest over Rhodesia, walked out during British Prime Minister Harold Wilson's address.
- Narrowed the gap on Red Chinese entry to the U.N. with a 47-47 Assembly vote, and raised the question whether the U.S. would be able to keep Pe-

king out for more than another year.

The 20th Assembly clearly reflected a fact long known and understood: Africans and Asians will vote together on such issues as decolonization, racial discrimination and economic development. On the major issues of war and peace, they will leave the decisions to the big powers. The only role the U.N. took in war and peace this year was over India and Pakistan, and there it was a tacit agreement between Russia and the West that cut off arms and supplies to the combatants and thus quelled the fighting.

INDIA

The Folly of Others

India's Minister of Food Chidambaram Subramanian flew into Washington last week on an urgent mission that may mean life or death for thousands of his countrymen. He came to appeal for tons more of U.S. food to help India stave off what threatens to be its worst food crisis in two decades. With Subramanian came assurances from Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri that India, after years of giving top priority to industrialization, will put more emphasis on agriculture in the new five-year plan that begins in April, and will spend \$11 billion for fertilizer, farm machinery, irrigation, and better seed, with the aim of increasing farm output nearly 50% by 1971.

But India's need is now. In talks with President Johnson and Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, Subramanian explained that 1965's drought-decimated harvests had left India at least 13 million tons short of grain to feed its 480 million people. Though the U.S. made no definite promises, there seemed little doubt that President John-

WALTER BENNETT



FREEMAN & SUBRAMANIAM
The problem seemed solvable.

son would step up U.S. grain shipments. As he left Washington, Subramanian told reporters, "Your great President gave me confidence that the problem will be solved. I go back to my country inspired."

The country Subramanian returned to seems strangely unconcerned about the looming crisis. The newspapers still pay more attention to Britain's problems in Rhodesia than to India's food problem. Though he called for the nation to emulate him, Prime Minister Shastri is about the only Indian who dug up his lawn for a garden, and his skip-a-meal-a-week plan is also largely ignored. Snaps one young Indian editor, who refuses to skimp on meals: "Why should I suffer for the folly of others?"

YEMEN

Fear Knows No Fast

For more than a month Yemenis from both Royalist and Republican factions have been holding "peace talks" at the mountain village of Haradah to end the bloody (10,000 battle deaths) civil war that has plagued the country for three years. They have not been very successful. The conferees, who held their sessions in white tents symbolizing peace, never got past the first point: what to call the transition state that was supposed to exist until a country-wide plebiscite could be held in one year's time. The Republicans insisted that the word Republican must be included in the new state's title. Nothing doing, said the Royalists.

In fact, the only thing the delegates could agree on was a desire to recess the talks until after the month-long Islamic holy fast of Ramadan, which began last week. Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser and Saudi Arabia's King Feisal, who backed the Republicans and Royalists respectively, appealed to the delegates to continue the talks. But the Yemenis simply began to slip away. With their departure came the fear that the shooting might start again, for both sides have kept forces in a state of combat alert. Egyptians and Saudis immediately began strengthening their joint peace-keeping force in Yemen, and Nasser canceled his plans for a long-postponed troop withdrawal. "Historically, this was produced its fiercest battles during Ramadan when there is nothing else to do for 30 days but fast and fight," said one Egyptian veteran. "They get hungry and mean on both sides, and it's going to be a hellish job to enforce the ceasefire."

RHODESIA

Of Oil & Scotch

At long last, the British economic sanctions against Premier Ian Smith's white renegade regime began to be felt last week. Not in Rhodesia, however. In Zambia.

No sooner had British Prime Minister Harold Wilson called for a worldwide oil embargo against Rhodesia than

Smith retaliated by cutting off all petroleum shipments to his black-ruled northern neighbor. The effect in Zambia was immediate. Gas stations closed. Cars coughed to a stop and were abandoned. A stringent emergency rationing system allowed each car owner less than a gallon a week. To conserve fuel, government offices eliminated the lunch hour, sent their auto-driving employees home in the middle of the afternoon instead.

Committed to save Zambia's economy, Wilson ordered an airlift of oil from Dar es Salaam, and soon five R.A.F. Britannias began flying in from the Tanzanian port. The U.S. and Canada announced that they would help out with an airlift of their own. The Great North Road, a part dirt, part asphalt strip that links Lusaka with the east coast at Mombasa and Dar es Salaam, groaned under the heavy loads of trucks.

The oil lift would not be easy, for there were slippery African sensitivities to be considered. Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, who had broken off relations with Britain, demanded that the British use civilians instead of military personnel for the operation.

All the while, there was plenty of oil in Rhodesia. The refinery at Umtali, supplied by pipeline direct from the port of Beira in Portuguese Mozambique, had enough oil to supply the nation for ten weeks even if the pipeline was cut, and Smith last week airily advised Rhodesians that there was no need to cancel their holiday trips to save fuel. As New Year's Eve approached, in fact, the only thing rationed in Rhodesia was Scotch whisky.

EGYPT

Fewer Curses, More Sense

Helicopters dropped thousands of balloons bearing the image of Nasser, while tanks and self-propelled artillery thundered past the reviewing stand. It was Victory Day in Port Said last week—the ninth anniversary of Egypt's little Suez war with France, Britain and Israel. After parade's end, the crowd waited expectantly to hear whether President Gamal Abdel Nasser could top his performance of a year ago, when he pounded the lectern for the benefit of visiting Soviet Bigwig Aleksandr Shelepin and told the U.S. to go "drink the sea"—the Arab equivalent of "Go jump in the lake."

But Nasser had a surprise in store. Not once last week did he curse his enemies in the Arab world. And not once in his 2½-hour speech did he bait the West. Moreover, he made only a perfunctory reference to "liberating" Palestine. Instead, he talked calmly and seriously about Egypt's economic problems. The country has run up a foreign debt of nearly \$3 billion, and the gap between exports and imports has widened to a record \$500 million for 1965. "We are facing difficulties," Nasser conceded. "We must all work harder and

make sacrifices. I have no magic button that I can push to produce the things you want."

Show of Force. Lacking a magic button to push, Nasser has done the next best thing. The new Premier whom he appointed last September to replace left-leaning Ali Sabry has begun a reform of Egypt's stagnant economy, and Nasser has so far given him full support. To increase government revenue, Premier Zakaria Mohieddin has sharply raised Egypt's inadequate personal income tax and has added a "defense tax" on all sales to help defray military costs. He has jacked up tariffs on nonessential imports to save foreign exchange. He has also hiked the cost of luxury goods



NASSER WITH PREMIER MOHIEDDIN
Wanted: a magic button.

5% (to reduce demand) and set low price ceilings on most foodstuffs (to curb inflation). To show that he means business, into Cairo's marketplaces he sent 400 plainclothesmen who arrested 150 shopkeepers for price violations in a week. The others got the message.

Idea of Firing. For a longer-range solution, Mohieddin has started a birth-control program that he hopes will eventually reduce the number of mouths to feed. He also vows to crack down on the country's notoriously inefficient government-run factories. "We must make it honorable to do a day's work," he says. "And we must get used to the idea of firing people who will not work." As the 70,000 Egyptian troops return from Yemen, Mohieddin intends to demobilize many of them and retrain them for jobs in industry.

Though nominally a socialist, Mohieddin is above all a pragmatist. His tough policies for the nation (which he calls "Egypt," rather than the grandiose "United Arab Republic") have created such a favorable impression abroad that the U.S. has resumed its food shipments, and France, Kuwait, and the Chase Manhattan Bank have kicked in \$75 million in emergency credit as a vote of confidence in Egypt's new direction.

THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

A Round for the Pessimists

There are few optimists in the Dominican Republic; many Dominicans have resigned themselves to the grim prospect of never seeing real peace in their lifetime. Last week, despite all the diplomatic maneuvering and the best intentions of Interim President Héctor García-Godoy, the visceral hatred between rebel left and loyalist right exploded in yet another ugly little fire fight and a series of riots and demonstrations that left 34 dead, scores wounded. Once again, only the forceful

hotel and began blasting away. The military insists that the rebels opened up first at a jeep patrol. Either way, the soldiers were soon spraying the building with .50-cal. machine guns, then pounding it with 75-mm. shells from three tanks that rumbled over from the base. In the hotel, civilian bystanders cowered in hallways and closets, while rebel snipers in the top stories methodically cut down advancing air force troops.

Caamaño himself grabbed a telephone and called for help from President García-Godoy in Santo Domingo. Within minutes, 133 U.S. paratroopers from the 82nd Airborne were on their



OAS TROOPS MOVING AGAINST DOMINICAN MOBS

Despite the best intentions, a visceral hatred.

intervention of OAS troops kept the tiny war-scarred country from renewed civil war.

The fuse that detonated the fight was a memorial service for Colonel Rafael Tomás Fernández Domínguez, a rebel killed last May during an abortive raid on the National Palace. Attending the service in the inland city of Santiago, 120 miles northwest of Santo Domingo, were Rebel Commander Francisco Caamaño Deñó and 90 members of the rebel elite, all armed to the teeth. Caamaño had been warned about going by President García-Godoy, had been told that the loyalists would consider the trip a provocation. He insisted, took off in a convoy of 31 cars. In Santiago, the group swaggered around town, waving their guns, disarming cops and bullying civilians. After the memorial service, they went on to breakfast at Santiago's Hotel Matum, a small two-story hilltop hideaway three miles from the loyalist-occupied Santiago air base.

Call for Paratroopers. What happened next? The rebels claim that 350 air force and army troops surrounded the

way by helicopter and plane to Santiago. By the time they snuffed out the battle, the hotel was a shambles, and 23 loyalist Dominican troops and five rebels were dead, including Colonel Juan María Lora Fernández, 40, a U.S.-trained officer who was Caamaño's chief of staff during the April revolt.

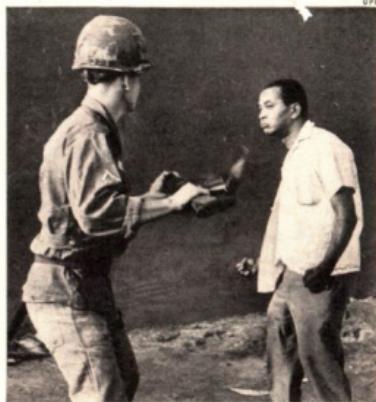
Winners: the Extremists. In Santo Domingo, rumors flew that the entire rebel leadership had been ambushed and massacred. Pro-rebel mobs took to the streets, sling rocks, throwing up street barricades, and setting cars and trucks ablaze. On his return to the capital, Caamaño called for calm "so that no one may justify acts of aggression." Sporadic violence continued throughout the week.

The only ones to benefit from the episode were the extremists on both sides. A resurgence of violence makes it more difficult for loyalist military leaders to contain their bitter hatreds, and last week some officers were talking angrily about deposing President García-Godoy in the interests of restoring "order."

CUBA

Full Seats & a Cruel Promise

After almost a month of operation, the Cuban refugee airlift is shaking down into a steady, efficient rescue of people fleeing Castro's Communist dictatorship. The flights are now up to two planes a day, five days a week, and the Pan American DC-7s bring their full load of 95 passengers. In the first 24 days of the lift, some 2,500 Cubans left their unhappy homeland. Less than half settled in the Miami area, which already has 100,000 Cuban refugees. The rest of the newcomers went to



PARATROOPER & DEMONSTRATOR

other cities throughout the country.

For the 150,000 or more Cubans whose turns on the flights may not come for months, Castro promises a cruel waiting period. To government agencies and state-run businesses went an order to fire all workers who sign up for the airlift. To make life doubly difficult and possibly discourage any more Cubans from signing up to leave, the Communists also announced that before departing, would-be exiles must return every peso withdrawn from their bank accounts since Sept. 28—the date of Castro's "open door" speech.

PERU

Rocky Road to Reform

"I'm not waiting for my son to have a better life—I want a better life." So says a member of President Fernando Belaúnde Terry's *Acción Popular* party. He was talking about Belaúnde's land-reform program—the sensible, carefully thought-out plan that, when it was signed into law 19 months ago, was hailed by experts as the soundest ever

*The Thunderbird Touch:
A speed control conveniently located on the steering wheel*



1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roof

Relax! Thunderbird's new 1966 Highway Pilot Control option makes long drives almost effortless. It lets you "set," "retard," and "resume" your cruising speed with just a flick of your finger. This unit is thoughtfully located within the spokes of Thunderbird's Swing-Awaysteeringwheel. Other Thunderbird personal

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tal 428-cubic-inch V-8 option... and all the craftsmanship that has made this car a trend-setting classic in its own time!

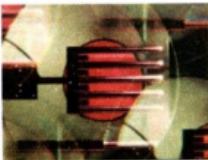
Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD



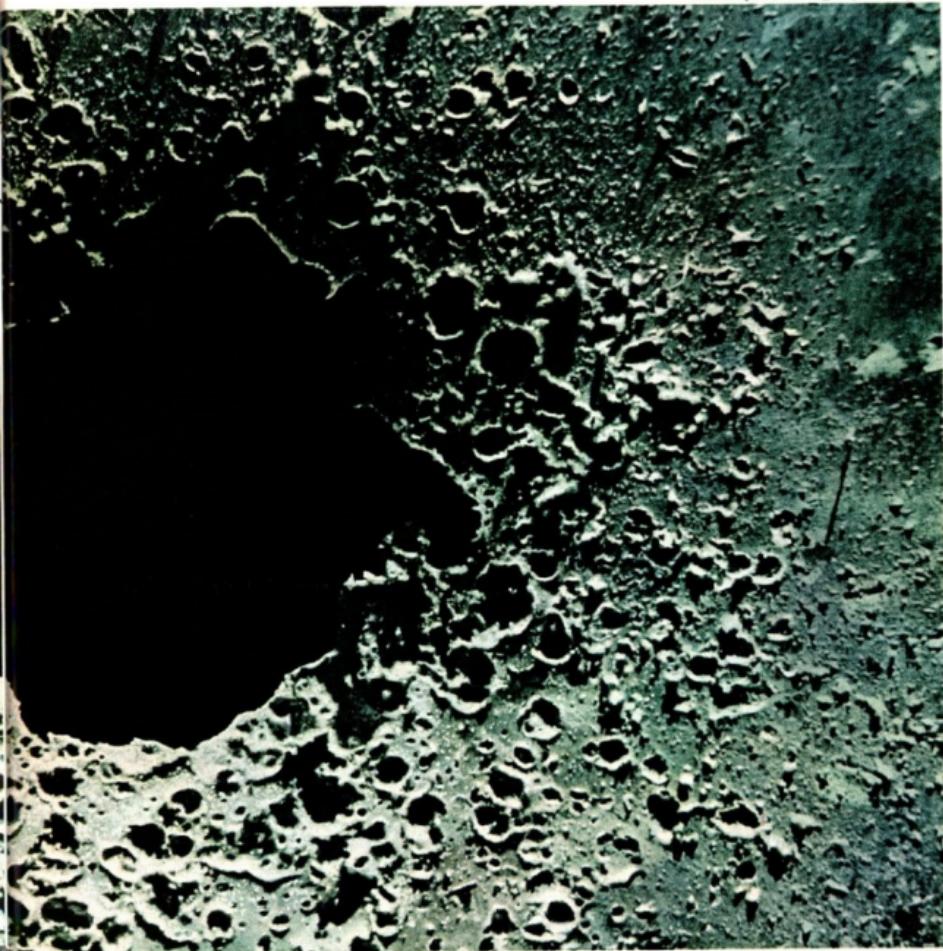
Douglas research blasts holes in old theories

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Actual photo of high speed impact.



about protecting spacecraft from meteoroids.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

set up in the hemisphere. For many Peruvians, the rub is that the project to settle 1,000,000 peasants on their own land and double the country's acreage under cultivation will take at least a decade, and more likely 20 years. They are not willing to wait that long.

Under the original idea, land tagged for redistribution was to be thoroughly studied for crop and livestock potential, then paid for at fair value. Belaúnde wisely exempted the big coastal sugar and cotton plantations that produce vital exports; instead, he aimed chiefly at Peru's highlands, where nearly 30 million of 32 million acres suitable for agriculture are held by big absentee landlords. Even then the government promised to set up a system of priorities to ensure that marginal estates were taken before well-managed holdings.

To date, some 550,000 acres have been turned over to 17,000 peasant families. For the land-hungry Indian this is too little, too slow. Half a dozen times in the past six months, Peruvian army troops have been sent to turn back large groups of impatient peasants invading haciendas in the Andean highlands. Early this month soldiers were forced to fire on 300 Indians who descended on a ranch north of Lima, killing three squatters and wounding two. So strong is the pressure that the government is sidestepping its careful, step-by-step program and plunging ahead.

A few weeks ago a highland district reform commissioner suddenly declared *afectadas* (destined for expropriation) one of the most efficient ranch operations in the country: 440,000 acres owned by Cerro de Pasco Co., Peru's copper giant. Cerro officials reacted first with disbelief, then outrage when government officials refused to reconsider. In bypassing scores of marginally operated highland estates, said Cerro, the government had violated the spirit, if not the precise letter, of its own law. The company pointed out that its sheep produce three times as much meat as the neighboring Indian herds; furthermore, it ran the ranch as a nonprofit enterprise, selling the meat at cost to feed its 15,000 workers.

Down By a Third. Belaúnde's government is well aware of the dangers involved in wholesale land giveaways. Mexico and Bolivia both experienced sharp drops in agricultural production when they went in for helter-skelter land reform: the Cuban economy is still reeling from Fidel Castro's mismanagement of the sugar lands. In Peru's own case, an efficient, 511,500-acre ranch near the Cerro lands was purchased two years ago by government officials, who parceled out most of it among 14 land-hungry Indian communities. Since then, 100,000 of the ranch's original 160,000 head of sheep and cattle have been eaten, given away, stolen or destroyed in one way or another; production is less than a third of its original level, while the government, hampered by lack of technical help, struggles to make modern ranchers of

the new tenants who cannot read, and often cannot even speak Spanish.

Nevertheless, a Peruvian land reform official admits privately that virtually all the big highland estates will soon be *afectadas*, "even where the new landowners will certainly be unable to maintain, let alone improve, present productivity levels."

BRAZIL

Toward Stability

In the past nine years, one President of Brazil nearly spent the country into bankruptcy, his erratic successor resigned after seven months in office, and the next man did his best to deliver the nation to Communism and corruption before the military threw him out. Brazil's economy naturally remained in a state of chaos, and its political life was a bruising free-for-all. Now all that is beginning to change. After 21 months in power, President Humberto Castello Branco's tough-minded revolutionary government is giving Brazil a breath of political and economic stability.

Yes & Yes, Sir! Politics, in fact, is growing so tame that Castello Branco finds it slightly embarrassing. Last week so many politicians were clamoring to join the government's newly organized official party (aptly named the National Alliance for Renewal) that the President was having trouble scraping up even a token opposition.

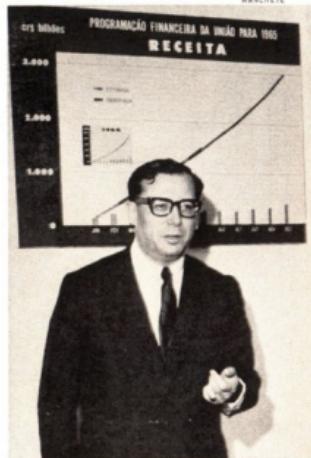
A month ago, Castello Branco dissolved Brazil's 14 fractured political parties and ordered them to reorganize under strict new rules designed to eliminate all but the biggest and most representative. The rules required at least 20 of 66 federal Senators and 120 of 409 federal Deputies to form a party. What the government hoped for was two, possibly three parties—its own, plus a moderately vocal opposition. But as one Senator put it: "Who's crazy enough to risk his mandate by outspokenly opposing the government?" Only 117 Deputies and 18 Senators pledged themselves to the opposition—five short of the minimum. It took considerable backroom maneuvering before five selfless souls finally agreed to go over to the other side, which dubbed itself the Brazilian Democratic Movement. Said one politician: "We have our two-party system all right—the party of 'Yes,' and the party of 'Yes, sir!'"

Reform & Recession. That may be just what Brazil needs, considering the way Castello Branco's government is running the country. When the revolutionaries took over in April 1964, Brazil was approaching bankruptcy, with foreign-exchange reserves of less than \$150 million, and a cost of living that was soaring at the fantastic rate of 144% a year. By last week Brazil's foreign exchange was back to a safer \$300 million, and the inflationary price rise had been cut more than two-thirds to 45% for 1965—"still pretty bad," says one Washington official, "but for Brazil that's sensationally good."

Most of the credit goes to Castello Branco's Minister of Economic Planning, Roberto de Oliveira Campos, 48, a U.S.-trained economist and Brazil's one-time Ambassador to the U.S. Campos is doing more than trying to reform an economy; he is trying to discipline a national mentality. For a starter, he eliminated \$200 million a year in government wheat, oil and newsprint import subsidies, thus halting a wasteful drain on Brazil's treasury. He then ended labor's inflation-producing 75%-to-100% wage hikes, slowed down the money presses, and began reforming Brazil's sieve-like tax system to plug loopholes and improve collections.

The all-out attack on waste, ineffi-

MACHETE



ECONOMIST CAMPOS
Disciplining a mentality.

ciency and inflation brought on a minor recession earlier this year. Yet by last week industrial production posted an estimated 4% overall gain for the year. Many Brazilians still gripe about this year's 45% rise in the cost of living, but businessmen give Campos a rousing cheer, and foreign investors are registering their votes with money. Alcoa is planning a \$50 million aluminum project, Volkswagen is spending \$100 million to double its 60,000-car annual production, and Ford is building a \$30 million plant that will turn out all-Brazilian Galaxies in 1966.

Better still, the World Bank—absent from Brazil since 1959—agreed to lend \$80 million early this year for power projects. The International Monetary Fund, another long-absent investor, chipped in \$125 million, plans to offer \$120 million to \$180 million more in new standby credit next year. And the U.S., which cut *Alianza* aid to Brazil to a trickle under Goulart, has granted more than \$500 million in technical and economic assistance.

PEOPLE

The première promoters hustled Sex Symbol Brigitte Bardot off to Hollywood for the West Coast opening of *Viva Maria!* and Sex Symbol Sophia Loren had Manhattan all to herself. Well, not all. Such other delightful images as Julie Christie and Geraldine Chaplin paraded into Broadway's Capitol theater for the première of *Doctor Zhivago*, but the crowd saved the rave for Sophia, who didn't even play in the picture. She just tagged along in white mink cape and Dior gown with Producer Carlo Ponti, her once and future husband. In all the crush, Sophia and Carlo were beaming because of some moral support they'd got from the French government the day before. Carlo, a new-vintage French citizen, obtained a Paris divorce from his first wife, can now marry Sophia legally, even though those bigamy charges against him still haven't got straightened out in Rome.

Two weeks ago the faculty at M.I.T.'s Alfred P. Sloan School of Management held a fine farewell party for Dean Howard Wesley Johnson, 43, who was leaving to become executive vice president of Cincinnati's Federated Department Stores, Inc. Now the professors are kidding Johnson that he really ought to hand back that silver tea service they presented him as a going-away gift. M.I.T.'s committee on succession turned around and named Johnson, a specialist in industrial relations and executive development, as M.I.T.'s new president, to succeed retiring Physicist Julius Stratton.

In days of old, when peers were bold, and life peeresses weren't invented, Britain's House of Lords decreed that when a member rose to speak he must be "uncovered"—meaning wearing neither hat nor coronet. But Baroness Burton

of Coventry, 61, feels positively naked without one of her "super-trilbys" on. And besides, she trifled to the Lords' procedural committee, every time a lady doffs her hat just to do some talking, she wrecks the hairdo. With matters thus brought to a head, the committee waived the 344-year-old rule, allowed that the girls could talk with their hats on. In a black stovepipe creation, Lady Burton immediately spoke out: "The peers have stood up to it very well."

His four grown boys have long since been on their own, so now the Groaner is breaking in a new generation. Harry Lillis Crosby III, 7, came on with the old man for a taped Christmas production of ABC's *Hollywood Palace*, crooned through a treble version of *Oh Come, Little Children* that had Papa Bing Crosby, 61, muttering proudly backstage: "Say, that little tiger did all right." While the boys were hamming it up for TV, Mama Kathy Grant Crosby took Mary Frances, 6, up to the Hyatt Music Theater near San Francisco to make her debut as a bit-player in a musical *Peter Pan* but alas, Kathy got panned as Peter. The San Francisco Examiner's Critic Jeanne Miller took after poor Mary Frances as well, with the slightly weird complaint that she was "stodgy."

A big holiday wreath was on the front door of the Gettysburg farmhouse, the tree was trimmed, and Dwight Eisenhower, 75, just a week out of Washington's Walter Reed Hospital after recovery from his November heart attack in Augusta, Ga., settled down with Mamie, his son John and four grandchildren for a private and grateful Christmas. His doctors' greetings: he can take short strolls and climb stairs now. Said Ike with a grin: "I expect I'll be playing golf again within a month—but slowly."

As Bob Hope, 61, explained it: "A funny thing happened to me on the way to take a bow." All set to start the laughs for 2,000 G.I.s at Thailand's Korat Air Base as part of his 14th an-



CARLO PONTI & SOPHIA LOREN
The French were understanding.

nual Christmas tour of U.S. overseas installations, the comic slipped off a backstage platform and sailed into the arms of a burly security man, who broke the fall a bit. With two ligaments torn in his left ankle, Bob went on anyhow, even limped through a soft-shoe routine with Actress Carroll Baker. Later the leg was taped up to ease the "shooting pains," but Hope was cracking happily that his North Hollywood draft board had already given him a physical exam. "And then," he said, "they burned my draft card."

*And when they tangle with Alworth and Ladd,
The Buffalo Bills will know they've been had.*

Cassius Clay? Not this time. California's Governor Pat Brown, 60, was sicking his doggerel on New York's Nelson Rockefeller, 57, betting him "one box of assorted fresh California fruit" that the San Diego Chargers would whip the Bills for the American Football League championship. Nelson, stout feller, staked a crate of New York State apples on it, and after some musing wrote Brown:

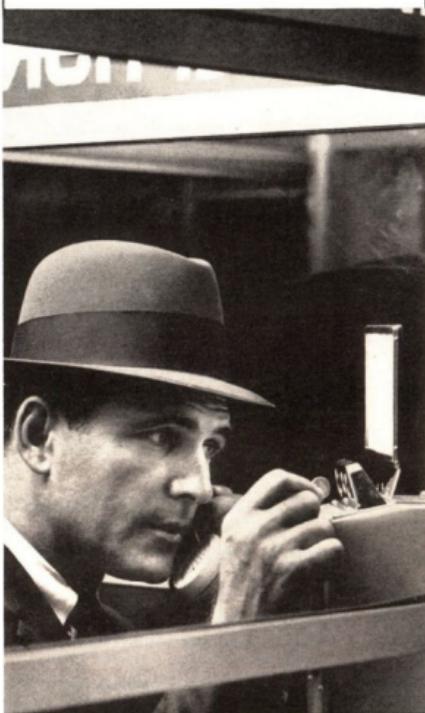
*When the game's final whistle
Makes the stadium mute
You'll be left to your sighing
While I'm munching your fruit.*

"My body is only incidental. It's my spirit that's real," averred World Citizen Garry Davis, 44, two years after he gave up his U.S. passport in 1948 to found his cult of statelessness and world unity. Now, long after the crusades in which he enlisted Albert Camus and André Gide into *Les Compagnons de Garry Davis*, issued Jawaharlal Nehru one of his "world passports" and transformed himself temporarily from a freak into something of a world figure, Davis is living in Strasbourg, France. The son of U.S. Society Bandleader Meyer Davis, he is still nobody's citizen, but he has a wife, two children, and he keeps body and soul together with a real spirited little business: the Garry Davis Diaper Service.



BARONESS BURTON
The good lords were willing.

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FEDERAL EDUCATION

A New Commissioner

Next to Robert McNamara, the man with the fastest-growing job in Washington may well be the U.S. Commissioner of Education. Serving under Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner, the commissioner is responsible for an ever expanding variety of federal programs, ranging from school integration to college scholarships to developing new teaching techniques. Last week President Johnson named to the job Harold Howe II, 47, a proven administrator in both public and private education, to succeed Francis Keppel (TIME cover, Oct. 15).

The son of an All-America quarterback at Yale, Howe is recalled by one of his own Yale classmates, Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy, as "the most respected man in the class" ('40). He taught history at one of the nation's top private prep schools, Andover's Phillips Academy (he went to Taft himself). As a high school principal in Newton, Mass., Howe devised an Oxford-style house system that divided 3,000 students into six groups, each with separate faculty and advisers. His experiments in Newton led to his appointment as superintendent of the Scarsdale, N.Y., school system in 1960. Howe comes to HEW after a year as director of North Carolina's Learning Institute, a pioneer program in training children of poor families.

One of Howe's toughest problems will be school integration. At a Washington press conference, he said that "a great deal has been done" in the South, and implied that he would try to persuade states to do more before exercising such powerful weapons as withholding federal aid. In the North, Howe saw a long struggle to end the de facto segregation created by housing patterns, but added, "I'm not going to come out against neighborhood schools everywhere."

As for Keppel, he will spend full time on a second job created for him

EDUCATION

last September: Assistant Secretary of HEW. As commissioner, he had attempted to withhold some \$30 million worth of federal aid to Chicago schools because of racial segregation, and had brashly told the Sigma Chi fraternity that unless it integrated, the colleges where it has chapters would lose federal aid. He will now give primary attention to the problem of trying to coordinate the conflicting, overlapping educational activities of 43 federal agencies.

UNIVERSITIES

Strife at St. John's

St. John's University in New York City is the largest Roman Catholic school in the U.S. (enrollment: 13,125). Academically, it has never ranked high among Catholic schools; in troubles, it outdoes them all. Last week many of its teachers were in open revolt against the administration, police guarded the gates of its Queens campus, and the university faced a strike by both professors and students when classes resume next week.

The blame for the crisis is not one-sided. A tough, paternalistic administration has for years done little to improve faculty salaries, denied teachers any real voice in policy decisions. But many faculty members, led by two teachers' groups, have recently undertaken a campaign of harassment against the school, refusing to wait for reforms promised by the university's new president, the Very Rev. Joseph T. Cahill.

No Freedom. Operated by the Vincentian Fathers, a congregation noted more for missionary work than scholarship, St. John's has a full-time faculty of 510. About 60 are priests (40 of them Vincentians); most of the rest are Catholic laymen—competent teachers generally but few with national reputations. Even by the standards of other Catholic schools, St. John's teachers were for many years an underprivileged lot. Partly because St. John's has only a small endowment and 90% of its income derives from student fees, faculty pay is the lowest of the ten largest Catholic universities.

According to the teachers, academic freedom at St. John's is heavily restricted. Philosophy professors complain that the school insists upon a narrow, dogmatic approach to Thomism, using Aquinas only to criticize other thinkers. The university insists on the right to clear all articles and books to be published by faculty members.

Self-Strife. Last March 200 teachers walked out of a faculty meeting in protest over low salaries. After the walkout came a mass demonstration of support by students, which stung the trustees into ordering an ambitious self-study of the university. The report urged a sharp hike in salaries, more lay representation on the clergy-dominated board, creation of an advisory faculty council. To carry out the reforms, the board last July brought in Father Cahill, who had been president of the Vincentians' Niagara University.

The good beginning was not enough for the two faculty organizations that had set up shop to negotiate with the administration for professorial rights. The 100-member local of the United Federation of College Teachers, and a branch of the American Association of University Professors representing 200 professors (many teachers belong to both) took turns badgering the administration. The teachers' union opened a drive to win collective bargaining for the faculty, a right that no U.S. university grants. The A.A.U.P. set deadlines for the trustees to act on changes recommended by St. John's new faculty



O'REILLY



CAHILL

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Chicago Federal Savings

council. Impatient for reforms, 18 philosophy professors—with the intent of embarrassing the university—ran an ad in the New York Times saying that they were seeking new jobs.

"**A Purge.**" Fed up, Father Cahill fired at least 31 teachers, effective next summer; 23 of them, members of the teachers' union, were immediately suspended from classroom duties. Among them was the Rev. Peter O'Reilly, a philosophy teacher and head of the union. The faculty reaction was predictable. Many teachers indicated that they will quit if the dismissals are carried out, and Francis Souer, a chemistry professor who was not fired, called Cahill's action "a purge of liberal Catholicism." The teachers' union, backed by the students, called for a faculty strike.

Pledging that there would be "no interruption of the educational process" at St. John's, Father Cahill last week announced a new faculty senate to advise on policy. He bitterly condemned the fired professors for "unprofessional conduct," and for issuing "libelous and slanderous statements" about St. John's. He also pointed out, sensibly enough, that it is the job of the administration to run a university, and that no board of trustees can simply rubberstamp anything a faculty demands. There is academic freedom at St. John's, he insisted, and it is necessary. But, he added, "freedom without responsibility becomes license."

TEACHING

The Fourth R

What to teach about sex—or even whether—is an intensifying dilemma of U.S. education. The big New York City school system ignores the subject; the big Los Angeles system takes pride in treating it. Washington, D.C., offers candid sex education, at least partly to fight down the high rate (1,100 cases a year) of unwed pregnancy among high school girls; just across the Potomac in Virginia, state law prohibits any public school sex instruction. Even among communities that think sex is a fit classroom subject, there is no unanimity of approach: some teach blunt physiology, with pictures; some tiptoe around the topic; some scare kids and even lie to them; a few regard sex as primarily a moral issue.

Cells & Syphilis. Community and family pressures are gradually forcing the schools to accept reproduction as a fourth R. Health officials point out that the need to fight ignorance is as great as ever: 500,000 teen-agers a year contract venereal diseases. Since few parents are at ease discussing the subject with their sons and daughters, schools face little opposition when they try to add sexual education to their curriculum. And the students themselves insist that they want the instruction. "I doubt that I will use algebra when I grow up, but I'll probably be married," says a Berkeley, Calif., high school senior.

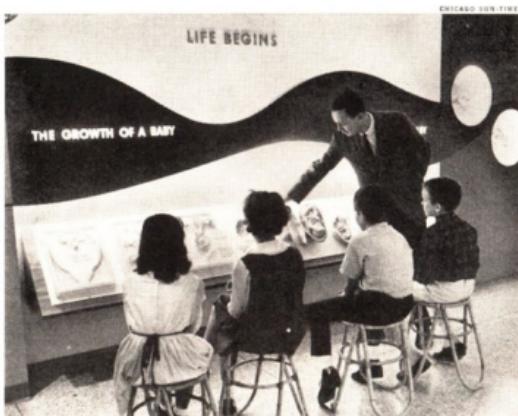
The why of sex education is clear enough, but the how is not. Even after parents give the go-ahead, many schools submerge the realities of sex in the cell-and-amœba terms of biology classes, or settle for the shock effect of horror movies about syphilis. Los Angeles claims to have extensive sex instruction wrapped into its junior high and eleventh-grade health education courses; nonetheless, a Hamilton High junior complains that "we never get down to the point but go all around it." The value of the course really depends upon the teacher, says Bonnie Hersh, a Venice High junior. "If he gets embarrassed, well, then forget it—you may as well study plants or something."

But there are also school systems that try to integrate sex instruction naturally into the curriculum and put it into psychological perspective. Most of these programs encourage teachers to discuss the moral issues involved, but let them

age level, explains Superintendent Oscar M. Chute, "they're able to learn, but are still not emotionally and physically involved and less self-conscious."

Boys view a film explaining changes at puberty, which includes a stern warning about masturbation—"a careless habit that leads to unhappy thinking." Girls see a film about menstruation. By seventh grade, the kids are asking, "How is the number of children regulated by parents?" The answers sometimes prudishly shade the truth; asked about contraceptives, one teacher replies: "I say they are sold to married people, and I stress their unreliability."

Kissing & Petting. One of the frankest sex programs is that of the Washington, D.C., schools, where the course outline encourages teachers to stimulate classroom discussions on "the natural emotional responses related to kissing and petting." Eighth-Grade Teacher Bernard Dory deftly handles such queries as "Is



SEX INSTRUCTION IN HINSDALE, ILL., MUSEUM.
The why is clear, but the how is not.

decide for themselves what to say. In Detroit, Teacher Robert Brown takes the pragmatic approach. He does not teach that fornication is wrong, but he points out to his high school students the probability of pregnancy, the dangers in abortion. He warns that "petting is the forerunner of the sexual act—if you stop petting on one date, that is where you start in on the next."

The pioneering Evanston, Ill., programs, nine years in operation, begin sex education in kindergarten, where the tots are encouraged to talk about any new babies in their family. In early grades they learn about the growth processes in nature, see pictures of animals being nursed. Human reproduction is taught in the fifth grade partly by taking the kids to the nearby Hinsdale Health Museum to view pictures and models of human organs and the prenatal growth of a baby. At that

it O.K. to have intercourse while the girl is having her period?" (His answer: intercourse during menstruation is possible, but many consider it unclean.) The need for plain talk is shown by the appalling misinformation some Washington youngsters bring to the course. At least once a year Teacher Effie Jones is asked by one of her eighth-grade girls: "Mrs. Jones, if I don't have sexual relations before I'm 16, will I go crazy?"

For many schools, sex is still a harder topic to handle than space orbits. Nonetheless, educators believe that learning about sex will soon become as commonplace in the curriculum as learning how to read or drive a car. For while the moral standards must and will always be imparted (or neglected), implicitly or explicitly, by the parents, the clinical facts are often best taught by a third person.

SHOW BUSINESS

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Best of the Beatles

The record jacket reads *Best of the Beatles*, and it was a hot seller in the Christmas rush—or at least it was before it was brought up at a New York State Bureau of Consumer Frauds' hearing. Despite the billing, the album does not contain a collection of the best of the Beatles' hits—or even a single song by the Beatles.

Yet, in a way, Savage Records could justify the title of its album. "Best" refers to Peter Best, the drummer who was indeed "of the Beatles" during the scruffy, scrambling days when John, George and Paul were plucking from pub to pub. Then just as the lightning (now estimated to be worth \$10 million) began to strike, Best was bounced in favor of Ringo.

"*Too Conventional.*" "It's not so much the money that hurts," says Best today. "It's the heartbreak." When he joined the boys in 1960, they were known as the Silver Beatles and off to Hamburg for their first engagement out of Great Britain; their weekly take was an unimpressive \$20 each. Best earned his passage with the suggestion that the "Silver" be dropped, because "it sounds a bit corny."^{**} Best also contributed to the essential trip-hammering back-up for the Beatle beat; until his arrival, they were all guitars. A year later, Brian Epstein came aboard as the Beatles' manager and added the final refinements. Their hair, shorter than now, was to be kept kempter. "Out," recalls Best, "went our leather jackets. In came mohair suits."

* Other early names for the combo: the Nerk Twins, the Quarrymen Skiffle Group, the Cavemen, the Moondogs, the Moonshiners.

Out also went Best—just as the group signed the contract with Britain's E.M.I. and recorded *Love Me Do*, the first of the sides that were to wing them to fame. Best had been with the band during the test session, but the recording company judged him to be the worst. The other Beatles went along with the decision. Among other things, says Epstein, they felt that Best was "too conventional to be a Beatle."

Red Tape. Peter was so "downfallen, so sick in the stomach that I never left my house." His Liverpool fans, feeling equally ill, loyally marched along the Mersey, carrying banners proclaiming "Peter Forever, Ringo Never." Even with a bodyguard, Beatle George Harrison got his eye blackened. It was three weeks before Best felt up to leaving the house, but, unlike his fans, he bore no personal rancor. "I saw John and George in Liverpool a couple of minutes," he notes. "We're still the best of friends. I asked them, 'How's your mother?'"

Best, in a quiet way, is on the rebound. Now 24, he is married, fronts his own five-man group (it includes two saxes) and has played in Britain, Germany and Canada. In the U.S., his boys have already been heard on four different record labels and, after three frustrating months of waiting, are booked to begin a cross-country tour next week.

What held up their U.S. debut so long? Seems that the Immigration Department promised Peter his working visa as soon as he arrived in Manhattan but was in no hurry to clear the red tape for his lesser-known sideman. Best decided to wait along with the other four. This loyalty probably cost him \$50,000 in bookings. "But I didn't," he explains, "want to do to them the thing that happened to me."

RICHARD MATTHEWS



GEORGE, PETER & JOHN (1961)
"Peter Forever, Ringo Never."



SCENE FROM "SUPERMARKET SWEEP"
"It looked a little cheap."

TELEVISION

More Closs

To brighten the cultural luster of daytime television, ABC last week added two new shows:

SUPERMARKET SWEEP, a Talent Associates creation, lets housewife contestants choose anyone they like (provided, say the rules, "that he is between 17 and 40 and in good physical condition") to dress in numbered jerseys reminiscent of the late Roller Derby. Thus properly attired, the delegates run down supermarket aisles like thieves, grabbing up goods in a race against the clock. The contestant whose champion has snatched the most valuable merchandise in his basket returns the next day to meet new challengers in a game that may very well go on to infinity. "They originally tried it with the home-makers themselves running up and down the market collecting stuff," explains an ABC executive, "but it looked a little cheap. This way, they choose a boy friend or a husband or something, it has more class."

THE DATING GAME proves that when big ideas die, they go on television. Its spirit is borrowed from *Sex and the Single Girl*, which enjoyed a huge sale at book counters and furnished the title for a moneymaking movie. For TV, the screen has become a gigantic key-hole through which viewers are invited to watch a series of career-type girls snare a date for the night. Out of girl-sight, three bachelors—at least one a celebrity—parry questions from the husband hunters. Samples: "How would you go about telling your date that she had a dress that was maybe too short or too tight?" "They can't make a dress that's too short or too tight." "What's your most favorite activity with the weaker sex?" "How intimate may I get?" "Well, let's make it your second most favorite activity with the weaker sex."

Serenaded by a band and a group of frutting teen-agers, egged on by a studio audience that cackles at each double-entendre, the ladies quickly become impulse buyers, opting for the bassest voice or the warmest laugh. The reward: a man plus an all-expenses-paid night on the town including dinner, show, and nightclub.



a positive view of good driving habits

*...with expert tips
on developing
your personal
safety program*





Ford Motor Company

OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN

THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Fellow Drivers:

This special section is published with the hope that it will stimulate your thinking about traffic safety. Actions start with thoughts, and now—as never before—our country needs creative thinking and coordinated action to reduce the accident rate and improve driving conditions.

This is not a job for one person, one company, or any single group. Traffic safety is everybody's business. It must be a cooperative effort.

Ford Motor Company gladly accepts its share of the total responsibility. You will find this reflected in the design and features of our cars and in our continuing safety research activities, some of which are described on the following pages. Our interest is also reflected in the efforts of our dealers, many of whom are participating in community and state-wide traffic safety improvement programs.

In every state you see evidence of the efforts being made by many individuals and groups. Engineers are at work improving highway design and traffic control. Urban traffic congestion is being reduced as new freeways are opened and electronic traffic controls are installed. Public officials are striving for better enforcement of traffic laws.

Your cooperation, too, is essential—as a citizen and as a driver.

As a citizen, you can make your views known to your elected representatives—who seek your support for such measures as nation-wide uniform traffic regulations, signs, signals and markings; improved driver licensing; periodic vehicle inspection and better driver education for all new drivers.

As a driver, you can make a significant contribution to traffic safety every time you take the wheel. I sincerely hope you will.

Henry Ford II

Henry Ford II

Perhaps you have said it yourself, "I know there are too many accidents, but what can I do about it? I'm a careful driver, but some of those other guys . . ."

True, there seems to be little you can do about "the other guy," but there *are* things *you* can do.

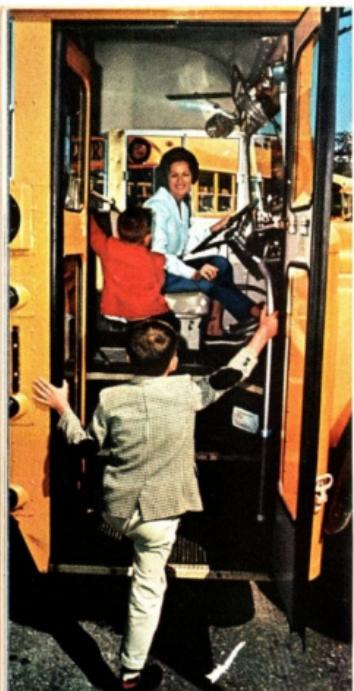
a personal "good driver" program

You can develop a personal driving safety program and follow it every time you take the wheel. Driving safety should become a habit, not only on long hauls, but on short trips too. In fact, most accidents occur within a few miles of home. Remember, even the minor accident that involves no more than a dented fender is costly in time and money.

Here's a good way to start. Read through the following articles. Notice how many key points are repeated by the writers. For the most part they are simple points that all of us can employ. Let them serve as thought-starters in analyzing your own driving. Some of these will apply directly to you and your kind of driving. Some of them you may already follow automatically, others you may be neglecting.

People are different. Physically, mentally, emotionally. That's why your personal safety program may be different from your neighbor's. The end result, however, should be the same: better drivers and increased awareness of the things that go to make driving safer.





Twice every weekday Mrs. Helen Klos takes the safety of 60 children in her capable hands. Driving a school bus is a demanding job that calls for strict safety rules.



Sitting still is never easy for active youngsters. Helen Klos recommends toys and games to keep them amused on long trips.

the woman at the wheel... help your children prevent accidents

By Theo Wilson

Every school day, Helen Klos slides behind the wheel of a big school bus on Long Island and takes on a job that would make most drivers, including men, take a long look at their driving skill and safety knowledge. In the bus are 60 youngsters, kindergarteners to teen-agers.

"It isn't luck that we've never had an accident," says Mrs. Klos, a poised ex-fashion model, now a mother, housewife, and paid, full-time driver for Educational Bus Transportation, Inc. "We work at being safe, and by 'we' I mean myself and the kids."

Driving with her own four children in the family car, or driving other mothers' children in the school bus, Mrs. Klos has a No. 1 safety rule: "Keep them sitting quietly."

She will pull over and stop the bus if anyone stands up, kneels, or twists around to hang over seatbacks. In her family car, she also keeps all door buttons locked.

"On long trips," says Mrs. Klos, "we have games and toys to keep them quiet. You can't drive safely if the kids distract you. And they keep their hands inside the auto. All the time. So do the children in the bus."

In rain, Mrs. Klos makes sure her shoe soles are bone dry, "...because one rainy day my foot skidded off the brakes. Nothing happened, but it could have." This is a minor precaution, but an important one.

"Also, check the matting under the driver's seat. The rare times I drive in high heels I want to make sure there

is nothing that could hook my heel when I have to hit the brakes. Brakes, of course, are the most important safety-check item in a car or school bus. Seat belts are a safety necessity in any passenger car."

Mrs. Klos learned to drive only eight years ago. Her teacher is a top-notch driver and an all-out safety enthusiast, her husband, Donald. He drives a trailer-truck for Texaco and recently won a company award for a two-year record of safe driving. Donald holds a No. 1 license, which means he can drive *anything* on wheels. Mrs. Klos holds a No. 2 license, qualifying her for everything except a trailer-truck.

"Never hurry. If you're 10 minutes late, be late. So what? You can make it up. Don't worry more about the time than your driving."

"When you get behind the wheel, forget any aggravations or upsets. If you are too upset, don't drive until you calm down. And I mean really calmed down. The world won't come to an end if you are late, but *your* world could end if you drive when emotionally upset."

Finally: "Teach your children to be safe pedestrians and to cross with the light. Teach them to be safe bicycle riders. I think lots of accidents are the result of pure carelessness. The child who runs into the street from between cars in the middle of the block, after a ball, and is injured, is the product of a careless mother. Drum in the rules. Enforce them. Your children will grow up with respect for the basic rules of safety when they are drivers."



tips for teen-age drivers

from Amos Neyhart, the man who trains driving instructors

By William Laas

PROFESSOR AMOS E. NEYHART is director emeritus of the Institute of Public Safety, Pennsylvania State University, and special consultant to Ford Motor Company's Traffic Safety and Highway Improvement Department. He has personally trained close to 20,000 driving instructors. In 1933 he created the world's first high school course in driver education, followed by the first college course for teachers.

One man who is undismayed by the growing number of teen-agers on the American road is the man who teaches their driving teachers. Professor Neyhart, the founding father of driving education, believes that the only real "youth problem" at the wheel is inexperience.

Drivers aged 16 to 25 are involved in twice as many accidents as the rest of us, in proportion to number. This unhappy statistic causes head shaking

among traffic police and parents, and a pocketbook bite for those who pay insurance premiums. But, to Professor Neyhart it merely proves that better "engineering" of the driver is as important to safety as well-engineered cars and better designed highways.

"In 35 years," he says, "survey after survey has shown that drivers trained by professional educators before taking the wheel have 50 to 60 percent fewer accidents and serious violations than untrained drivers. No one has ever demonstrated the contrary. In 30 hours of classroom work and 6 clockhours in a driver-education car, a teacher imparts the equivalent of 7 or 8 years of trial-and-error experience on the road. It takes a driver that long to correct his typical errors—if he survives."

Here, in capsule form, are Professor Neyhart's tips to the young driver of today:

1. Learn from an expert—not from parents or friends. If a high school course is available, take advantage of it. Otherwise, seek a commercial driving school that maintains equally high standards. You need a properly qualified teacher who knows how to impart the information you need. He will have the time and patience to make sure you learn to drive in the correct manner. Start off right, and you'll be driving right for good.

2. Don't be in a hurry. Just making a car go gives you nothing to brag about. Stay with the lesson for each day. Repeat and repeat until each good driving habit becomes part of the nervous system. Want to become an expert? That's how.

3. Take driving seriously. The more cars there are on the road, the more skill you need to avoid trouble. All the best drivers today with the good records, the professionals, were trained—and they never stop learning. They never "know it all."

4. Practice the accident-prevention skills. Learn how to control a car at

night, in the rain, snow or fog . . . what to do if a tire blows, if forced off the shoulder. Practice with your teacher, if possible. Good places to practice: a large empty parking lot (for darkness, bad weather, backing up, panic stops with the brake); an empty frozen surface (for skids); a steep hill (for the feel of a car under extra loads).

5. Prepare carefully before attempting high speed. On an expressway you take longer to stop, longer to pass another car. Things may happen so fast you have no time to "think"—your reaction must be instantaneous in any situation. Learn to plan ahead when about to change lanes or use the exits.

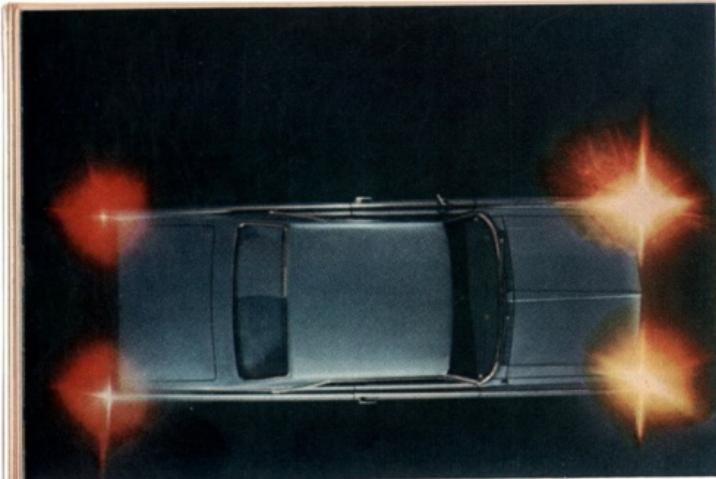
6. Be a good motoring citizen. Just imagine what roads would be like if everyone tried to "cowboy" the other fellow out of his way. The expert driver is also a safe driver because he is thoughtful, courteous, and considerate. "Squirrels" and show-offs as much as tell the world, "Look, I'm a baby, I haven't grown up yet." The expert driver proves he's expert by acting his age.



Professor Amos E. Neyhart addressing group of young driving students at Ontario Safety League, Toronto. These students are enrolled in a program sponsored by the League and the Police Department, using high school teachers and in-car instructors from commercial driving schools.

In the two pictures below Professor Neyhart shows a new driver that freeway driving calls for a special technique. When entering freeway traffic watch for an opening and key your speed to that of the moving cars so that you are able to join the traffic pattern smoothly. Learn to plan ahead so that you have ample time to change lanes safely when necessary. Be sure to signal your intentions when changing lanes or leaving an exit. The scene is on Route 401 outside of Toronto, Canada.





Four-way emergency warning flasher.*

*Except in states where reserved by law for emergency vehicles.



Padded sun visors.

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Front and rear seat safety belts.

Electric-powered windshield washer.

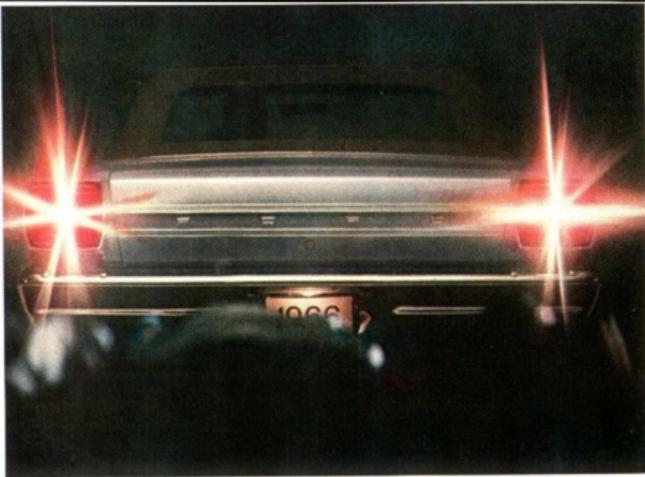
It will take just minutes on the road in a '66 Ford-built car to discover that driving has become easier, smoother, more enjoyable than ever—and this by design. But more important to you and your family is the knowledge that driving has become *safér* also. And this, too, is by design!

Designing and engineering extra safety into our cars has had top priority at Ford for many years. That's why Ford-built cars were the first to introduce the *safety package*—over a decade ago. Each year has brought further safety advances, and now for 1966 we bring you the safest cars in our history.





Outside side-view mirror.



Backup lights.

**here you see the
standard safety
features
you will find on
every Ford-built
car for '66:**

In addition, many '66 models are available with safety options. A seat-belt warning light that reminds you to buckle up. A child's car seat that helps keep the young fry securely in place. A door-ajar warning light, and rear door locks that automatically actuate when the car is in motion.

Extra safety—and all by design. All thoroughly put to the test at our prov-

ing grounds... checked and rechecked... subjected to actual crash situations, stress and strain far beyond the demands of ordinary driving. All to make cars that are stronger, more durable, steadier and easier to control in every driving situation. All to bring you the safest cars in our history. Drive one at your nearby Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer—with confidence!

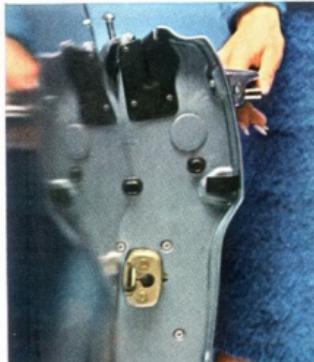


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Padded instrument panel with greater cushioning effectiveness.

Safety glass windshield with double-thick vinyl inner layer that cushions impact and reduces exposure of occupants to injury.



America's best teen-age driver speaks up on driving skill and safety

By D. B. Rank



"Driving skill takes practice," says John Gearhart, National Safe Driving Road-E-O champion. "Today's cars are wonderfully equipped for safe driving. But a seat belt is no good if you don't use it."

Driving skill has already paid off in a big way for John Gearhart of Bethany, Missouri, who won top honors at the 14th Annual Safe Driving Road-E-O held in Washington, D.C., last summer.

The solid six-foot-one, 18-year-old honor student collected a 1966 Mercury Comet and a \$2,000 scholarship for his performance. More than 300,000 teenagers entered the competition. John's victory in the finals, matching the two state winners, was clear cut with a 19-point margin over his closest rival.

John rates the three most important assets of the good driver as skill, courtesy, and common sense. "There's nothing automatic about driving skill," says John. "It takes practice, lots of it, and that means practicing good habits until they become second nature.

"I make it a point to clean the windshield before starting. I adjust the rearview mirrors. Fasten the seat belt. That's no more than good sense.

"Take it easy when you pull away from the curb. Jackrabbit starts are for jackrabbits or a supervised drag strip. Use your turn signals.

"I know this won't win me any popularity votes, but if you have to have your date close to you, park—don't drive.

"Another point, if you see a ball roll onto the street, expect a kid close behind and be prepared to stop fast."

John's talents are by no means limited to driving. He is an accomplished musician and performed with the St. Joseph, Missouri, Symphony Orchestra this year. "That 80-mile drive to Symphony rehearsals gave me

plenty of driving practice," he says. Other activities include serving as Amateur Radio Emergency Corps coordinator for his area. And in his "spare time" he likes to swim, sail, hunt, collect stamps, tune pianos and repair electrical gadgets.

As a typical teen-ager, John states, "There's no reason in the world why teen-agers shouldn't be good drivers. We've got quick reflexes. We have the chance to learn good driving habits—how to be aggressively defensive. It is an advantage, too, to have no bad habits to unlearn."

"A person's attitude toward responsibility is reflected in the way he drives a car—and we know it. I don't think any of us wants to be considered immature."



Teen-age Road-E-O competition, co-sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company and the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, is patterned after the American Trucking Association Roadeo. Participants test their ability in a written exam, an obstacle course run and an observed drive in normal city traffic.



The Teen-age Road-E-O is now in its 14th year. To date more than three million licensed drivers under 19 have entered the competition. John Gearhart, this year's winner, is serving as a youth safety spokesman for Lincoln-Mercury.



High above the road in the cab of his big rig, Irv Frey gets a bird's-eye view of traffic.



Practicing what he preaches, Frey makes sure that the lenses of his rear lights are clean. Do you take this precaution?



It's irritating when windshield wipers don't do their job. You never know when you will need them.

a national truck rodeo champion with professional criticism of the "amateur"

By Phil Santora

Truck drivers, who ride the lonely road behind the wheel of a giant 55-foot rig that seems to have a mind of its own when it hits icy or wet pavements, are true professionals. Small wonder they consider most of us amateurs.

Irvin J. Frey, of Reading, Pennsylvania, is an acknowledged expert in a field where only experts can hold jobs. Last year he was crowned "National Truck Roadeo" Champion at Louisville, Kentucky, and for the past ten years he has piloted trucks for Branch Motor Express without a single mishap.

"I've noticed too many motorists who are nice, sweet guys at home turn into terrors when they get behind the wheel," says Frey. "There are several classifications. I call them the Kamikazes, who wheel sports cars around as if they were in a road race. The characters who drive as though they were in a demolition derby, I call members of the RPM Roulette Club. Then there are a limited number of elderly drivers who have failed to adapt to our modern, high-speed expressways."

"Their reactions are apt to be slow. It's easy to spot them. They hesitate when passing. Cut in front of a rig on a steep grade and then slow to a walk—which means the driver of the tractor-trailer has to shift through all ten forward speeds to build up momentum again."

"But let me make it clear. I'm talking about the minority of drivers. I know that most people on the road are doing their best. And it's pretty good."

The "pro" of the road uses his lights often. "It takes a big rig 500 feet or more of lane to pass a vehicle," says Frey. "Truck drivers watch each other pretty carefully and we blink our lights when it is clear for the passing vehicle to go back to the original lane. This has led to an erroneous concept by some motorists who think that truck drivers give them a sign to pass."

Both Frey and Branch Safety Supervisor, Jacob Report, think the ordinary motorist should carry the equipment truckers must have when they check out—flares, warning flashers and fire extinguishers are the most important items.

"Use courtesy and common sense," advises Frey. "If you're tired, pull in somewhere and sleep. Stop periodically for coffee—or tea or a soft drink—but stop. The modern highway can lull you to sleep. Sure, roads are getting better every year, but the designers still have plenty to do."

"Don't try to outspeed ice and snow and damp pavement. It's disastrous."

Frey, like his fellow drivers, has had occasion to stop to help motorists in distress. He explains his favorite experience with a grin. "Two elderly schoolteachers had a flat and I stopped to change it," he recalls. "When I finished, one of them handed me a nickel and said, 'Thanks, sonny, get yourself a candy bar'."

He got the candy bar at the next coffee stop. Irv's "tip" is still good for a laugh when the "pros" get together to swap experiences.



Tires and tire pressure are of vital concern to the driver wheeling 55-feet of tractor and payload over long distances. Driver Frey's interest in safety helped make him a national champion.

a highway patrol officer reports...

By Allyn Baum

"Far too many automobile accidents are the result of violations of the law. Frankly, I know of very, very few accidents on a highway that couldn't have been prevented." With those blunt words, Major Robert D. Quick, a friendly, no-nonsense New York State Police Officer, summarizes his views on traffic accidents. Major Quick has spent 18 years in highway traffic safety and now heads 220 troopers who police New York State's 559-mile Thruway, the longest superhighway in the world.

"The chief cause of traffic accidents in the United States is going too fast for highway conditions," says the Major. "There are other reasons, too. Failure to keep to the right of the road, tailgating or driving too close to another car, changing lanes and failure to yield right-of-way."

Surveying the zooming Thruway traffic from his patrol car, Major Quick sighs quietly. "If only every driver didn't think he was 'king of the road,' traffic accident rates would plummet drastically. Good driving is really a matter of being a good citizen; giving the other driver a break and allowing him to join the highway pattern. Too often drivers refuse to yield right-of-

way, then . . . smash . . . and they wonder why."

To New York State troopers, the hallmarks of good driving are courtesy, good manners and patience coupled with observance of the law.

As for drinking and driving, Major Quick says simply, "You don't have to be drunk to be a hazard on the highway. Just 'a few drinks' can be dangerous. And those guys who pass on a hill!!! In today's traffic that's a quick invitation to bad trouble!"

Expert on long-distance driving, Major Quick has some suggestions for long trips: First, check tires, brakes and taillights. Then, before taking off, snap into the seat belt; "They're life belts and should be used at all times."

While driving for long periods, vary car speeds to break highway monotony. To ease driving fatigue, listen to the car radio and make frequent stops for coffee. Most important, if you feel the least bit drowsy pull completely off the highway and rest. "If you start to nod and fail to pull off and rest," Major Quick notes grimly, "you may sleep for a long time."

"Above all," the Major observed, "obey the laws. They were enacted for your safety and are enforced for your protection."

Obedying the letter and the spirit of the law is one of the best ways to avoid accidents. This is the advice of a man who knows, Major Robert Quick of the New York State troopers.



Keep to the right of the road and watch your speed. Keep within the posted limits, and slow down if weather conditions are bad.



Tailgating is a real trouble-maker. Maintain a safe distance.



Check tires, brakes and lights before starting out on any long trip.



Cutting in too soon after passing can be dangerous, according to Major Quick.



Don't be guilty of cutting into traffic. It can cause the serious situation shown above.



The driver who thinks he is "king of the road" is a prime offender. Good driving is really a matter of good citizenship.





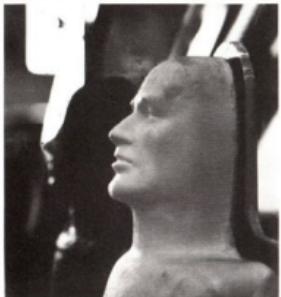
Man-size manikins ride on impact sleds. High-speed cameras record results.



An industry "first", All Ford Motor Company automobile safety research and development activities are brought together at the Ford Automotive Safety Center. The new building that will house the Center is shown in model form above.

the Ford automotive safety center

Not a sculptor's studio, but a corner at the Ford Safety Center. Manikins that simulate the human body play a big role in research.



Constructive destruction that turns spanking new cars into candidates for the scrap heap and precise measurement of human eyes in action are typical jobs at the Ford Automotive Safety Center.

The Safety Center is a new idea—a Ford idea. Here is the focal point for all Ford automotive safety research and development activities. Testing machines twist, tug and strain individual parts. Cars are virtually shaken to death. Engineers stage head-on smashes. Scientists probe to learn more about human factors and the close physical and psychological balance between car and driver.

Information gained from over 16 million miles of annual driving on Ford test tracks and over the road are weighed against the findings of the laboratories.

This is the clearing house where facts and opinions from myriad sources come together for analysis, coordination and evaluation. This makes it possible to channel new and better safety findings into design and manufacturing with minimum loss of time.

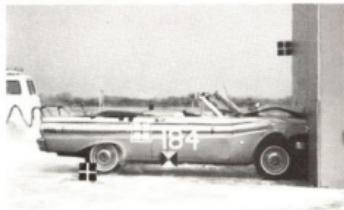
It means better, safer cars and is your assurance that every Ford product represents the most advanced design and construction practical.



Highly sophisticated scientific equipment is in regular use at the Ford Automotive Safety Center. Here instruments check eye movement, reaction and depth of vision.



Delicate instruments are used in human factors research. Here researchers are measuring preference for steering systems.



Crashes that save lives! Ford has staged over 325 outdoor crash tests to gain information about accidents under controlled laboratory conditions.

driving safety: is it hardware—skill— or a state of mind?

Driving safety has three sides. In the course of this special section we have tried to give you a quick look at them.

There are the tangibles—what could be called the nuts-and-bolts. The hardware. These are the features that have been built into the car for greater safety. A number of the standard protective items found on every Ford-built car are described and illustrated on the center pages. Many other optional safety features are available. Your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer will be pleased to demonstrate them.

But there are even more important sides. It is a matter of knowing and respecting the rules of the road, the rights of others, the capabilities of the car and following the basic rules of driving safety.

You see this state of mind reflected in the comments of the driving experts who have been interviewed for these articles. You see it at Ford Motor Company where there is no letup in the search for ways to increase traffic safety. As an example, the Ford Automotive Safety Center, described on the previous page, is the first facility of its kind in the industry, dedicated to advance the research and development that will lead to greater safety for all motorists.

We urge you to cultivate a safety state of mind. It is a matter of developing the skills of driving and of *thinking* safety—and turning your thoughts into positive action. Make safety your personal business every time you drive.



MUSIC

CONDUCTORS

Top Face

The walls of Milan's famed old La Scala opera house almost visibly quivered. Fifteen jazz musicians, sporting candy-striped shirts and elastic arm-bands, took the stage and let loose with a blistering *Strike Up the Band* while a covey of chubby little ballerinas in split-to-the-hip satin skirts twirled their pelvises and tried their best to look naughty. Enter a Mississippi riverboat gaily puffing smoke. Switch to an 80-ft.-high wooden Eiffel Tower. Then, rising from beneath the stage on elevator platforms like hosts of angels, the 100-piece orchestra, jazz band, singers and dancers unite for one big, rousing finale.

The occasion was the world première last week of *Gershwiniana*, a \$100,000 "ballet-cantata" based on George Gershwin's music and billed as "a great moment in Halo-American collaboration." After opening night, the bemused Milanese had another name for it: "La Scala Follies." The critics had some complaints, some major (Director Maner Lualdi's failure to stitch the kaleidoscopic scenes into a visual and dramatic whole), and some minor ("How can one stage a 1910 New Orleans dance palace without calling in a single colored face?").

Secret Lessons. But one colored face was called in. It belonged to Conductor Henry Lewis, and for him the critics had nothing but praise. Lean and rangy as a cupwuncher, he had the orchestra playing in the best big-band tradition of the 1940s for lighter numbers, deftly shaped a generous symphonic sound for *Concerto in F* and *Rhapsody in Blue* with grand, sweeping gestures. Says Lewis: "It's harder getting a symphony to swing than getting a jazz ensemble to play Bach." At performance's end, the audience cried "Grazie, maestro!" and the string players tapped their bows on their instruments, a high compliment that the tradition-minded orchestra has paid to only two other conductors (Her-

bert von Karajan and Victor de Sabata) in the past 20 years.

Though Negroes have long had total acceptance in the operatic world as singers (after all, a voice is a voice), they have had slower going in the orchestra pit. Lewis' only notable predecessor as a Negro conductor was Dean Dixon, now 50, who became the first Negro ever to lead a major U.S. orchestra when he guest-conducted the New York Philharmonic and the NBC Symphony in the early 1940s. But discouraged by his chances of landing a permanent job in the U.S., he moved to Europe in 1949, then to Australia, where he is currently conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. "One of the most important things I can do now," says Lewis, "is to give to other Negroes the incentive to try to win positions with symphonic organizations."

Late Blessings. Lewis himself had to surmount certain obstacles, not the least of which was the opposition of his father, a Los Angeles real estate and automobile salesman who felt that the only music career open to a Negro was as a lowly jazzman. When he was five, his mother sneaked him off to a piano teacher, later encouraged his lessons on the double bass, an instrument he "got stuck with" in order to fill a gap in his

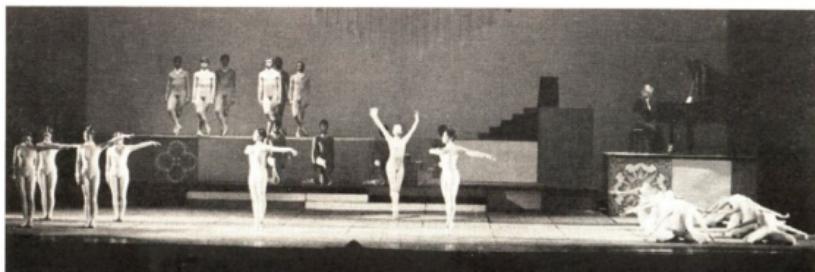
high-school orchestra. He also played on the school football team and his father hoped that he might make a career out of it. But when young Henry won a job in the bass-fiddle section of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and a music scholarship to the University of Southern California, his father finally bestowed his blessings. Drafted in 1954, he toured Europe as conductor of the Seventh Army Symphony. "I conducted every day for a year," says Lewis, "an opportunity few conductors get. It was a time to make all the mistakes, a luxury you can't afford when you're conducting a major symphony. The fact that I'm at La Scala now I probably owe to the Seventh Army."

Returning home, the scholarly-looking Lewis founded the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra in 1958, led it on a 14-country junket through Europe. After serving for three years as associate conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, where his quietly authoritative approach was a perfect complement to the flamboyant attack of fiery Zubin Mehta, the orchestra's resident conductor, Lewis this year was appointed music director of the Los Angeles Opera Company. Now 33, he lives with his wife, Mezzo Soprano Marilyn Horne, in a fashionable home in North Hollywood complete with swimming pool. Says Wife Marilyn, who is white: "The question of race is not half as much a problem as these two egos of ours rolling around the same house."

Lewis' triumph at La Scala has already won him an invitation to return next season. Says La Scala Artistic Director Francesco Siciliani: "If he could do so much with Gershwin, imagine how he will make Puccini sound!" Yet for all the accolades, Lewis says he felt he had really arrived when, after opening night, he visited the elegant Biffi Scala, which is to Milano opera-goers what Sardi's is to Broadway theater. At his appearance, the chef marched out of the kitchen, cried "Bravissimo, maestro!" and pointed to the latest addition to the menu—a beef fillet smothered in a sauce made of mustard, cognac, sour cream and a heavy dose of pepper. Its name: *bistecca Enrico Lewis*.



CONDUCTOR LEWIS



LA SCALA BALLET PERFORMING "RHYTHM IN BLUE"
And he owes it all to the Seventh Army.

RELIGION

ECUMENISM

Holy Cross, Holy Dream

"It takes an hour and a half to write every three minutes of a good sermon," says the Rev. Bertram Apman, pastor of the small Holy Cross Lutheran Church in the Seattle suburb of Newport. Overworked at his job of counseling, fundraising, youth work and administration, he has little time left to prepare his preaching, which is why "some of my sermons have been so crummy." Apman feels that most small-town ministers share his problem, and that the solution is to merge weak little churches into a few big ones, regardless of the cost in denominationalism.

His congregation is inclined to agree, and next spring, if the hurt feelings of Holy Cross's parent body, the American Lutheran Church, can be soothed, the parishioners will join with the congregation of a nearby Episcopal church, St. Margaret's, to form a new Holy Cross Episcopal Church.

Splitting the Work Load. It was a member of Apman's own church council who suggested the merger with St. Margaret's. "That way we'd have two ministers to split the work load and twice as much money coming in," he said, more or less in jest. Apman tried out the idea on St. Margaret's pastor, the Rev. Paul Christensen, who agreed. Eventually, both ministers decided that it would be best if Holy Cross's Lutherans become Episcopalians. The councils of the two churches then drew up a formal merger plan. If all goes well, the Lutherans of Holy Cross plan to be confirmed by Episcopal Bishop Ivon

BUD PETERSON



APMAN & HOLY CROSS CONGREGATION
It started in jest, more or less.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE
TAKEAWAY
SACRAMENTS
IN OTHER CEREMONIES
THE CHURCH
ACCORDING TO THE USE OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND



PRAYER BOOK

Making the services understood by the people.

Ira Curtis of Olympia, while Apman will seek ordination as an Episcopal priest.

So far, Lutheran officials are outraged by the plan. They could not get Holy Cross parishioners to oust Apman as their pastor, but have persuaded them to delay approval of the merger until March. Recently the Rev. S. C. Siekkes, president of the A.L.C.'s North Pacific District, visited Holy Cross to warn parishioners of the doctrinal dangers involved in the plan—chiefly the Episcopal belief in the apostolic succession of bishops.

Church of the Future. Apman thinks that a majority of his parishioners will follow him into the merger, since they, like millions of other U.S. Protestants, are generally indifferent to the old theological quarrels of their churches. In many communities, Lutherans have no qualms about attending Methodist, Presbyterian or Episcopal services when a church of their own is not available. Moreover, Apman is already thinking ahead to a possible union of the eleven other churches in the Newport area into three larger, united congregations, each with a team of four ministers who could specialize in youth work, counseling, administration. He has already talked with several other Newport ministers, who shy away from formal merger but are willing to discuss some kind of share-the-work program. Apman concedes that his rather-switch-than-fight approach to ecumenism is unorthodox but insists that unity will "never be anything but a holy dream unless we act. It has to start somewhere."

ANGLICANS

Changing a Way of Worship

That masterly compendium of Anglicanism's faith and worship, the Book of Common Prayer, has long been one of the glories of the English language. Last week Queen Elizabeth II gave her royal assent to use of a new Psalter in church worship—one step in the first major revision of the Prayer Book in 300 years.

Revision has been long overdue. First compiled in 1549 by Thomas Cran-

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



CRANMER

mer, Edward VI's Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prayer Book was an attempt to combine and simplify the services of the English church in a language understood by the people. Today, however, pastors frequently complain that the Prayer Book's stately, frosty prose is often more of a barrier to prayer than an invitation.

Parliament Said No. Other Anglican bodies have frequently updated their editions of the Prayer Book—the U.S. Episcopal Church did so in 1892 and 1928. But the established Church of England has not had a new edition since 1662; in 1928, Parliament coldly voted down a relatively modest revision that shortened and modernized some language, yet left the structure of the services intact. But so great was the pastoral need for change that many parish priests began using the 1928 revisions on their own, illegally.

Last March, Parliament authorized the Church of England to use, on an experimental basis, a number of the 1928 revisions, plus a few new ones recommended by a church liturgical commission. The text of these changes was published this month, but will not go into effect until May. Although modest enough, the 1928 changes do excise some of the gloomiest theologizing of the Anglican past. The burial service, for example, omits "man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." In the *Te Deum*, God, who "didst not abhor the Virgin's womb," becomes who "didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin."

Somewhat less felicitous is the new Psalter, which can also be used by churches next May. A modernization of the Psalms prepared by a team of Anglican scholars (among them: T. S. Eliot), it suffers from the same kind of drab, bureaucratic writing that mars the New English Bible. In the 23rd Psalm, for example, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want" now reads, "The lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing."

Glory Up Front. Introduction of the Psalter and the 1928 revisions is only the first step. Eventually, the church

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BRISK, ACQUIRE, **CLARIFY, EMPHATIC**, SPEECH,
PARALYSIS, **SPO**NSOR, PELLUCID, ALMS,
EMANCIPATE, CAPSULE, ANTHEM, EMANCIPATE,
MAGNANIMITY, **CLOYING, ENCYCLICAL**,
ACQUIRE, ALMS, **SERENDIPITY, SCABROUS**, ACQUIRE,
SPEECH, **LIGHT, CONCLUDE, BURNT**, ANTHEM,
BRISK, **ACQUIRE, CLARIFY, EMPHATIC**, CAPSULE,
BURNT, **PARALYSIS, SPONSOR, PELLUCID**, SPEECH,
ALMS, **CAPSULE, ANTHEM, EMANCIPATE**, PARALYSIS,
MAGNANIMITY, **CLOYING, ENCYCLICAL**, BURNT,
ALMS, **SERENDIPITY, SCABROUS**, CAPSULE,
ENCYCLICAL, **SPEECH, LIGHT, CONCLUDE**, BURNT,
BRISK, **ACQUIRE, CLARIFY, EMPHATIC**, BRISK,
BRISK, PARALYSIS, **SPONSOR, PELLUCID**, PARALYSIS,
ENCYCLICAL, CAPSULE, **ANTHEM, EMANCIPATE**
EMANCIPATE, MAGNANIMITY, **CLOYING, ENCYCLICAL**,
BRISK, **ALMS, SERENDIPITY, SCABROUS**, EMPHATIC,
SPEECH, **LIGHT, CONCLUDE, BURNT**, BRISK,
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MAGNANIMITY, **CLOYING, ENCYCLICAL**, ANTHEM,
ALMS, SERE**NDIPIT**Y, SCABROUS

SI reaches more men with a verbal intelligence score
of "above average" or "superior"
than Harper-Atlantic, Holiday and Saturday Review combined
—and at a lower cost per thousand, too.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED... each week the facts add up to success

hopes to experiment with even more drastic changes, including a new form for Holy Communion and baptism. The proposed Holy Communion is somewhat closer in structure to the Roman Catholic Mass than the present service; the Gloria, for example, would be recited at the beginning of worship following the Kyrie, instead of after distribution of the consecrated bread and wine. The Anglican liturgical commission that drew up the new services deliberately left the rubrics vague to allow for adaptation to the needs of individual churches.

The revisions are not intended only for ecclesiastical specialists, commented the Anglican *Church Times*, but are meant for "every churchgoer. The shape and style of the service in which he takes part on Sunday, or in which the church commits his dead to their maker, is something which affects him profoundly. His view of what Christianity is will be largely determined by the liturgical worship to which he is accustomed, and he carries this with him into his daily life."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Indulgences Made Easy

At the fourth session of the Second Vatican Council, a number of bishops and theologians suggested that it was high time to reform or even abolish the church's ancient system of indulgences. For performing certain pious acts, such as visiting churches or reciting prayers, penitent Catholics can get dispensations for part or all of the time that they would otherwise have to spend in Purgatory suffering for their sins.

Pope Paul, however, is not yet ready to give up this particular Catholic tradition—and last week he made one kind of indulgence easier than ever to get. In honor of the Vatican Council, the first five months of 1966 will be a "Jubilee period." Traditionally, Jubilee years are celebrated every quarter of a century or so. During them, plenary indulgences, erasing all the temporal punishment due for sins, have been available only to pilgrims who visited Rome and its four major basilicas. Even though travel to the Eternal City is faster and cheaper than ever before, the Vatican has now extended the Jubilee indulgences so that Catholics can obtain them at home, by attending designated churches in their dioceses where services are held featuring instruction on the reforming spirit of Vatican II.

JEWS

Education for Survival

At a time when assimilation, intermarriage and secularism are eroding U.S. Judaism, religious education has become a major Jewish tool for survival. The Jewish school system in the U.S.—Hebrew- or Yiddish-language day schools, plus afternoon and Sunday schools that teach only religion—is now

a \$100 million operation with 700,000 students and 17,000 teachers.

"Jewish education is coming into its own," says Morton Siegel, education director of the Conservative United Synagogue of America. An educational agency of Orthodox Jewry, Torah Umesorah, has been chiefly responsible for increasing the number of full-time Orthodox day schools from 35 in 1940 to almost 300 today, serving 63,500 children in the U.S. and Canada. Twenty years ago, Conservative Jews had no day schools at all; now they have 24 in 19 communities, and the afternoon classes run by their 810 congregations have religious training programs

gregation-run schools that open when public school lets out. At the Forest Hills Jewish Center on Long Island, students spend three afternoons a week studying Jewish history, customs, the Bible, Hebrew. Although programs are similar for all branches of Judaism, Orthodox schools give the stiffest dose of Hebrew, while schools of the Reform branch emphasize ethics.

Teachers & Texts. More than 65% of the nation's 1,000,000 Jewish children are thus exposed to some form of religious training. But just as Protestant Sunday schools suffer a high teen-age dropout rate, only 12% of Jewish boys carry on with religious

SY FRIEDMAN



NEW MATH CLASS AT MANHATTAN DAY SCHOOL

Others settle for baby sitters.

three or four days a week. Even in Reform Judaism, which is strongly committed to the values of public education, the majority of its congregations conduct afternoon religious classes.

Cheders & Scholars. The first Hebrew day schools in the U.S. were founded in the 17th century, but until recently, most Jewish religious training has been in *cheders*—one-room seminars in which a handful of boys gather around a rabbi to learn Hebrew, read the Torah and recite prayers. Contemporary day schools are much like Protestant or Roman Catholic private schools. At the Orthodox Manhattan Day School (tuition: \$1,000 a year, although 80% of the students have scholarships), the 370 students spend their mornings on religious studies in Hebrew. After a kosher lunch, they turn to secular subjects, taught in English—including science and new math. Standards in the day schools are high; 90% of their graduates qualify for college scholarships.

The vast majority of Jewish children receive their religious education at con-

training after their bar mitzvahs. Despite starting salaries of \$6,000 a year, there is a nationwide teacher shortage. Many schools have to import teachers from Israel, or settle for "Jewish baby sitters," whose piety outruns their professional skills.

Convinced that education is the way to preserve the identity of Judaism, Jewish organizations are showing increasing concern about the quality of their schools. This week 250 leaders of Conservative Judaism gathered at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to plan for future expansion. Next March the American Association for Jewish Education, which is now supported by 15 major organizations representing all branches of Judaism, will sponsor a national conference to discuss such problems as cooperative textbook development and coordinating schools run by individual synagogues under community-wide organizations. Toughest problem by far: how to reach the thousands of young Jews in high school and college who have decided that religious training is not for them.

THE LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

THE SENTENCING MESS

In Brooklyn last March, two young thugs named Kazle Anthony and Stephen Batten forced three butchers into a walk-in icebox, robbed them of \$3,500, shot each of them in the head twice, and finished them off with meat cleavers. After a jury convicted them of first-degree murder, Justice David L. Malbin called the killers' crime "one of the most atrocious in this country."

Shortly before the thugs were tried, however, New York had abolished the death penalty for all but police killers. As a result, Justice Malbin sentenced the killers to life imprisonment—then angrily noted that they will be eligible for parole in 26½ years. Worse, said Malbin, "there is a paradox in the law": had their victims lived, the men could each have been handed 120 years in consecutive sentences for assault and robbery—and not been eligible for parole for 40 years. "I'm not a tough guy," said the judge, "but when a man kills three people, I believe he has forfeited his right to life in society."

Criminal-law experts have faulted Malbin for disregarding the fact that lifers are paroled by parole boards only if they deserve it. Under a forthcoming (1967) change in New York law, the critics added, thugs whose victims survive would be eligible for parole in 8½ rather than 40 years. Despite such objections, though, Malbin's basic point is sound; across the country, sentencing is an illogical mess.

Amazing Disparities. In theory, U.S. penology long ago shifted from revenge to rehabilitation. Yet the U.S. is apparently the only country where a sentence of 120 years is even conceivable. "Our criminal laws are the most severe in the world," says former U.S. Prisons Director James V. Bennett, "and our legislatures are still at work making them more severe."

As one result, amazing disparities exist between states. The time served for homicide in Texas is usually about 5½ years, in Illinois 16½ years. The maximum sentence for inducing abortion ranges from one year in Kansas to 20 years in Mississippi. For statutory rape, a man can get a \$500 fine in Maine, ten years in New York, 50 years in California, 99 years in New Mexico, and death in Delaware.

No responsible critic argues that all 50 states can or should have uniform sentences. Cattle rustling, for example, is obviously more antisocial in Texas than in Connecticut. Even so, astonishing inequities also exist within the laws of a single state. In California, a boy who breaks into a car and rifles the glove compartment can get up to 15 years; for stealing the whole car, he gets no more than ten years. In Colorado, dog stealing is punishable by ten

years; dog killing, by six months and a \$500 fine. In Minnesota, the maximum sentence for "carnal knowledge" of a girl aged 14 to 18 is seven years—compared with 20 years for the same crime with "any animal or bird."

A Michigan man faces ten years for possessing burglary tools, but only five for using them. In North Carolina, a housebreaker who slips through a partly opened door can get ten years; a burglar who personally opens the same door another inch faces death. Even federal income tax raps seem out of whack: the maximum for falsifying a

N.Y. DAILY NEWS



BATTEN & ANTHONY IN CUSTODY
A most astonishing paradox.

return is five years compared with one year for not filing at all.

Discretion v. Discrimination. Such rigid illogic is often as unfair to the public as it is to the felon. In New York, the iron rule that a four-time felon gets life imprisonment often moves prosecutors to reduce the fourth charge to a misdemeanor, thus making sure the man does not stay in prison. Rhode Island judges, faced with handing out a minimum five-year sentence for robbery, commonly reduce the charge to larceny.

Worse, different judges (and juries in eleven states) give wildly different sentences for the same crime. Few would dispute the need for a judge to have the freedom to exercise discretion; modern penology aims to fit the punishment to the man in addition to the crime. Yet in one North Carolina federal court, forgers receive average sentences of 16 months; in another, they average 31 months. In 1962, the average federal sentence for auto theft ranged from 13.8 months in New York to 48 months in Maine. Many judges candidly admit to bias about particular crimes. "Me, I hate narcotics," says one Boston judge. "Someone else may hate

rape." Accordingly, many lawyers "jockey" for the man who is known to be softest on their client's particular crime—a practice that mires U.S. courts in the endless delaying tactics of lawyers, who sometimes go as far as bribery of court clerks to steer cases before the "right" judge.

But the effort is understandable. American appellate courts generally cannot or will not modify a trial judge's sentence, however harsh or inadequate, unless it exceeds statutory maximums. Ironically, notes Virginia Law Professor Peter Low, "70% to 90% of criminal cases involve guilty pleas in which the defendant's only interest is the sentence, and yet we protect him everywhere except where he cares."

As one result, appellate courts sometimes covertly soften harsh sentences by searching out some ground on which they can reverse the conviction—thus causing the legal strains that Justice Holmes alluded to when he said, "Hard cases make bad law." More rationally, however, some states are reacting by providing review of sentences. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, for example, a special three-judge panel of the state superior court is empowered to review felony sentences—to increase as well as decrease them.

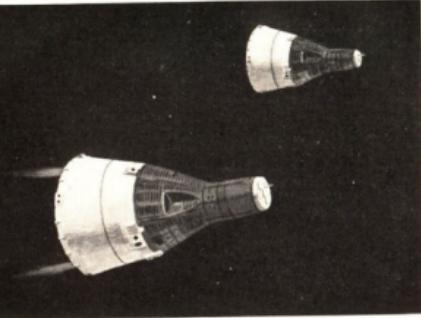
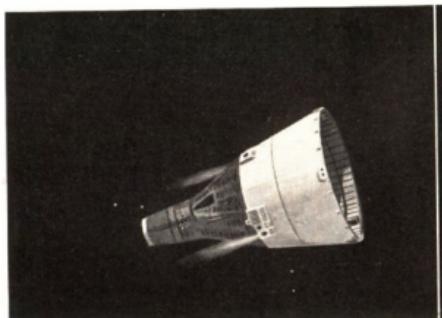
Reform & Redemption. Sentencing reform is so urgent that it may be almost inevitable. Indeed, penal codes have recently been revised in at least eleven states. Paradoxically, the key need is more flexibility—the freeing of judges from the requirement of adhering to scores of specific sentences on the books. In its Model Penal Code, the American Law Institute streamlines all serious crimes into three degrees of felony that carry fixed maximum sentences of five years, ten years and life. The judge controls the minimum sentences —up to two, three and ten years.

Conversely, another need is earlier eligibility for parole, the point when the prisoner gets to the end of his minimum sentence. Today, a vindictive judge can hit a prisoner convicted of more than one offense with consecutive sentences that run so long they prevent parole eligibility—and all hope of rehabilitation. In California, judges are empowered only to set indeterminate sentences for most crimes. The exact length is set later by the California Adult Authority, which is supposedly better equipped to take a second look at the prisoner's behavior and possible redemption. By contrast, a new law in New York will soon compromise by retaining judicial power to set sentences—while requiring minimum sentences to run only concurrently.

The assumption underlying all such reform is that rehabilitation experts, such as parole boards, really can act wisely for both prisoners and society. It is an idea that may have its flaws. But, in light of the current sentencing mess, most penologists believe it is worth trying.

GEMINI RENDEZVOUS

How North American Aviation rocket engines helped U.S. astronauts maneuver in space

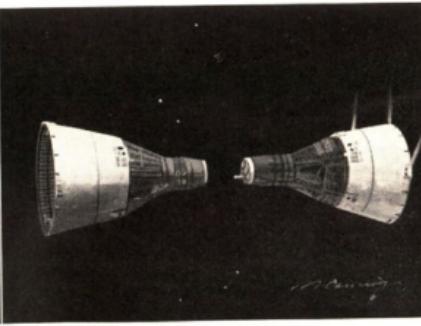
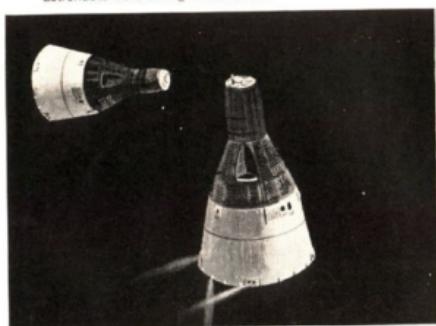


1 Initial height adjustment was made with spacecraft traveling large end first with a boost from two 85-pound-thrust engines. This maneuver placed Gemini 6 in a higher orbit.

2 Forward boost from two 100-pound engines placed Gemini 6 at its final intersecting orbit with #7. This was after a series of maneuvers that took place during approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ orbits.

3 During the final stages of the rendezvous, eight 25-pound-thrust engines were used to turn Gemini 6 so both teams of astronauts were facing one another.

4 The historic fly-around maneuver was made possible by 16 individual space engines in each craft, providing the control flexibility required in space flight.



The systems of small rocket engines that maneuvered the NASA Gemini spacecraft were built by North American Aviation/Rocketdyne Division. This division is also the Free World's leading builder of giant liquid rocket engines, and an

important producer of solid-fueled rocket engines. NAA engines powered all the Mercury flights and will power Saturn and Apollo space flights. Pioneering new technologies is but one way North American contributes to the nation's growth and security.

North American Aviation

Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space & Information Systems



MAN OF THE YEAR. A news-making event for 39 years—a tradition which annually inspires TIME readers to send in their own nominations. This year these have ranged from the American Indian, Mick Jagger of The Rolling Stones, Sandy Koufax and President Justas Paleckis of Lithuania to Robert McNamara, Pope Paul VI and President Johnson. But the final selection rests with TIME's editors, whose choice of Man of the Year 1965 will be the cover subject of TIME's January 7th issue, out next week.

SCIENCE

SPACE

Pictures of Success

Though Gemini 7 was primarily an orbiting medical laboratory designed to test the reactions of Astronauts Frank Borman and James Lovell to two weightless weeks in space, the spaceship also turned out to be a superb camera platform. While Borman and Lovell were undergoing complete medical examinations at Cape Kennedy last week, NASA released more of the spectacular pictures the two had taken of the world below them, and of nearby Gemini 6 during rendezvous—a rendezvous, one official noted in passing, that brought the capsules within a foot of each other during their close-formation flying.

One of the most remarkable shots, taken by Lovell as Gemini 7 soared over the Wadi Hadhramaut region in Aden, shows with exceptional clarity a delicate, frostlike pattern of valleys and ridges that should delight both cartographers and geologists. One shot shows Borman concentrating on the use of an inflight vision tester; another shows Lovell peering out of his capsule, admiring the incomparable view from orbit. A closeup picture of Borman illustrates the effects of zero G in space: hovering near his head is a camera-film magazine floating weightlessly during orbit.

Back on earth, the astronauts themselves seemed to be pictures of good health. Within three days after their return, Borman had completely regained the 9.6 lbs., Lovell the 5.9 lbs. lost during their trip in space. Neither showed any outward signs of ill effects, and while medical studies were still not complete, the early results looked good. Said NASA Dr. Charles Berry: "A quick look at the data available to us indicates that man has fared extremely well in two weeks of space environment."



ASTRONAUT BORMAN & VISION TESTER



WADI HADHRAAUT REGION IN ADEN
15.5 lbs. lost in space—and found back home.



ASTRONAUT LOVELL

RADIATION

Some Thoughts for Food

Whether the end result is a deadly illness or a striking change in the next generation, the impact of genetic mutations caused by radiation is not fully understood. To learn more about these effects, Cornell University Scientists Richard Holsten, Michiyasu Sugii and Frederick Steward conducted an experiment of elegant simplicity. They irradiated single carrot cells in a growth-stimulating broth of coconut milk, planning to grow them into complete plants. Thus any mutations that showed up on the complete plant could be traced back with assurance to radiation-caused changes in the chromosomes of a single microscopic cell.

To make doubly sure that no other influences were affecting their carrots, the cautious scientists ran an ingenious check: they irradiated the coconut milk and in it they grew cell tissue from a normal cell. When they examined the tissue cells, however, they were startled to find that the chromosomes were damaged. And this time they could not blame the result on direct radiation. Abandoning their original experiment, they concentrated on analyzing the coconut milk, hoping they would be able to isolate whatever had produced the radiation-like effects.

Feeding Fruit Flies. Their long search, the three Cornell researchers report in *Nature*, turned up six still-unidentified chemical compounds that apparently had been produced by the irradiation of the sugar found in coconut milk. To confirm their unexpected finding, they irradiated pure sugar and fed it to the buds and roots of other plants and to fruit flies. Again, although the sugar itself was not radioactive, it produced radiation-like results in both the experimental plants and

insects; normal growth was noticeably stunted and damaged or altered chromosomes were found.

An immediate result of the Cornell discovery was to raise some serious second thoughts about the preservation of food by radiation, a practice that is gradually gaining acceptance. Relatively heavy doses of radiation have been used to kill microorganisms that cause decay in food; lighter doses prevent potatoes from sprouting and kill insects that infest flour and cereals. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration considers the process safe enough to have cleared irradiated bacon, wheat and potatoes for public consumption, and the U.S. Army has already served some irradiated food in its mess halls. In Canada, the world's first private, commercial food-irradiation plant is now in operation.

But what if irradiated foods contain large amounts of sugar or other carbohydrates that could give rise to the strange compounds that showed up in the Cornell experiments? Would the mysterious chemicals cause harmful, radiation-like effects in humans? Further investigation should be made, warn the Cornell scientists, "before there is widespread use of radiation-sterilized foods that contain sugar."

Damaging Human Cells. Because sugar is found in all living cells, the Cornell discovery also suggests that humans who are exposed to extensive radiation may produce the questionable chemicals in their own bodies. And this suggests that some of the cellular damage that results from radioactivity may be caused by those chemicals—not only by direct impact of the high-energy particles that most scientists have held responsible for altering or destroying chromosomes. If this proves to be true, positive identification of the sugar-derived compounds might someday lead to the development of medicines that could alleviate or prevent many forms of radiation sickness.

MODERN LIVING

CUSTOMS

Keeping the Hair Up

He has a reputation for being vain, fickle, unreliably charming and dependably indiscreet. Never too far from a mirror to lose sight of himself, he is a dude in his own parlor but usually a dud in anyone else's. Nonetheless, there is hardly a woman in the world today who can get along without him. Let her husband vanish, her housekeeper quit, her children join the Peace Corps and her best friend move away; so long as her hairdresser doesn't pull up roots, a woman feels secure.

Hairdressers have not always been so

one girl who does nothing but help customers with their zippers). They are whirlwind travelers who can comb out 250 New York debutantes one day, rinse an Italian princess the next, and pin a pony tail on a *marquise* in Spain before nightfall (Alexandre's itinerary took him around the world twice just in the month of October). Each is accompanied by a vast retinue of apprentice craftsmen and enough apparatus (hair dryers, electric curlers, rollers, sprays, creams, nets, wigs, wigmets, switches, and six varieties of scissors) to run up massive overweight charges. They do not lose money, Kenneth, for instance, charges \$100 an hour or \$500 a day



ALEXANDRE & CLIENT TAYLOR

Whether it's styling or tinting, there's never any stinting.

much in demand. Until the recent past, in fact, their clientele consisted mainly of women too famous to let their hair down, too old to put it up themselves, or too rich to have. But with a beauty parlor installed in every new shopping center, women who had always done it themselves have been hustling off to let someone else do it for them.

Pomp & Circumstance. The local maestro may not be Mr. Kenneth (the man responsible for Jackie Kennedy's bouffant), Alexandre de Paris (who whipped up the celebrated chignon that adorned Elizabeth Taylor at her last wedding), or London's Vidal Sassoon (whose clients are expected to come in at least three times a week). But he is deft with a spray can, and a real wizard when it comes to teasing.

The creative maestros, of course, don't just fuss around with combs and brushes. In their hands, the simplest hairdo is attended by pomp (gold-plated shampoo basins, crystal chandeliers and reclining chairs) and circumstances (perfumed air, Muzak, and a cast of supporting players that includes



CYRIL & MOBILE SALON

for a house call). Alexandre gets \$11 for just a wash and set, Michel Kazan \$6 for snipping a lock.

Most women prefer, for simple economic reasons, to go to the salon. To be sure, an appointment at Mr. Kenneth's may find Mr. Kenneth himself a continent away, ministering to clients who have requested his personal services. But each of the 22 assistants he employs can cut and curl as well as the next. With any luck, a girl will get a glimpse of the real thing, even perhaps be graced by a word or two, delivered over her head, but relating to it: "Not bad," he will say to the Mr. Ralph or Mr. Daniel or Miss Farr in charge. Or, in a weary voice, "Oh, dear."

Rest Your Head. For the lady whose schedule is too chock-full to permit her time for a proper session at home or salon, there is another, brand-new alternative. All she has to do is fly to Paris. There, a 29-year-old Frenchman named Cyril will meet her at Orly airport in a Rolls-Royce, which he has outfitted as a mobile salon, complete with dark curtains, hair dryer, curling iron

and cosmetics. While the car makes the 30-minute trip into the city, Cyril works busily behind the curtain and deposits milady, newly sprayed and set, at the press conference, wedding party or opening-night audience awaiting her.

"I was always rushing to someone's hotel," explains Cyril, "and trying to keep her head in my hands and my head clear while she grappled with her dress and makeup." The Orly-to-Paris service costs \$25, and among his early customers were Audrey Hepburn and Ursula Andress.

FASHIONS

Less for Sea Than Seeing

For most of the people in the U.S., Christmas comes and goes without a flake of visible snow on the ground. In fact, dreaming of a white Christmas is about as far as many people get these days. The weather is still cold and bitter, but superfluously gruesome without the compensations of snow. So, although the holiday has traditionally been a time to gather the family round, more and more U.S. citizens now pack up their presents and head for a surer kind of white Christmas—the white sands of the Caribbean.

Those with the means may still gather the family round and take them along. But mostly the Yule flood is made up of "singles" and couples who look on home as only a place to sleep between working hours but not to spend holidays in. And they are packing the islands right up to the high-water mark. Pan American increased its seats to and from the Caribbean by 41% this year (to 26,000 a week), but so many people are there now that no seats are available coming back before Jan. 10. Late bookers found BOAC in the same merry fix. Puerto Rico had upwards of 75,000 visitors last weekend alone. Jamaica's bookings were up 25% from last year. The sun-seekers poured in with their presents already bought, and were prepared to sing *Silent Night* on Christmas Eve in the hotel lounge. But Yuletide was actually just something between high and low tide. The surf and sun were what mattered most. And as they flopped on their backs in the sand or flipped a hand gently at a volleyball, the ladies were prettily previewing the season's resort bathing suits (see color pages).

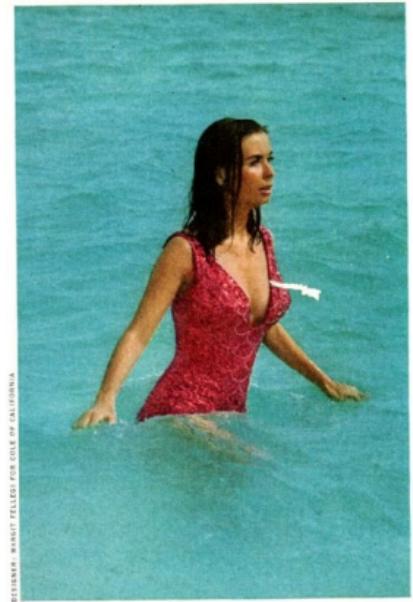
Dressed Feeling. The display is spectacular. For fashion has moved in on bathing suits. Gone is the day when a girl needed only two suits—one to be worn while the other was drying. After all, a girl simply cannot be seen in the same old thing through ten straight days on the beach. And then if there is a cocktail party on the terrace alongside the pool (all ocean resorts these days come equipped with a pool, where the surf is never a problem and the water can be kept reliably warm), she needs something more glamorous than a black tank suit. "Women no longer should

Bathing Suits for Winter



REUBENSON, STYLING BY GAY FOR ROBERTO CUCARE & BILL BLATT, JEWELRY BY KENNETH

For nighttime visibility, silver swim suits are better than vitamin A. Other evening touches are sparkling dangle earrings and the cowl neck on the suit at right.

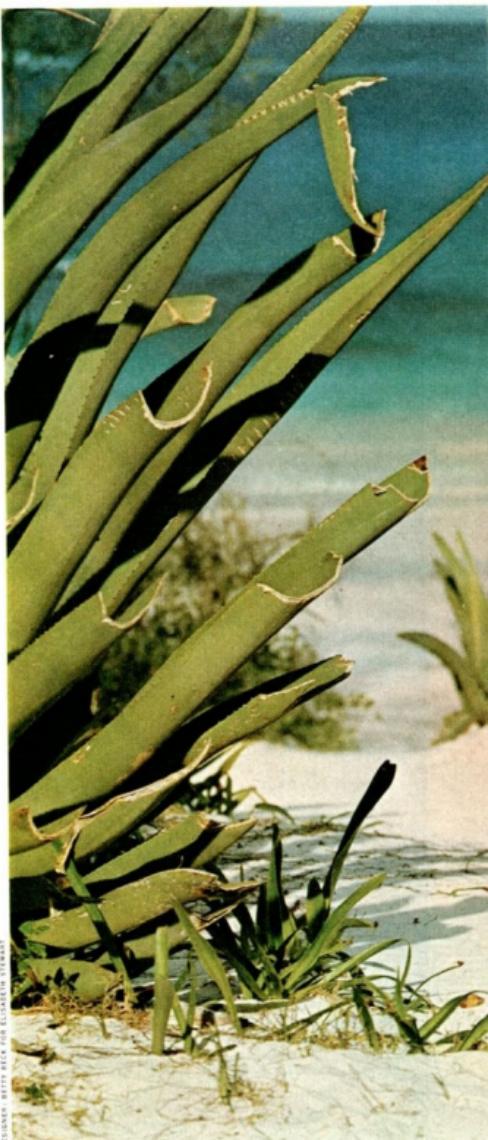


DESIGNER: MARIA TELLELLA FOR COLE OF CALIFORNIA

Nothing sets off the turquoise waters of St. Thomas' Sapphire Beach Club quite like pink sequins. For the modest, concealed ties can tighten décolletage a notch.

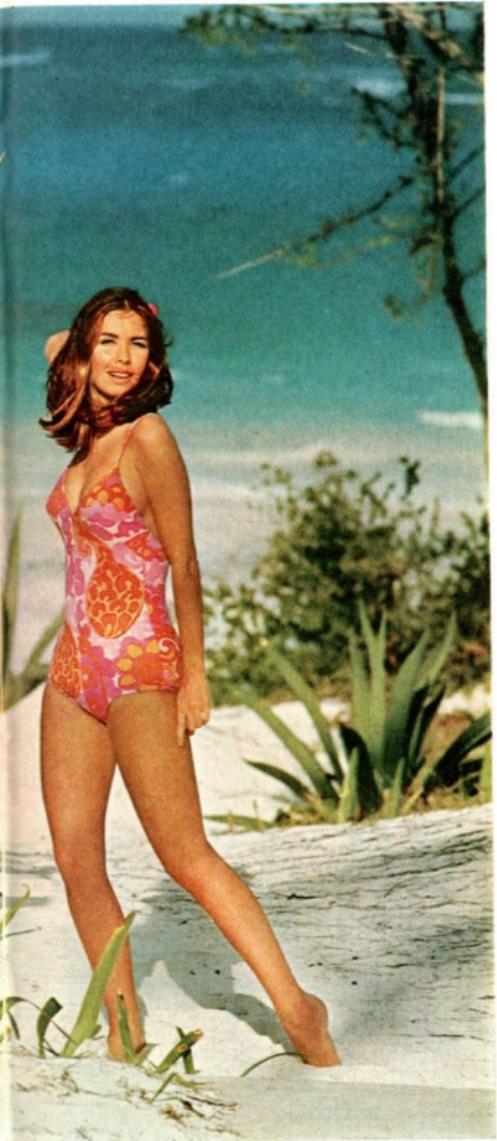


PHOTOGRAPH BY RONNIE LEE



PHOTOGRAPH BY RONNIE LEE FOR ELIZABETH STUART

Suits with high-tied fronts and low-slung sides are called "bib" models, but are far from babyish. Shoulder hunching is discouraged.



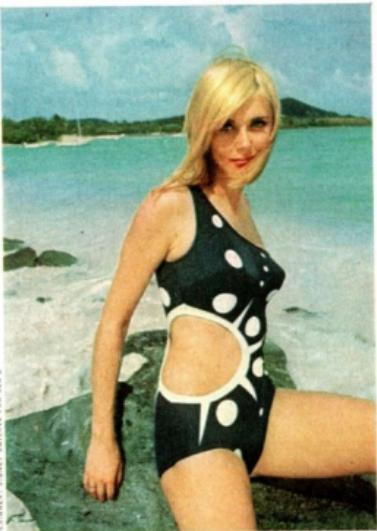
Everything's classical about Penny Allen and the suit she wears at French Leave on the island of Eleuthera, except the splashy tropical colors and the plunging V neckline.



DESIGNER: MARILY FELLEZI FOR COLE OF CALIFORNIA

Fishnet is bigger than ever, fabric is smaller. To heighten illusion and deepen interest, net attached to the scraps of ruffled green and backless yellow synthetic is flesh-colored.

Weird patches of sunburn are in store for wearers of scooped-out, one-shouldered suits such as one being modeled by Mary Denham on rock at St. Thomas.



DESIGNER: LINDA WHITFORD FOR STAR B



High fashion and low-and-behold bareness blend in the wilder suits for 1966. A Mondrian-esque T square was the inspiration for the suit with the modest black stripe. The backless

job provides little frontal support; girls have to be taut to wear it. Straw hats are the work of some anonymous Japanese, but the jewelry was specifically designed for the beach.

feel undressed in a bathing suit," says Margit Fellegi, designer for Cole. "After all, more and more social functions are centered around swimming pools and beach clubs. I try to make woman feel lovely and elegant without making her aware of how naked she is."

One result is a range of materials—silver lame, brocades and sequins—that never used to be in the swim. Such suits usually come with matching culottes or jackets that can be donned in a jiffy. From pool to poolside cocktails is a quick dab with a towel and a snap of a waistband.

Another result is that, with such major designers as Bill Blass taking an interest, suits have taken on new subtleties of structure. "Several years ago, the thought was that any woman could be packed into a suit by way of girdling and boning, but today this is kaput," says Bette Beck, chief designer for Elisabeth Stewart. "It takes all the romance out of a swimming suit when a woman has to be pushed in here and held up there. Such a woman has a stamped-out look—very unsexy."

New Perspectives. The new designs use ingenuity to do what bones and girdling could not. They scorn the plain nude look. Instead, they are finding new ways to make their revelations. For the healthy inside look, both Cole and Stewart have contrived necklines that plunge full and wide. Rudi Gernreich, whose topless suit provided the industry with welcome publicity but negligible sales, has engineered the "bib" suit, which comes loosely up over the middle of the bosom, but leaves the outer reaches marginally exposed, offering a new perspective to the girl watcher who prefers to sneak a sidelong glance rather than risk a head-on stare.

Other designers have sought out other views. "We are finding that the way to expose is best done in not so vital areas," says Sidney Smilov, designer for Sea B, and he demonstrates what he means with cutout suits that will have men looking at places that never seemed interesting before. Some designers were exploiting the possibilities of netting, which coyly shams at concealing what it clearly reveals. "The back is sexually important, while the exposed navel is no longer news," proclaims Designer Bill Blass, whose backless halter for Roxanne is the halter of the season. It is not for a round-shouldered girl; unless she keeps chest out and shoulders back, she may be left with nothing but a snorkel above the waist. As for the navel, Blass has taken inspiration from Mondrian to produce a white bikini banded in black and joined top to bottom by a single black band that covers the navel yet somehow makes the stomach seem even barer.

If some of the suits do not seem just the thing for setting Olympic swimming records, it merely goes to show that the '66 suits are less for the sea than the seeing. In a few, swimming is risky. And languid sunbathing is out, unless

one does not mind oddly placed swatches of brown or being cross-hatched under the net. If a tan is what you want, advises *Vogue*, that is something "to do first, naked."

TRAVEL

New Directions

The idea first occurred to Navy Pilot James R. Conrey in 1960, while he was jockeying his plane through a tricky cross-wind landing at Lincoln, Neb. The field—like many military and small private airports—had only one runway, leaving him little choice in the direction of his approach and landing. As he struggled with the controls, Conrey longed for a landing strip that would always allow him to approach into the wind—no matter what its direction. Why not a circular runway? he asked himself. With great single-mindedness, he polished his idea, found an ideal test site—the banked, circular General Motors test track at Mesa, Ariz.—and persuaded the Navy to get G.M.'s permission for landing and takeoff tests.

In 1963, before his concept was tried, Conrey was killed in an aircraft-carrier landing accident. But now he has won post-mortem recognition. In a report on tests made at Mesa in 1964, the Navy has predicted "a definite and vital place in future aviation" for the circular runway.

Inside a Bowl. Because it would slope upward in a graduated bank from its inner edge to its raised outer edge—much like the inside of a shallow bowl—the circular runway would provide great directional stability to a plane landing at high speed. It would prevent the plane from veering out of control to the right or left. Pulled outward by centrifugal force and downward by gravity, a fast-rolling plane would be confined to a circular path high against the outer, steeply sloping part of the runway. As its speed decreased, centrifugal force would lessen, and gravity would pull it in a slowly descending spiral toward the lower, more horizontal section.

There would be other considerable advantages. Planes would never run out of landing room, as they often do at conventional airports; they could simply continue to circle until they slowed sufficiently to use a banked turn-off ramp that would lead them to a centrally located terminal, conveniently spotted for passengers or freight. A circular runway would also be able to handle more traffic than straight runways. With a diameter of 10,500 ft.—about the length of most jet runways—it would have a circumference of more than 32,000 ft., allowing the simultaneous takeoff or landing of several planes spaced at safe distances around the circle, and directed by an elaborate ground-control system.

Into a Hole. Little additional pilot training would be required. Navy pilots

who landed at G.M.'s Mesa track felt at first that they were "flying down into a hole"; they were uneasy about touching down at an angle on the sloping surface on the runway. But they became oriented after only one or two landings, and reported that the runway tended to correct some of their errors in landing speed, degree of bank and point of touchdown.

The Federal Aviation Agency, which has been closely following the Navy experiments, is less enthusiastic about the new concept. Its advantages, the FAA feels, would be far outweighed by the extra cost of building the banked circular runways, burrowing under them to provide access roads to the central terminal area, and installing complex ground-control systems. Even so, the



Navy report has stirred the interest of aviation officials. It may well trigger more imaginative research into an area of aeronautics that has remained relatively unchanged since the Wright brothers used the dunes at Kitty Hawk as one of the world's first airfields.

New Pad

Just as spectacular in its own way is the new heliport that opened for business last week atop Manhattan's Pan Am Building, 59 stories in the air. From that pad, New York Airways will whisk travelers from midtown Manhattan to Kennedy Airport in only seven minutes (v. the 45-minute taxi trip) for \$7. Passengers can check their luggage at Pan Am's mezzanine-level counter, never have to bother with it again until they land in London or Bombay.

MEDICINE

THE WAR

Working Against Death

"I was up forward with the mortars when the ambush hit us," recalls the chunky Florida Negro. "There were Viet Cong everywhere—in the grass, in the trees and bushes, and in holes. The guy in front of me was killed. The guy behind the guy behind me was killed. There were all kinds of wounds—head, chest, abdomen, legs and arms. The captain and the sergeant major, they were killed. We formed a perimeter—really just a circle of people trying to protect themselves. That's where I treated the wounded. I was just doing my job."

The Army understandably thinks that Staff Sergeant James Reid, 45, a World War II truck driver who was assigned to the Medical Corps, did more than just his job. His recommendation for a Silver Star notes that he kept on tending the wounded even after machine-grenade fire chopped down a tree he was using for cover on that terrible night in the Ia Drang Valley. Of the 21 men whom Reid treated, only one died. Says Captain William Shucart of St. Louis, surgeon for the 1st Cavalry's 7th Regiment, 2nd Battalion: "I was pinned down elsewhere, and Reid treated the wounded strictly on his own. He gave blood and antibiotics and patched wounds—all that I or any other doctor could have done, and he did them darned near as well. He's an amazing, wonderful guy."

Jungle to Z.I. Behind the heroism of Medical Corpsman Reid and his buddies stretches an elaborate, efficient and increasingly swift chain of medical services—all the way from Dr. Shucart and his fellow surgeons in the jungle to "Z.I." (zone of the interior, meaning the U.S.). And the statistics of survival testify to the operation's success. In World War I, the fatality rate was 5.5% of the wounded; in World War II, 3.3%; in Korea, 2.7%. In Viet Nam, estimates Commander Almon C. Wilson, head of the 3rd Medical Battalion at Danang, it is below 2%.

Many factors have contributed to the reduction. But helicopter lifts are by far the biggest. After the high-grade first aid at the front line, there is always the helicopter that takes the wounded, whether American or South Vietnamese, on their next quick trip. Slow and bumpy ambulance rides have been virtually eliminated by the ungainly choppers that brave everything from bullets to a sheet of monsoon rain, day or night. "Man, that chopper's roar don't bother me a bit," said a young marine last week as he watched a noisy Huey land to pick up a wounded buddy. "Sounds more like angels singing." Whereas

only 10% of the wounded were carried by copters in Korea, the ratio is up to 90% in Viet Nam, says Colonel Spurgeon Neel Jr., chief medic of the U.S. Military Assistance Command.

First copter stop may be either a MASH (mobile army surgical hospital) or the division unit. These are fairly close to the scene of action, and are used mainly for grave emergencies in which a ten-minute delay in starting treatment might mean death. Division hospitals average only about ten beds each, with four doctors. Each MASH has 60 beds, along with 80 medical personnel, including ten doctors. Behind these, in turn, are field hospitals and evacuation hospitals—all mismatched, judged by their current functions.* In South Viet Nam, there are now two U.S. MASH units and one Korean, three field and two evacuation hospitals, and the Navy's 3rd Medical Battalion.

Front & Back Surgery. One recent patient at the 85th Evacuation Hospital in Qui Nhon in the Central Highlands was a first lieutenant whose family does not yet know he has been wounded. Shot and partly paralyzed during a night

* The nomenclature developed in an earlier age. Field hospitals are no longer in the field but in the rear areas (including Saigon) for headquarters personnel; evacuation hospitals receive men already evacuated from the field and treat them extensively.

action near Plei Me, the lieutenant propped himself against a tree and went on directing his platoon for half an hour before he felt himself blacking out. Then he turned over command to a sergeant. He lay in the field for an estimated seven hours. Then corpsmen and doctors got to him and gave blood, other intravenous fluids, a tetanus booster shot and antibiotics. A MedEvac helicopter (TIME, July 2) set down gently on the dangerous terrain, took the lieutenant aboard and deposited him only minutes later at the 85th Evac Hospital.

Entrance & Exit. The lieutenant needed all kinds of doctors, and the 85th had them all. Besides a platoon of general practitioners, it has six general surgeons, two neurosurgeons, two orthopedists, one thoracic and one urologic surgeon, two anesthesiologists, two internal-medicine specialists, two dentists and one psychiatrist; also 39 U.S. Army women nurses and 16 male nurses.

"We could see the entrance and exit of the bullet," says Captain Albert Dibbins of Melrose, Mass., "and the paralysis in the legs made it obvious that there was a spine injury."

Dr. Dibbins opened the patient's abdomen. The bullet had gone through the right kidney, but the wound was clean and would heal itself. The pancreas and duodenum were undamaged. A wound in the diaphragm was too far back to be treated; it would heal itself. So would the punctured lung: "It's so spongy that it acts like a self-sealing gas tank," explains Dr. Dibbins. He put a drainage tube in the lieutenant's chest, closed the abdominal incision and helped turn the patient over on his belly.

Next, Neurosurgeon Benjamin Blackett took over. He made an incision down the spine, found two fractured vertebrae, with bone chips up to a 4-in. long broken from their tops and sides. Dr. Blackett removed the chips. But they did not explain the paralysis; so the doctor moved on to the exquisitely delicate job of "unroofing" three vertebrae, to expose the sensitive spinal cord. There, Blackett found what he was looking for: another bone chip, hardly bigger than a broken pencil point, was pressing against the cord. Insignificant as it seemed, it was enough to have caused the paralysis. Dr. Blackett left the vertebrae unroofed—the heavy back muscles would unite to give the spinal cord enough protection. Within a few days, the lieutenant regained partial feeling in his legs and was started on his way to the Z.I.

Vital Sorting. Though the Marine Corps has no separate medical service, and depends on the Navy's, it has the 3rd Medical Battalion, comprising four companies. At Danang is Company C, or "Charlie Med" to the grymes. "Buck last summer," says Lieut. Commander Richard M.



SOUTH VIETNAMESE WOUNDED IN U.S. HELICOPTER
It sounds like the angels singing.

Escajeda, 36, chief surgeon and commander of Charlie Med, "we used to classify eight casualties as a mass casualty event. Then we rang a big metal ring—like a country fire alarm—and everybody reported to his station. Now things have changed so, we have to get 20 patients at once before we consider it a mass casualty."

In recent weeks as many as 160 wounded and ill marines have swamped Charlie Med's 13 physicians, five dentists and one oral surgeon in a single 48-hour period. "Then," says Dr. Escajeda, "when they come in with everything wrong with them, from missing limbs to multiple wounds, the most important person here is the triage officer."

Tough Decisions: Triage (pronounced tree-ah) is French for "sorting," and because of the word's emotional overtones, most military medics prefer not to talk about it. But it is a process of sorting that works for the greatest good of the greatest number. The triage officer looks over the wounded and makes the vital, split-second decision as to which require immediate surgery, which can wait a few hours, and which need only more first aid. Sometimes he must also make the conscience-racking decision that a man is beyond help or hope, that it would be a waste of doctors' time, and therefore endanger others' lives, to work on him. Such cases have been rare in Viet Nam.

"The triage officer's pitfall," says Dr. Escajeda, "is to start helping in emergency cases. The good triage officer doesn't do that. Spending time doing the humanitarian thing for one patient who obviously needs help right now is fatal. Mass confusion results. Patients pile up, half the emergency cases don't get cared for, and the whole system breaks down."

At mass casualty times, all Charlie Med personnel work round the clock; they have done so for as long as 48 hours. Then, even the dentists quit their cavities and turn to as assistant surgeons, working not only in the mouth, but debriding (cleaning, by removing dead tissue) wounds in any part of the body. Enlisted marines inevitably have made this the basis for a wisecrack: "If you're gonna get wounded, be sure you get hurt real bad or you'll draw a dentist for your doctor."

Elapsed Time: 35 Minutes. There was no triage problem in the case of Marine Colonel Michael R. Yunck, 47. As operations officer of the First Marine Air Wing, Yunck had helped to plan Operation Harvest Moon; later he went out in a four-man armed "Huey" helicopter, directing fighter-bomber attacks south of Danang. He was about to call in a strike on a tiny, nameless hamlet when he looked down. His chopper was low enough for him to see women and children. It was also low enough for a Viet Cong machine gunner to sight in on the Huey. "I knew I couldn't call in a strike," said Yunck soon afterward.



MARINE COLONEL YUNCK HAS LEG AMPUTATED AT DANANG

War is a study in waste—and compassion.

"And that was when I got the fifty caliber." Commented a surgeon: "He's going to lose his leg because he was too compassionate."

The slug tore through the Huey's door, smashed both bones in Yunck's left leg, and severed the main artery. A crewman tied a tourniquet below the knee, and the copilot sped the little chopper at 100 m.p.h., to a medical sorting and clearing unit only minutes away. There Yunck received morphine, blood and other intravenous fluids. Then he was flown immediately to Charlie Med. Elapsed time: 35 minutes—five minutes to the clearing station, ten minutes there, 20 minutes to Danang. During the final flight Yunck continued to get blood by transfusion, and he was on the operating table for the unavoidable amputation within minutes of reaching Charlie Med.

Blood & Air. He had been kept alive by a copier and the second most important lifesaver in Viet Nam: a splendidly organized whole-blood program. Americans and some native residents in Okinawa, Japan and Korea are donating enough to make a generous supply constantly available—in November alone, 2,000 pints were flown in. Only half were used as whole blood, which deteriorates after three weeks. As Commander Wilson notes philosophically, "War is a study in waste," especially in dealing with an element as unpredictable as casualty numbers. But in fact, the unused blood is not really wasted: some units in Viet Nam are getting the equipment needed to separate and preserve the more durable plasma. And the Navy is planning to make a full field test of frozen whole blood in the near future.

A third vital factor in Viet Nam medicine is air conditioning of operating rooms, recovery rooms, and wards for the critically ill. In Viet Nam's two monsoon seasons, instruments rust and

sterile dressings won't stay sterile in un-air-conditioned hospitals, but equipment is on the way and should soon reach the farthest-forward treatment units. The 1st Cavalry has even taken a "people pod," built to carry troops suspended from a helicopter, and converted it into a mobile hospital with two operating rooms, its own power supply, running water—and air conditioning. It will be helilifted by a CH-54 or "flying crane" right into the battlefield.

Emptying Beds. Ironically, the greatest insurance of adequate and immediate hospital care for the wounded in Viet Nam is the armed forces' ability to get them out of there. There are 1,600 military hospital beds "in country," but no man knows when these might be filled, leaving no room for a second wave of casualties. Reports come in daily to the Far East Joint Medical Regulating Office in Saigon, run by Major Robert M. Latham—how many "in-country" beds are occupied, how many beds are available at hospitals elsewhere in the western Pacific.

Usual procedure is to evacuate any man expected to need a bed for 15 days or more. But if the in-country count is high, Latham may decide to fly out some less severe cases to make room for a possible emergency. Every day or two, big Air Force hospital planes drop into Saigon and other airfields in South Viet Nam, pick up as many as 60 patients each, and fly them to Clark Field in the Philippines under the constant care of a doctor, nurses and corpsmen. "What we've done," says Colonel Neel, "is to bring management to the battlefield. It is no longer a matter of sending casualties to the rear and hoping there will be room for them. We make sure there is always room." And thanks to improvements in all sorts of equipment, surgical procedures and drugs, there is always better care.



L.B.J. WITH ADVISERS: BUDGET'S SCHULTZE, TREASURY'S FOWLER, RESERVE BOARD'S MARTIN, PRESIDENTIAL ECONOMIST ACKLEY
Wiggles come and go, but major slides can be prevented.

U.S. BUSINESS IN 1965

THE ECONOMY

"We Are All Keynesians Now"
(See Cover)

The ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist.

—*The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*

Concluding his most important book with those words in 1935, John Maynard Keynes was confident that he had laid down a philosophy that would move and change men's affairs. Today, some 20 years after his death, his theories are a prime influence on the world's free economies, especially on America's, the richest and most expansionist. In Washington the men who formulate the nation's economic policies have used Keynesian principles not only to avoid the violent cycles of prewar days but to produce a phenomenal economic growth and to achieve remarkably stable prices. In 1965 they skillfully applied Keynes's ideas—together with a number of their own invention—to lift the nation through the fifth, and best, consecutive year of the most sizable, prolonged and widely distributed prosperity in history.

By growing 5% in real terms, the U.S. experienced a sharper expansion than any other major nation. Even the most optimistic forecasts for 1965 turned out to be too low. The gross national product leaped from \$628 billion to \$672 billion—\$14 billion more than the President's economists had expected. Among the other new records: auto production rose 22%, steel production 6%, capital spending 16%, personal income 7% and corporate profits 21%. Figuring that the U.S. had somehow discovered the secret of steady, stable, noninflationary growth, the leaders of many countries

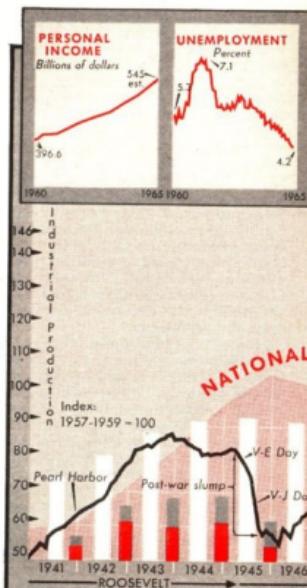
on both sides of the Iron Curtain openly tried to emulate its success.

Basically, Washington's economic managers scaled these heights by their adherence to Keynes's central theme: the modern capitalist economy does not automatically work at top efficiency, but can be raised to that level by the intervention and influence of the government. Keynes was the first to demonstrate convincingly that government has not only the ability but the responsibility to use its powers to increase production, incomes and jobs. Moreover, he argued that government can do this without violating freedom or restraining competition. It can, he said, achieve calculated prosperity by manipulating three main tools: tax policy, credit policy and budget policy. Their use would have the effect of strengthening private spending, investment and production.

From Mischief to Orthodoxy. When Keynes first propagated his theories, many people considered them to be bizarre or slightly subversive, and Keynes himself to be little but a left-wing mischief maker. Now Keynes and his ideas, though they still make some people nervous, have been so widely accepted that they constitute both the new orthodoxy in the universities and the touchstone of economic management in Washington. They have led to a greater degree of government involvement in the nation's economy than ever before in time of general peace. Says Budget Director Charles L. Schultze: "We can't prevent every little wiggle in the economic cycle, but we now can prevent a major slide."

A slide, of course, is not what the U.S. Government's economic managers have been worrying about in 1965; they have been pursuing a strongly expansionist policy. They carried out the second stage of a two-stage income-tax cut, thus giving consumers \$11.5 billion more to spend and corporations \$3 billion more to invest. In addition, they put through a long-overdue reduction in

excise taxes, slicing \$1.5 billion this year and another \$1.5 billion in the year beginning Jan. 1. In an application of the Keynesian argument that an economy is likely to grow best when the government pumps in more money than it takes out, they boosted total federal spending to a record high of \$121 billion and ran a deficit of more than \$5 billion. Meanwhile, the Federal Reserve Board kept money easier and cheaper than it is in any other major nation, though proudly independent Chairman William McChesney Martin at year's



end piloted through an increase in interest rates—thus following the classic anti-inflationary prescription.

Why They Work. By and large, Keynesian public policies are working well because the private sector of the economy is making them work. Government gave business the incentive to expand, but it was private businessmen who made the decisions as to whether, when and where to do it. Washington gave consumers a stimulus to spend, but millions of ordinary Americans made the decisions—so vital to the economy—as to how and how much to spend. For all that it has profited from the ideas of Lord Keynes, the U.S. economy is still the world's most private and most free-enterprising. Were he alive, Keynes would certainly like it to stay that way.

The recent successes of Keynes's theories have given a new stature and luster to the men who practice what Carlyle called "the dismal science." Economists have descended in force from their ivory towers and now sit confidently at the elbow of almost every important leader in Government and business, where they are increasingly called upon to forecast, plan and decide. In Washington the ideas of Keynes have been carried into the White House by such activist economists as Gardner Ackley, Arthur Okun, Otto Eckstein (all members of the President's Council of Economic Advisers), Walter Heller (its former chairman), M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson, Yale's James Tobin and Seymour Harris of the

University of California at San Diego.

First the U.S. economists embraced Keynesianism, then the public accepted its tenets. Now even businessmen, traditionally hostile to Government's role in the economy, have been won over—not only because Keynesianism works but because Lyndon Johnson knows how to make it palatable. They have begun to take for granted that the Government will intervene to head off recession or choke off inflation, no longer think that deficit spending is immoral. Nor, in perhaps the greatest change of all, do they believe that Government will ever fully pay off its debt, any more than General Motors or IBM find it advisable to pay off their long-term obligations; instead of demanding payment, creditors would rather continue collecting interest.

To a New Stage. Though Keynes is the figure who looms largest in these recent changes, modern-day economists have naturally expanded and added to his theories, giving birth to a form of neo-Keynesianism. Because he was a creature of his times, Keynes was primarily interested in pulling a Depression-ridden world up to some form of prosperity and stability; today's economists are more concerned about making an already prospering economy grow still further. As Keynes might have put it: Keynesianism + the theory of growth = The New Economics. Says Gardner Ackley, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers: "The new economics is based on Keynes. The fiscal revolution stems from him." Adds the University of Chicago's Milton Friedman,

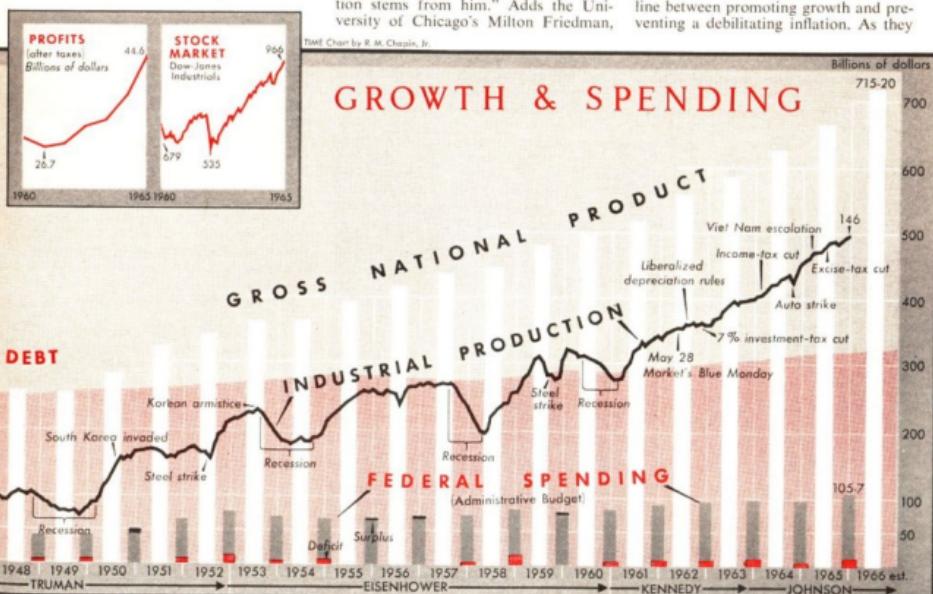


KEYNES IN HIS STUDY (1945)

K.+G.=N.E.

the nation's leading conservative economist, who was Presidential Candidate Barry Goldwater's adviser on economics: "We are all Keynesians now."

Within the next two weeks, Ackley and his fellow council members will have to give President Johnson a firm economic forecast for the year ahead and advise him about what policies to follow. Their decisions will be particularly crucial because the U.S. economy is now moving into a new stage. Production is scraping up against the top levels of the nation's capacity, and federal spending and demand are soaring because of the war in Viet Nam. The economists' problem is to draw a fine line between promoting growth and preventing a debilitating inflation. As they



search for new ways to accomplish this balance, they will be guided in large part by the Keynes legacy.

That legacy was the product of a man whose personality and ideas still surprise both his critics and his friends. Far from being a socialist left-winger, Keynes (pronounced canes) was a high-caste Establishment leader who disdained what he called "the boorish proletariat" and said: "For better or worse, I am a bourgeois economist." Keynes was suspicious of the power of unions, inveigled against the perils of inflation, praised the virtue of profits. "The engine which drives Enterprise," he wrote, "is not Thrift but Profit." He condemned the Marxists as being "illogical and so dull" and saw himself as a doctor of capitalism, which he was convinced could lead mankind to universal plenty within a century. Communists, Marxists and the British Labor Party's radical fringe damned Keynes because he sought to strengthen a system that they wanted to overthrow.

Truth & Consequences. Keynes was born the year Marx died (1883) and died in the first full year of capitalism's lengthy postwar boom (1946). The son of a noted Cambridge political economist, he whizzed through Eton and Cambridge, then entered the civil service. He got his lowest mark in economics. "The examiners," he later remarked, "presumably knew less than I did." He entered the India Office, soon after became a Cambridge don. Later, he was the British Treasury's representative to the Versailles Conference, and saw that it settled nothing but the inevitability of another disaster. He resigned in protest and wrote a book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, that stirred an international sensation by clearly foretelling the crisis to come.

He went back to teaching at Cambridge, but at the same time operated with skill and dash in business. The National Mutual Life Assurance Society named him its chairman, and whenever he gave his annual reports to stockholders, the London Money Market suspended trading to hear his forecasts for interest rates in the year ahead. He was also editor of the erudite British *Economic Journal*, chairman of the *New Statesman and Nation* and a director of the Bank of England.

Keynes began each day propped up in bed, poring for half an hour over reports of the world's gyrating currency and commodity markets; by speculating in them, he earned a fortune of more than \$2,000,000. Money, he said, should be valued not as a possession but "as a means to the enjoyments and realities of life." He took pleasure in assembling the world's finest collection of Newton's manuscripts and in organizing London's Camargo Ballet and Cambridge's Arts Theater. Later, the government tapped him to head Britain's Arts Council, and in 1942 King George VI made him a lord.

Part dilettante and part Renaissance man, Keynes moved easily in Britain's eclectic world of arts and letters. Though he remarked that economists should be humble, like dentists, he enjoyed trouncing countesses at bridge and Prime Ministers at lunch-table debates. He became a leader of the Bloomsbury set of avant-garde writers and painters, including Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Lytton Strachey and E. M. Forster. At a party at the Sitwells, he met Lydia Lopokova, a ballerina of the Diaghilev Russian ballet. She was blonde and buxom; he was frail and stoop-shouldered, with watery blue eyes. She chuckled her career to marry him. His only regret in

life, said Keynes shortly before his death of a heart attack, was that he had not drunk more champagne.

The Whole Economy. The thrust of Keynes's personality, however strong, was vastly less important than the force of his ideas. Those ideas were so original and persuasive that Keynes now ranks with Adam Smith and Karl Marx as one of history's most significant economists. Today his theses are the basis of economic policies in Britain, Canada, Australia and part of Continental Europe, as well as in the U.S.

Economics is a young science, a mere 200 years old. Addressing its problems in the second half of its second century, Keynes was more successful than his predecessors in seeing it whole. Great theorists before him had tried to take a wide view of economic forces, but they lacked the 20th century statistical tools to do the job, and they tended to concentrate on certain specialties. Adam Smith focused on the marketplace, Malthus on population, Ricardo on rent and land, Marx on labor and wages. Modern economists call those specializations "microeconomics"; Keynes was the precursor of what is now known as "macroeconomics"—from the Greek *makros*, for large or extended. He decided that the way to look at the economy was to measure all the myriad forces tugging and pulling at it—production, prices, profits, incomes, interest rates, government policies.

For most of his life, Keynes wrote, wrote, wrote. He was so prolific that a compendium of his books, tracts and essays fills 22 pages. In succession he wrote books about mathematical probability (1921), the gold standard and monetary reform (1923), and the causes of business cycles (1930); each of his works further developed his economic thinking. Then he bundled his major theories into his magnum opus, *The General Theory*, published in 1936. It is an uneven and ill-organized book, as difficult as *Deuteronomy* and open to almost as many interpretations. Yet for all its faults, it had more influence in a shorter time than any other book ever written on economics, including Smith's *The Wealth of Nations* and Marx's *Das Kapital*.

Permanent Quasi-Boom. Keynes perceived that the prime goal of any economy was to achieve "full employment." By that, he meant full employment of materials and machines as well as of men. Before Keynes, classical economists had presumed that the economy was naturally regulated by what Adam Smith had called the "invisible hand," which brought all forces into balance and used them fully. Smith argued, for example, that if wages rose too fast, employers would lay off so many workers that wages would fall until they reached the point at which employers would start rehiring. French Economist Jean Baptiste Say embroidered that idea by theorizing that production always creates just enough income to consume



KEYNES IN 1929



LYDIA KEYNES PRACTICING BALLET

If only he had drunk more champagne.



HANSEN



SAMUELSON



OKUN



HARRIS



HELLER

But Franklin Roosevelt was baffled.

whatever it produces, thus permitting any excesses of demand to correct themselves quickly.

Keynes showed that the hard facts of history contradicted these unrealistic assumptions. For centuries, he pointed out, the economic cycle had gyrated from giddy boom to violent bust; periods of inflated prosperity induced a speculative rise, which then disrupted commerce and led inexorably to impoverished deflation. The climax came during the depression of the 1930s. Wages plummeted and unemployment rocketed, but neither the *laissez-faire* classicists nor the sullen and angry Communists adequately diagnosed the disease or offered any reasonable remedies.

By applying both logic and historical example to economic cycles, Keynes showed that the automatic stabilizers that economists had long banked on could actually aggravate rather than prevent a depression. If employers responded to a fall-off in demand by slicing wages and dumping workers, said Keynes, that would only reduce incomes and demand, and plunge production still deeper. If bankers responded to a fall-off in savings by raising interest rates, that would not tempt penniless people to save more—but it would move hardened industrialists to borrow less for capital investment. Yet Keynes did not despair of capitalism as so many other economists did. Said he: "The right remedy for the trade cycle is not to be found in abolishing booms and keeping us permanently in a semi-slump; but in abolishing slumps and thus keeping us permanently in a quasi-boom."

Management of Demand. The key to achieving that, Keynes perceived, is to maintain constantly a high level of what he called "aggregate demand." To him, that meant the total of all demand in the economy—demand for consumption and for investment, for both private and public purposes. His inescapable conclusion was that, if private demand should flag and falter, then it had to be revived and stimulated by the only force strong enough to lift consumption: the government.

The pre-Keynesian "classical" economists had thought of the government too. But almost all of them had contended that, in times of depression, the government should raise taxes and re-

duce spending in order to balance the budget. In the early 1930s, Keynes cried out that the only way to revive aggregate demand was for the government to cut taxes, reduce interest rates, spend heavily—and deficits be damned. Said Keynes: "The State will have to exercise a guiding influence on the propensity to consume partly through its scheme of taxation, partly by fixing the rates of interest, and partly, perhaps, in other ways."

A few other economists of Keynes's time had called for more or less the same thing. Yet Keynes was the only one with enough influence and stature to get governments to sit up and pay attention. He was the right man at the right time, and his career and fame derived largely from the fact that when his theories appeared the world was racked by history's worst depression and governments were desperately searching for a way out.

Contrary to the Marxists and the socialists, Keynes opposed government ownership of industry and fought those centrists who would plan everything ("They wish to serve not God but the devil"). While he called for conscious and calculated state intervention, he argued just as passionately that the government had no right to tamper with individual freedoms to choose or change jobs, to buy or sell goods, or to earn respectable profits. He had tremendous faith that private men could change, improve and expand capitalism.

Perhaps Immoral. Like any genius, Keynes had plenty of faults and shortcomings. Even his admirers admit that he could be maddeningly abstruse and confusing. M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson, for example, thinks that Keynes downplayed the importance of monetary policy. His few outright critics feel that, while he knew how to buoy a depression-stricken industrial economy, he offered little in the way of practical information about how to keep a prosperous modern economy fat and secure. Keynesian theories are certainly unworkable in the underdeveloped nations, where the problem is not too little demand but insufficient supply, and where the object is not to stimulate consumption but to spur savings, form capital and raise production.

Such critics as former U.S. Budget

Director Maurice Stans still worry that Keynes makes spenders seem virtuous and savers wicked, and thus subtly threatens the nation's moral fiber. Other doubters contend that earlier obscure economists originated some of the ideas that Keynes popularized, and that all he did was wrap them up in a general theory. But even his severest detractors bow to his brilliance, use the macroeconomic terms and framework that he devised, and concede that his main theories have largely worked out in practice.

What Did He Say? Though Keynes's gospel has only recently come to full flower, a school of fervid apostles has been preaching it in the U.S. for more than a generation. Harvard's Alvin Hansen, the first great Keynesian teacher, taught it to hundreds of economists, many of them now in high positions. Hansen's brightest student was Paul Samuelson, who later wrote a Keynesian-angled college textbook on economics that has gone to 2,000,000 copies and influenced the thinking of countless teachers and students.

Franklin Roosevelt was at first no fan of Keynes—"I didn't understand one word that man was saying," he sniffed after being lectured by Keynes at the White House in 1934—but some of his economists gradually began to lean on Keynesian language and logic to rationalize huge deficits. In World War II, Washington planners used Keynesian ideas to formulate their policies of deficit spending.

Congress adopted the Keynesian course in 1946, when it passed the Employment Act, establishing Government responsibility to achieve "maximum employment, production and purchasing power." The act also created the Council of Economic Advisers, which for the first time brought professional economic thinking into close and constant touch with the President. Surprisingly it was Dwight Eisenhower's not-notably-Keynesian economists who most effectively demonstrated the efficacy of Keynes's antirecession prescriptions; to fight the slumps of 1953-54 and 1957-58, they turned to prodigious spending and huge deficits.

J.M.K. & L.B.J. Still, Keynesianism made its biggest breakthrough under John Kennedy, who, as Arthur Schle-

singer reports in *A Thousand Days*, "was unquestionably the first Keynesian President." Kennedy's economists, led by Chief Economic Adviser Walter Heller, presided over the birth of the New Economics as a practical policy and set out to add a new dimension to Keynesianism. They began to use Keynes's theories as a basis not only for correcting the 1960 recession, which prematurely arrived only two years after the 1957-58 recession, but also to spur an expanding economy to still faster growth. Kennedy was intrigued by the "growth gap" theory, first put across to him by Yale Economist Arthur Okun (now a member of the Council of Economic Advisors), who argued that even though the U.S. was prosperous, it was producing \$51 billion a year less than it really could. Under the prodding and guidance of Heller, Kennedy thereupon opened the door to activist, imaginative economics.

He particularly called for tax reductions—a step that Keynes had advocated as early as 1933. The Kennedy Administration stimulated capital investment by giving businessmen a 7% tax kickback on their purchases of new equipment and by liberalizing depreciation allowances. Kennedy also campaigned for an overall reduction in the oppressive income-tax rates in order to increase further both investment and personal consumption. That idea, he remarked, was "straight Keynes and Heller."

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Nowadays, Johnson is not only practicing Keynesian economics, but is pursuing policies of pressure and persuasion that go far beyond anything Keynes ever dreamed of. In 1965 Johnson vigorously wielded the wage-price "guidelines" to hold wages and prices down, forced producers of aluminum, copper and wheat to retreat from price hikes by threatening to dump the Government's commodity stockpiles, and battled the nation's persistent balance-of-payments deficit with the so-called "voluntary" controls on spending and lending abroad. Some Keynesians believe that these policies violate Keynes's theories because they are basically microeconomic instead of macroeconomic—because they restrict prices, wages and capital movements in some parts of the economy but not others. Businessmen also complain about what they call "government by guideline" or "the managed economy," but not with total conviction. Business, after all, is booming, and besides, the Government is a big customer with unbounded retaliatory powers.

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tion within the bounds of private enterprise, many other nations are drifting away from strong central controls over their economies and opting for the freer American system. Britain's ruling Labor Party has become practically bourgeois, and this year scrapped almost all notions of nationalizing industry; West Germany's Socialists have long since done the same in an effort—so far unsuccessful—to wrest power from the free-enterprising Christian Democrats; and traditionally Socialist Norway in 1965 voted a conservative government into power for the first time in 30 years.

Piqued by the ideas popularized by Soviet Economist Evsei Liberman, the command economies of Communist Europe are openly and eagerly adopting such capitalist tenets as cost accounting and the profit motive. East Germany, Czechoslovakia and other formerly Stalinist satrapies are cautiously granting more powers to local managers to boost or slash production, prices, investments and labor forces. State enterprises in Poland, Hungary and Rumania this year closed deals to start joint companies in partnership with capitalist Western firms.

Near the Goal. The U.S. right now is closer to Keynes's cherished goal of full employment of its resources than it has ever been in peacetime. Unemployment melted during 1965 from 4.8% to an eight-year low of 4.2%. Labor shortages, particularly among skilled workers, are beginning to pinch such industries as aerospace, construction and shipbuilding. Manufacturers are operating at a ten-year high of 91% of capacity, and autos, aluminum and some other basic industries are scraping up against 100%. Contrary to popular belief, industrialists do not like to run so high because it forces them to start up some of their older and less efficient machines, as many companies lately have been obliged to do.

The economy is beginning to show the strain of this rapid expansion. For the first time in five years, labor costs rose faster than productivity in 1965: 4.2% v. 2.5%. Consumer prices last year jumped 1.8%, and wholesale prices rose 1.3%, the first rise of any kind since 1959. This is already threatening the nation's remarkable record of price stability. The economy cannot continue its present growth rate at today's productivity level without serious upward pressure on prices.

Growth v. Stability. The economic policies of 1966 will be determined most of all by one factor: the war in Viet Nam. Barring an unexpected truce, defense spending will soar so high—that at least an additional \$7 billion—that it will impose a severe demand upon the nation's productive capacity and give body to the specter of inflation. Keynes feared inflation, and warned that "there is no subtler, no surer means of overturning the existing basis of a society than to debauch the currency." Once chided for undercutting a boot-



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A pinch in labor.

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The immediate problem that Viet Nam and the threat of inflation pose to Washington's economic planners is whether they should aim for more growth or more stability. Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz argues that the Government should continue pushing and stimulating the economy, even at the risk of some inflation, in order to bring unemployment down to 3%. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler's aides argue just as firmly that the Government should tighten up a bit on spending and credit policy in order to check prices and get the nation's international payments into balance.

The man whose counsel will carry the most weight with Lyndon Johnson and who must make the delicate decisions in the next few weeks is the President's quiet, effective and Keynesian-minded chief economic strategist, Gardner Ackley. "We're learning to live with prosperity," says Ackley, "and frankly, we don't know as much about managing prosperity as getting there."

The Sword's Other Side. Prosperity will bring the Government an extra \$8.5 billion in tax revenues in the next fiscal year, and that means the U.S. can afford to boost its total federal spending by \$8.5 billion without causing significant inflationary pressure. If spending bulges much higher, the economists can fight inflation by brandishing the other sides of their Keynesian swords. Though Keynes spoke more about stimulus than restraint, he also stressed that his ideas could be turned around to bring an overworked economy back into balance. Says Walter Heller: "It should be made entirely clear that Keynes is a two-way street. In many ways we're entering a more fascinating era than the one I faced. Essentially the job is to maintain stability without resorting to obnoxious controls as we did in World War II and Korea."

In the event demand heats up too much, Lyndon Johnson's economists will recommend one or more restrictive moves, probably in this order: cutbacks in domestic spending, still-tighter money, higher withholding rates for income taxes (up from 14% to 20%), and lastly, temporary tax increases. The step that businessmen fear most—general and deflationary controls on prices, wages, profits, materials, mortgage and installment credit—would be taken only as a desperate final resort. Johnson almost surely will not turn to controls for the key reason that defense spending is unlikely to amount to more than 8.5% of the G.N.P., as against 13% during the Korean War. Ackley says that controls are "very remote."

Better than '65. Next year's challenge will be more easily manageable because business and Government pursued intelligent policies this year. The Labor Department reckons that businessmen's exuberant capital spending—they have invested \$190 billion in new plants and



ASSEMBLING A GEMINI SPACECRAFT IN ST. LOUIS
A lift in prices.

machines in the past five years—will pay off with a 3% productivity gain in 1966. That will serve to temper inflation, and so will the fact that the medicare bill will lift social security taxes \$5.5 billion yearly beginning Jan. 1. As of now, Government economists expect that consumer prices will rise about 2.5% and wholesale prices will increase 3%—which is not bad enough to require stern corrective measures.

Economists in and out of Government are much more bullish than they were a year ago. The economy is not only running close to optimum speed, but has no serious excesses and few soft spots. Says Economic Adviser Okun: "It's hard to find a time when the economy has been closer to equilibrium than it is today." Orders are rising faster than production; wages are rising faster than prices; corporate profits are now rising faster than the stock market, even though the Dow-Jones average has jumped more than 400 points since mid-1962 and last week closed at an all-time high of 966. Businessmen plan in 1966 to increase capital spending 15%; automakers and steelmakers expect to top this year's production records. Ackley and his colleagues anticipate that the gross national product will grow another 5% in real terms during 1966, to \$715 billion—or perhaps more.

The Feeling Is Mutual. More meaningful than breaking records is the fact that the U.S. economy is changing for the better. In Lyndon Johnson's profit-minded Administration, Government planners have come to appreciate the importance of helping private business to invest in order to create jobs, income and demand. Johnson knows that he must have a vigorous economy to support his Great Society programs as well as the war in Viet Nam and the U.S.'s

reach for the moon. To further that aim, he has more day-to-day contact with businessmen than any President since Hoover; he telephones hundreds of them regularly and invites scores to the Oval Room to hear their opinions. Under the atmospheres of the Johnson Administration, the U.S. has a Government whose economic policies are simultaneously devoted to Keynesianism, committed to growth, and decidedly pro-business.

Businessmen, for their part, have come to accept that the Government should actively use its Keynesian tools to promote growth and stability. They believe that whatever happens, the Government will somehow keep the economy strong and rising. With this new confidence, they no longer worry so much about the short-term wiggles and squiggles of the economic curve but instead budget their capital spending for the long-term and thus help to prolong the expansion.

If the nation has economic problems, they are the problems of high employment, high growth and high hopes. As the U.S. enters what shapes up as the sixth straight year of expansion, its economic strategists confess rather cheerily that they have just about reached the outer limits of economic knowledge. They have proved that they can prod, goad and inspire a rich and free nation to climb to nearly full employment and unprecedented prosperity. The job of maintaining expansion without inflation will require not only their present skills but new ones as well. Perhaps the U.S. needs another, more modern Keynes to grapple with the growing pains, a specialist in keeping economies at a healthy high. But even if he comes along, he will have to build on what he learned from John Maynard Keynes.

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black in Algiers, he replied: "I will not be party to debasing the currency."

The immediate problem that Viet Nam and the threat of inflation pose to Washington's economic planners is whether they should aim for more growth or more stability. Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz argues that the Government should continue pushing and stimulating the economy, even at the risk of some inflation, in order to bring unemployment down to 3%. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler's aides argue just as firmly that the Government should tighten up a bit on spending and credit policy in order to check prices and get the nation's international payments into balance.

The man whose counsel will carry the most weight with Lyndon Johnson and who must make the delicate decisions in the next few weeks is the President's quiet, effective and Keynesian-minded chief economic strategist, Gardner Ackley. "We're learning to live with prosperity," says Ackley, "and frankly, we don't know as much about managing prosperity as getting there."

The Sword's Other Side. Prosperity will bring the Government an extra \$8.5 billion in tax revenues in the next fiscal year, and that means the U.S. can afford to boost its total federal spending by \$8.5 billion without causing significant inflationary pressure. If spending bulges much higher, the economists can fight inflation by brandishing the other sides of their Keynesian swords. Though Keynes spoke more about stimulus than restraint, he also stressed that his ideas could be turned around to bring an overworked economy back into balance. Says Walter Heller: "It should be made entirely clear that Keynes is a two-way street. In many ways we're entering a more fascinating era than the one I faced. Essentially the job is to maintain stability without resorting to obnoxious controls as we did in World War II and Korea."

In the event demand heats up too much, Lyndon Johnson's economists will recommend one or more restrictive moves, probably in this order: cutbacks in domestic spending, still-tighter money, higher withholding rates for income taxes (up from 14% to 20%), and lastly, temporary tax increases. The step that businessmen fear most—general and deflationary controls on prices, wages, profits, materials, mortgage and installment credit—would be taken only as a desperate final resort. Johnson almost surely will not turn to controls for the key reason that defense spending is unlikely to amount to more than 8.5% of the G.N.P., as against 13% during the Korean War. Ackley says that controls are "very remote."

Better than '65. Next year's challenge will be more easily manageable because business and Government pursued intelligent policies this year. The Labor Department reckons that businessmen's exuberant capital spending—they have invested \$190 billion in new plants and



ASSEMBLING A GEMINI SPACECRAFT IN ST. LOUIS

A lift in prices.

machines in the past five years—will pay off with a 3% productivity gain in 1966. That will serve to temper inflation, and so will the fact that the medicare bill will lift social security taxes \$5.5 billion yearly beginning Jan. 1. As of now, Government economists expect that consumer prices will rise about 2.5% and wholesale prices will increase 3%—which is not bad enough to require stern corrective measures.

Economists in and out of Government are much more bullish than they were a year ago. The economy is not only running close to optimum speed, but has no serious excesses and few soft spots. Says Economic Adviser Okun: "It's hard to find a time when the economy has been closer to equilibrium than it is today." Orders are rising faster than production; wages are rising faster than prices; corporate profits are now rising faster than the stock market, even though the Dow-Jones average has jumped more than 400 points since mid-1962 and last week closed at an all-time high of 966. Businessmen plan in 1966 to increase capital spending 15%; automakers and steelmakers expect to top this year's production records. Ackley and his colleagues anticipate that the gross national product will grow another 5% in real terms during 1966, to \$715 billion—or perhaps more.

The Feeling Is Mutual. More meaningful than breaking records is the fact that the U.S. economy is changing for the better. In Lyndon Johnson's profit-minded Administration, Government planners have come to appreciate the importance of helping private business to invest in order to create jobs, income and demand. Johnson knows that he must have a vigorous economy to support his Great Society programs as well as the war in Viet Nam and the U.S.'s

reach for the moon. To further that aim, he has more day-to-day contact with businessmen than any President since Hoover; he telephones hundreds of them regularly and invites scores to the Oval Room to hear their opinions. Under the atmospheres of the Johnson Administration, the U.S. has a Government whose economic policies are simultaneously devoted to Keynesianism, committed to growth, and decidedly pro-business.

Businessmen, for their part, have come to accept that the Government should actively use its Keynesian tools to promote growth and stability. They believe that whatever happens, the Government will somehow keep the economy strong and rising. With this new confidence, they no longer worry so much about the short-term wiggles and squiggles of the economic curve but instead budget their capital spending for the long-term and thus help to prolong the expansion.

If the nation has economic problems, they are the problems of high employment, high growth and high hopes. As the U.S. enters what shapes up as the sixth straight year of expansion, its economic strategists confess rather cheerfully that they have just about reached the outer limits of economic knowledge. They have proved that they can prod, goad and inspire a rich and free nation to climb to nearly full employment and unprecedented prosperity. The job of maintaining expansion without inflation will require not only their present skills but new ones as well. Perhaps the U.S. needs another, more modern Keynes to grapple with the growing pains, a specialist in keeping economies at a healthy high. But even if he comes along, he will have to build on what he learned from John Maynard Keynes.

WORLD BUSINESS

TRADE

So Who Needs Money?

Bartering is the world's oldest method of doing business; Esau, one of its early practitioners, swapped his birthright for a mess of pottage. Though the easy flow of money and credit has long since ruled out any need for widespread swapping, the surprising fact is that bartering survives in today's sophisticated international trade. It is even undergoing something of a revival as more nations sign trade agreements to exchange yearly quotas of goods and commodities with one another; more than 490 such agreements are now in force. About 20 companies, mostly in

modities to trade but very little cash. Through bartering, Egypt has been able to swap its cotton for German locomotives, for machine tools and for a British power station. Brazil traded coffee for \$4,200,000 worth of British tractors. For handling commodity sales, bartering firms take a commission of 1% up, depending partly on the state of the commodity market and partly on the length of time that it takes them to conclude the deal.

Big Bills, Bigger Profit. Successful bartering requires shrewd contacts and lightning communications. The largest, oldest and best-known barterer is Lautanne's André & Co., an 88-year-old firm that last year handled transactions

ment improving (*see THE HEMISPHERE*), Hanna last week decided to switch its strategy and merge its trove of ore into a new Brazilian-dominated combine.

The new company, called M.B.R. (for Mineracões Brasileiras Reunidas), joins Hanna's St. John d'el Rey Mining Co. (which will have 49% control) to the iron- and manganese-ore properties of Brazilian Industrialist Augusto Antunes (51% control). Potentially the world's largest iron-ore company, M.B.R. plans to build a \$60 million deep-water pier, an ore yard, a railroad link (and perhaps a pelletizing plant) on Sepetiba Bay, 60 miles south of the traffic-clogged port of Rio de Janeiro; it expects to step up exports from



BARTERED TANKS CROSSING LEBANESE BORDER

After Esau: cotton for locomotives, tobacco for paper machinery, coffee for power machinery.

Switzerland, Holland and Britain, are in the profitable business of helping the barterers to get what they want.

Commodities or Cash. What swappers want frequently requires at least a three-way trade. In Moscow, state-owned tobacco stores recently offered Muscovites unaccustomed to blended tobaccos West German cigarettes at 33¢ to 38¢ a pack. The West Germans had accepted Bulgarian tobacco in exchange for cigarette-paper machinery, processed much of the tobacco into cigarettes that were sent back to Bulgaria; the Bulgarians shipped them on to Russia in payment for more machinery. Sometimes, the trade is not so simple. Lebanon, burdened by a glut of apples, managed to swap some to Jordan in exchange for 40 army tanks, and would like to trade more to Britain in payment for VC 10 jets. Although the British are anxious to sell their jets to Lebanon's Middle East Airlines, they are not wild about those apples. The government has called in Greek-born Henry Klonarides, 39, whose London-based Emerson Associated is one of the busiest bartering firms, to figure out a transaction that would dispose of the apples for cash.

Klonarides and his competitors find their biggest market in the underdeveloped nations, which usually have com-

worth \$1 billion. Brothers Georges and Jean André have 5,000 worldwide agents, a fleet of 15 freighters, leased telex lines to North and South America and, reputedly, Switzerland's largest telephone bill. Bartering has particularly profited from increased East-West trade because Comecon nations like to do at least part of their dealing in merchandise. In their latest transaction, the André brothers shipped diesel engines to Yugoslavia in exchange for ship hulls, sold the completed vessels to Western European shipping companies in a neat \$11.4 million deal.

BRAZIL

A National Solution

For seven years Cleveland's Hanna Mining Co. has been marooned in frustration on top of some of the world's richest mountains of iron ore, unable to move more than a trickle of it onto the world market. Despite a contract with the Brazilian government empowering it to tap 300 million tons of high-grade ore that it owns in Minas Gerais state, Hanna has been harassed by a succession of political obstacles, is still battling a court decree annulling its mining rights. With the Brazilian economy as well as the climate for foreign invest-



APPLES EN ROUTE TO JORDAN

After Esau: cotton for locomotives, tobacco for paper machinery, coffee for power machinery.

2,000,000 to 10 million tons a year by 1970. The deal, said Antunes last week, "is a Brazilian solution to a national problem."

Antunes, 59, one of Brazil's most enlightened businessmen, already provides his country with the means to unlock much of its long-neglected wealth in natural resources, and so reduce its heavy dependence on coffee for export income. In a similar 51%-49% joint venture with Bethlehem Steel, he has not only built one of the world's most successful manganese mining operations, but has managed to avoid the attacks that Brazilian nationalists have made on other foreign interests. By pushing iron-ore exports, Antunes expects Brazil in time to earn enough abroad to import coal, and so become one of the world's major producers of steel.

WEST GERMANY

End of an Oasis

When it comes to tippling, nobody in West Germany out-tops the West Berliners. Low taxes have made liquor so cheap (75¢ a fifth for gin, \$1.25 for local whisky) that the Communist-encircled city not only produces 20% of West Germany's bottled cheer, but also consumes it at the elbow-straining

pace of 18 fifths per year per person—double the rate in the rest of the country. Last week the 15-year-old oasis of cheap alcohol was drying up, the victim of a forthcoming New Year's tax increase. Long queues of customers stood through hail, sleet and snow to snap up West Berlin's stocks of liquor in a frenzied Christmas shopping rush. Tavernkeepers and restaurant owners bid up the rent of cellars to hoard extra cases.

To help balance its budget, the inflation-plagued Bonn government will boost liquor taxes from \$1.44 to \$1.80 a fifth throughout West Germany starting Jan. 1. West Berliners, however, have been paying a special tax of only 47¢ a fifth. Bonn is abolishing that preferential rate because it figures that the city's economy is now strong enough to do without such a subsidy. As a result, West Berlin liquor prices are expected to climb from 50% to 100%.

SOVIET UNION

Closer Trade Ties

As their relations with Red China worsen, the Russians are stepping up their economic contacts with the non-Communist world. Soviet-Japanese trade, for example, has nearly tripled in the past five years, now runs at \$400 million annually, a volume 10% greater than Japan's trade with Britain. Last week, after prolonged negotiations, a four-man team of Soviet aviation experts stood by in Tokyo, ready to initial an agreement establishing the first commercial air service between Moscow and Tokyo, by way of Siberia.

The pact, which would open a potentially lucrative air route, could yet be grounded by Moscow, but the Japanese appear to have bowed to all major Russian conditions. State-owned Japan Air Lines and the Soviets' Aeroflot would jointly operate a weekly flight using giant Russian TU-114 turboprop planes, Russian cockpit crews (with a Japanese pilot sitting in as a face-saver) and mixed Soviet-Japanese cabin crews. Because of Russian sensitivity about Siberian military installations, Japan's 707 and DC-8 jets would at first be confined to the Tokyo-Khabarovsk leg; after two years, the Russians would consider allowing J.A.L. craft to fly the entire 4,650-mi. run. The Soviets have also suggested that Japan help develop Siberian industry, invest \$2 billion in oil refineries and in pipelines.

To expand its business with Europe, the U.S.S.R. has just closed two other deals. Italy's Olivetti announced last week that it will advise the Russians about how to mechanize their huge bureaucracies, sell them office machines ranging from typewriters to calculators. Greek Shipping Magnate Achilles Frangistas agreed to buy 33 Soviet-built cargo ships. The terms: \$76 million in long-term credit, \$29 million in increased Soviet purchases of farm produce—a welcome outlet for Greece's agricultural surpluses.

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SPORT

THE OLYMPICS

In the High, Thin Air

Ever since Mexico City was chosen as the site of the 1968 Olympics, athletes and their coaches all over the world have been concerned about how performance may be affected by the 7,434-ft. altitude. Sportsmen in low-lying Britain and Belgium, with no facilities at hand for high-altitude training, have gone so far as to suggest moving the Olympic endurance events to sea level—say, steaming Veracruz. An eminent American physiologist has proposed that the U.S. establish a base camp, Everest style, on the Mexican coast, and fly athletes to Mexico City on split-second timing to compete during the first hour after their arrival, before the altitude has time to erode their performance.

Both suggestions are probably unnecessary. The basic facts about the influence of altitude have been known for a quarter of a century, ever since U.S. tennis stars began to play frequently in Mexico City. All along, they have reported that for the first few days of competition their game is poor; after ten days to two weeks they begin to notice improvement, though they still huff and puff. Their observations were confirmed and amplified during last October's "Little Olympics," a preview sports week staged by the Mexican Olympics Committee.

Short Haul. Athletes suddenly air-lifted from low to high altitude can perform as well as usual in brief events that require only short bursts of maximum exertion. "A trained athlete can run the 100 meters in ten seconds practically without breathing," explains Dr. Daniel F. Hanley of Bowdoin Col-

lege, chief of the U.S. medical team at the Little Olympics. "You just can't build up any oxygen debt* in ten seconds. And there's no problem at 200 meters or even 400."

Except for cyclists, who find that decreased air resistance can make up for the effects of decreased oxygen for as long as five minutes, a competitor in an event that lasts more than about 13 minutes will almost certainly turn in a sub-par performance. Says Dr. Hanley: "We found that boxers in Mexico City who were used to two-minute rounds really had problems when the rounds ran three minutes."

The lower atmospheric pressure (about 11 lbs. per sq. in. at Mexico City's elevation v. 14.7 at sea level) and the reduced oxygen available for exchange in the lungs appear to have no effect on athletes' hearts. Scores of physicians from a dozen countries ran elaborate tests on the athletes in October, and the electrocardiograms were normal. The problem is simply that breathing is less efficient, or as Dr. Hanley puts it: "You get less oxygen pergulp, so you've got to take more gulps to get enough oxygen to the muscles."

Winner by Acclimation. Physicians and trainers will have to figure out the best way to overcome the oxygen shortage. The obvious answer is acclimation. People who are born and raised at altitudes like Mexico City seem to have no problem, and people who go there to live eventually adapt to the rarefied air. The question that bedevils international physiologists is how long to allow for such acclimation.

A recent study, done for the U.S. Army by Dr. Robert Grover and Dr.

* The physiologist's way of saying that continued, excessive demands have depleted the oxygen normally stored in the tissues and red blood cells. It takes time to make good the deficit.

John Reeves, shuttled high school students between Leadville, Colo., and Lexington, Ky., and showed that the boys' lungs exchanged only about 75% as much oxygen in the "Cloud City" (10,190 ft.) as in Lexington (955 ft.). A three-week period of acclimation helped little, if at all.

But Olympic physicians from many countries are convinced that acclimation for longer periods, with standard training schedules, really works. The Russians trained at Alma-Ata (around 10,000 ft.) in Kazakhstan before going to Mexico City in October; now they are building improved Olympic training camps at Yerevan in Armenia. The Japanese have camps on Mount Norikura in the 8,000-ft. to 9,000-ft. range. The French are completing an \$8,000,000 complex at Font-Romeu (6,100 ft.) in the Pyrenees, and, in a fine display of *entente cordiale*, they will let the West Germans train there with them.

The U.S. has conditions similar to Mexico City in the Mountain States, and Dr. Hanley has recommended to the U.S. Olympics Committee that team physicians and coaches meet next summer to decide on the most feasible acclimation program. "But," he concedes, "when the flags are up and the runners are going around the track, hemoglobin and oxygen uptake measured in the laboratory doesn't seem to count for much. So we won't know the outcome until the race is over."

PRO FOOTBALL

The Money Series

Tweaking the tail of a tiger is chancy sport, as the American Football League discovered last week. The A.F.L. had been feeling pretty big: this year's attendance was 23% higher than 1964's, that lovely TV lot was rolling in at the rate of \$7,200,000 a year, and the caliber of play around the league had improved to the point where sportswriters were calling for a "World Series" between the A.F.L. and the older (by 40 years) National Football League. After five years of trying to forget that the A.F.L. even existed, the N.F.L. finally turned and fought back with the biggest weapons at its command: money and prestige. The results were pretty spectacular. Signed one A.F.L. official: "We got our teeth kicked in."

Tommy & the Deluge. The battleground was the annual college draft, and pro football's version of Pork Chop Hill was Tommy Nobis, a 230-lb. All-America linebacker from Texas whose collar size (19½) alone was enough to make both leagues reach for their checkbooks. Tommy was drafted No. 1 by the N.F.L.'s newly franchised Atlanta Falcons and the A.F.L.'s Houston Oilers. With no coach, no schedule, no training camp and no plays, the Falcons apparently had nothing to offer Nobis except money: by last week they had already sold 40,000 of their 45,000 season tickets for 1966—at \$48 apiece. The Oilers' Owner Bud Adams offered



ATHLETES UNDERGOING ALTITUDE TESTS IN MEXICO CITY
They do better when they hold their breath.



Nobis a \$250,000 contract that would make him the highest paid defensive player in the history of pro football. Tommy posed for photographs with Oilman Adams. Then he flew off and signed an Atlanta contract—for \$225,000 (or so went the story). "There is something more to this, I'll bet," Adams muttered. Undoubtedly. But Nobis insisted that he was motivated purely by professional pride. "If I had signed with the A.F.L.," he explained, "I think I always would have wondered if I could have made it against the men of the N.F.L."

After Nobis, the deluge. Illinois Fullback Jim Grabowski, the No. 1 choice of the A.F.L.'s newborn Miami Dolphins, signed (for \$250,000) with the N.F.L.'s Green Bay Packers—not even bothering to entertain a bid from New York Jets Owner David ("Sonny") Werblin, who persuaded the Dolphins to deed him the rights to Grabowski at the last minute. Then the A.F.L.'s San Diego Chargers lost their No. 1 draftee, mammoth (6 ft. 5 in., 255 lbs.) Los Angeles State Tackle Don Davis, to the N.F.L.'s New York Giants. The Western Champion Chargers, in fact, lost every one of their top six draft choices—a hanging offense in time of war as far as Jets Owner Werblin was concerned. "What San Diego did was shameful," sputtered Werblin. "They have a set ball club, so they drafted ten fellows who could have played with any of us and made no serious attempt to sign them. They're afraid to strengthen the other A.F.L. teams."

Big One to Come. By week's end the N.F.L. had already signed 13 out of the 16 first-round draft choices and lost only one to the A.F.L.: Oklahoma Linebacker Carl McAdams, who signed with Werblin's Jets. The A.F.L. was batting a sorry .500 on its top draft choices, with five out of ten signed and five lost to the N.F.L. Even so, one big battle was still to come over Texas Tech's All-Everything Halfback Donny Anderson, who was drafted last year as a junior by the N.F.L.'s Green Bay Packers and the A.F.L.'s Houston Oilers. Anderson has a date in the Gator Bowl and cannot be bought until Dec. 31. The Packers reportedly are promising him a shot at Paul Hornung's halfback job. Oilers Owner Adams, enraged by the defection of Tommy Nobis, is offering something more substantial. "We are not going to lose Anderson," he vowed last week—and estimates of the extent of Adams' determination range all the way to \$800,000.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Mr. Bubas' Business

In Detroit's Cobo Arena, 12,000 wildly partisan fans whooped with delight. Led by All-America Cazzie Russell, the University of Michigan's No. 3-ranked Wolverines were running the lanky legs off Duke's Blue Devils, the nation's No. 1-ranked college basketball team. Russell was all over the



DUKE'S BUBAS



VERGA SCORING AGAINST MICHIGAN

He wasn't fooled by Fanny Farmer.

court, snaring rebounds, intercepting passes, scoring points in bunches of six or eight at a time. With barely four minutes to go, Russell had accounted for 28 points, and Michigan was leading Duke 80-70. The game seemed out of reach. "They can't do it," sighed a lonely Duke fan. "They can't do it."

O fan of little faith. To the surprise of just about everybody in Cobo Arena, the Blue Devils did it. Over those last four minutes, they outscored the Wolverines 15-5, and it took a last-second basket by Michigan's John Clawson to force the game into overtime, with the score tied 85-85. After that, it was strictly no contest. "Wave those arms! Keep Russell covered!" Duke Coach Vic Bubas bellowed from the bench; surrounded by two and sometimes three Duke defenders, Cazzie managed to get off six shots during the 5-min. overtime period—and missed all six. Duke's Bob Verga scored nine points, and the Blue Devils won 100-93—for their seventh victory in eight games this season,* and their 139th (against 36 losses) since Bubas took over as head coach six years ago.

Timed to the Second. Afterward Bubas called it "the greatest comeback any Duke team has ever staged"—a little regrettfully, perhaps, because showmanship is not Vic's cup of tea. (Nor Michigan's apparently, because the demoralized Wolverines went out and got clobbered again, 79-64, by little Butler.) "Basketball should be businesslike," says Bubas, and from his walnut-paneled executive suite on the Durham, N.C., campus, he directs Duke's basketball fortunes with the crisp efficiency of an investment banker. Practice sessions are timed to the second and preceded by staff meetings that would, remarked one observer, "make a Cabinet session appear spontaneous."

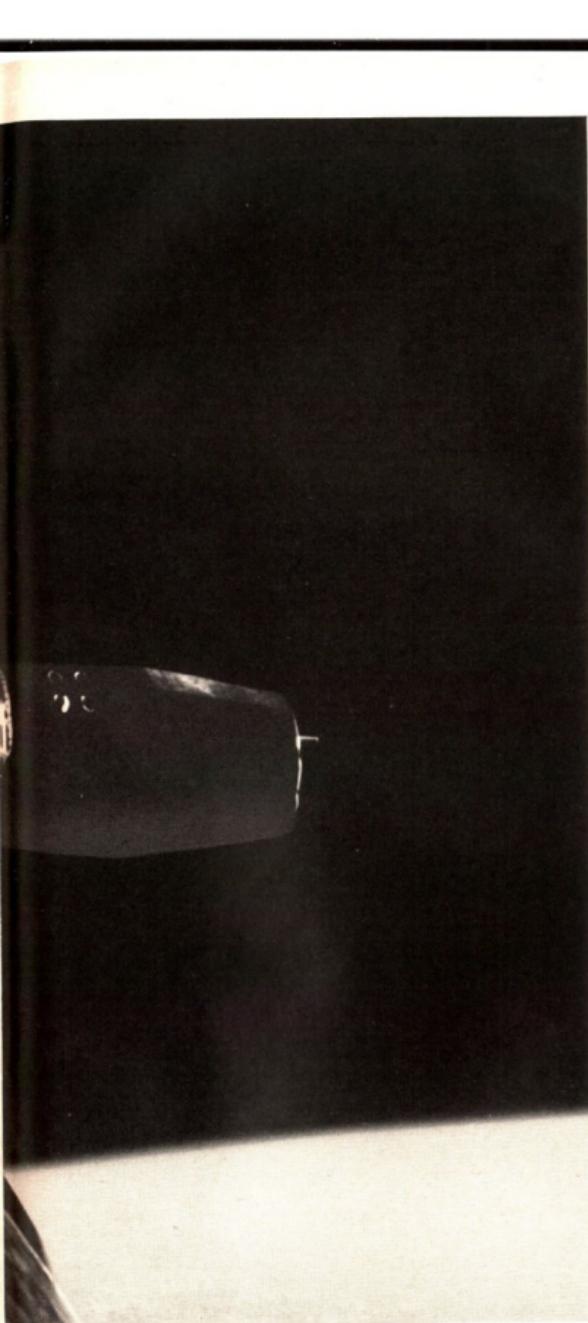
* The only loss: a 73-71 upset at the hands of South Carolina.

Bubas' files bulge with dossiers on rival players—including their personalities (Does he rattle when razed?)—and he scouts important opponents for weeks ahead of time. Scheduled to play U.C.L.A.'s defending N.C.A.A. champions twice this month, Bubas ordered his varsity to practice against a six-man team of scrubs that faithfully copied U.C.L.A.'s unusual "zone press" defense. Compared to those workouts, the five-man Bruins were a breeze. Duke won both games, 82-66 and 94-75.

Coal & Candy. One of Bubas' key approaches to his business is good recruiting: ten out of the twelve players on the Duke squad are out-of-staters. To land Center Mike Lewis, a 6-ft. 7-in. sophomore who has averaged 13.3 rebounds per game this season, Bubas reached all the way to Missoula, Mont.—on the recommendation of a Duke coed whose brother had played with Lewis in high school. Figuring that the coal and steel country of Pennsylvania ought to be a happy hunting ground for raw basketball talent as well as for football, Bubas conducted a discreet investigation—and found Forward Jack Marin (Farrell, Pa.), Forward Bob Riedy (Allentown, Pa.) and Guard Steve Vacendak (Scranton, Pa.).

In fact, Bubas' knowledge of where the boys are has been a coaching legend ever since a friend challenged him to a contest a few years ago. One by one the friend would describe a series of high school players, and Bubas was to name and locate each one. "Six feet eight inches, great hands, mother and father divorced, sister likes Fanny Farmer cherries," the friend began. Bubas instantly identified the boy. The game went on and on, until the friend described a boy 6-ft. 10-in., 240 lbs., averaged 32.1 points per game, an orphan with one gold tooth in front." Vic's brow wrinkled. "There is no such boy," he said finally. "Right," sighed his friend.





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ART



DALÍ SKETCHING HORSE
Spatter-dash from a pastiche.

EXHIBITIONS

The Comedian & the Straight Man

Back in the 1930s, surrealism was hot news, with its limp watches, ovarian vegetables and chance encounters between sewing machines and umbrellas on dissecting tables. Last week, in what amounted to an unexpected revival, two practitioners of that sleight of art were back on the boards in Manhattan, looking for all the world like the ghost of Christmas Past.

Behind the Curtain. At Huntington Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art, the show was all Salvador Dalí. To please his favorite contemporary artist, Hartford has filled his museum from top to bottom with 375 items of Dalí's hit-and-miss genius. But it was Dalí himself who won best-of-show at a gala black-tie lecture attended by critics, socialites and an ocelot on a leash. Sporting his silver-handled cane, Dalí held

the audience in breathless amusement as he dashed off a sketch of a horseman to the tempo of world-renowned Guitarist Manitas de Plata and his flamenco-booted partner—while a museum aide scampered back and forth across the stage to keep Dalí in drawing pens.

Not that Dalí had skimped on art for the occasion. On view were his latest works, featuring a spatter-dash *Hommage to Meissonier*, which most certainly would not please Meissonier, a 19th century French academic who painted romances of gladiators and Napoleonic battles. Also from 1965's crop: *Salvador Dalí in the Act of Painting Gala in the Apotheosis of the Dollar in Which You Can See on the Left Marcel Duchamp Masquerading as Louis XIV Behind a Vermeerian Curtain Which Actually Is the Invisible Face but Monumental of Hermes by Praxiteles*. It covers quite a bit of art history in a style that describes Dalí himself—a pastiche.

Illogical Logic. At the Museum of Modern Art, it was Old Line Surrealist René Magritte's turn, and the exhibition of 82 paintings proved that the Belgian-born artist has lost none of his wizardry. Loaves of bread fly in formation beyond a stone embrasure in *The Golden Legend*; an immense rock floats weightless in *The Glass Key*; in *Blank Signature*, a fine lady upon a chestnut horse rides mysteriously through an enchanted forest, passing before and beyond a landscape painted magically as if on a vertical Venetian blind.

Magritte, 67, who made his first visit to New York for the opening along with his wife Georgette and his dog Lou-Lou, succeeded as the perfect straight man of surrealism. "The thought expressed in my work is absolute," he said. "It can't be interpreted. In my painting, a bird is a bird. And a bottle is a bottle, not a symbol of a womb." All of which inspired critics to find his work an antecedent of pop art. The painting is so meticulous, the objects themselves so ordinary yet so extraordinarily juxtaposed that Magritte obviously means to convey an apparently clear vision in which the illogical becomes magically super-logical.

Magritte fails, not because it is difficult to follow his dream logic—it is quite conceivable that sometime it might start raining men in derby hats. Magritte's divorce from reality is sensuous enough to appeal to sensibility, but his carefully rendered iconography is so personal that it suggests only a visible world in which no one ever lived. These images are deliberately insoluble puzzles, meticulously worked-out scenarios of subtle shock calculated to spur the unconscious. But contemporary man finds enough anxiety in the very air that he breathes and more challenging puzzles in the streets that he walks—in the direct apprehension of reality.

WATERCOLORS

Visions from the Greenhouse

Tacked on the wall of a large converted greenhouse in the once exclusive socialite enclave of Tuxedo Park, north of New York City, is an 8th century Chinese poem:

*I would not paint a face, a rock, nor brooks, nor trees
Mere semblances of things, but something more than these.
That art is best which to the soul's range gives no bound,
Something besides the form, something beyond the sound.*

The poem is the credo of Albert Christ-Janer; the greenhouse is the studio where he grows his watercolor studies of something more than nature (see opposite page).

"My pictures are really abstractions," says Christ-Janer, 55, "that, I hope, come through with a magic that makes people see nature in them." He can brush a cool, grainy vision that recalls arctic tundra seen from 25,000 ft. up, or the scorched, forever autumnal desert of the American Southwest. Says he: "The earth, the sky and the sea are my sources of information."

As dean of Brooklyn's topnotch Pratt Institute Art School, Christ-Janer has precious little time to be in contact with his prime sources. He picks up many of his impressions while flying around the lecture circuit or to Europe, works them out only on weekends. A scholar as well, he has taught in seven colleges since graduating with an M.A. from Yale, written four books, including biographies of the artists George Caleb Bingham, Boardman Robinson and Finnish-born Architect Eliel Saarinen, under whom he worked at Michigan's Cranbrook Academy.

Since watercolor is a quick medium, it appealed to him from the start because it fitted into his crowded schedule. He also found that he could not tolerate the smell of turpentine nor the messiness of oils. Though watercolors lack the warmth of thicker media, Christ-Janer strives to enrich them. In pursuit of textural effects, he has experimented with polymer glues to bind his colors, sand or gravel sprinkled on to give them tactility and visual variety.

The results, which go on display this week in a one-man show at the Brooklyn Museum, are Oriental in their subtlety, suggestive of the seasons, as oblique as they are abstract. "I am not interested in specific nature," says Christ-Janer, "but in the feeling toward it. I have no message, belong to no schools or groups." His art invites contemplation, not as naturalistically as the 19th century Japanese master Hokusai, depicting the "floating world" in his *Thirty-Six Views of Mount Fuji*, but with the same aerial delicacy that defies the banalities of time.



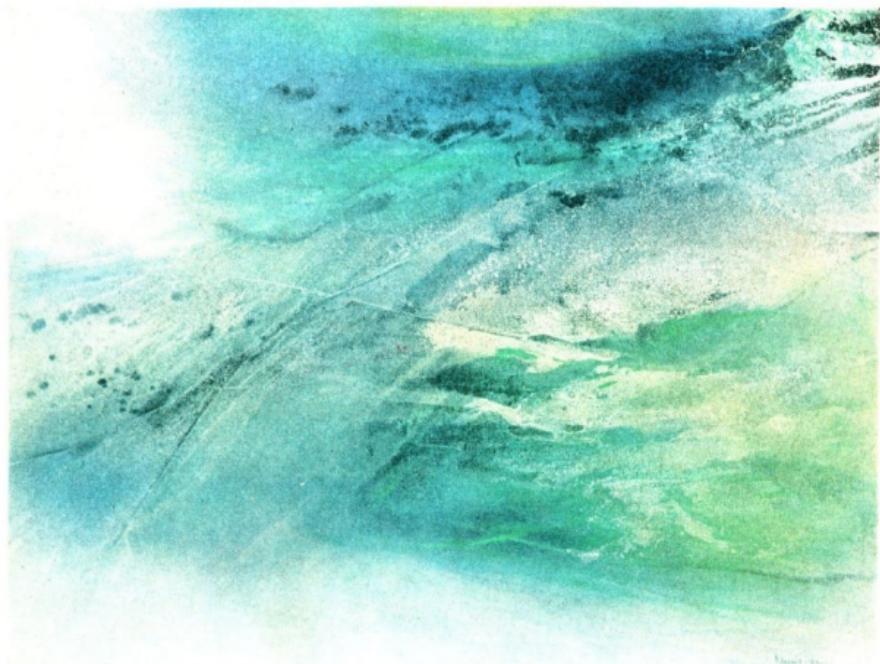
WALTER DORAN

MAGRITTE & "BLANK SIGNATURE"
Thoughts from a wizard.

Flights of Fancy



Albert Christ-Janer's painterly abstracts are recollections of nature, recalling mist-shrouded landscape (above) and the cool, grainy texture of barren Norwegian tundra (below), which he saw from the air during a 1964 flight.





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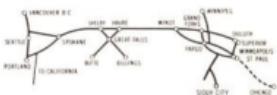
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CHRISTIE & SHARIF IN "ZHIVAGO"
Red star-crossed in war.

To Russia with Love

Doctor Zhivago. Behind the opaque, frosted window pane of a room in Moscow, a candle's flame slowly melts a circle through which the camera peers at a young man reading a letter. As he absorbs terrible revelations about the girl he loves, the circle becomes a poetic, crystalline metaphor for his swollen anguish and the inevitable burning away of youth's illusions. Such fully visualized moments are the key to Director David Lean's triumph over the challenge of filming Boris Pasternak's monumental bestseller. With monastic zeal (TIME, Dec. 24), he has translated the book into a movie that is literate, old-fashioned, soul-filling and thoroughly romantic.

In Pasternak's novel, the love story of Yuri Zhivago (Omar Sharif) and his Lara (Julie Christie) was part of a vast canvas of war, revolution and social upheaval. Scenarist Robert Bolt has condensed much of this story through a narrator, Yuri's Bolshevik brother (Alec Guinness). The device seems awkward at times, but the flashbacks spring vividly to life on their own. The couple's first wordless encounter takes place aboard a tramcar in Moscow, and the headlong rush of their intertwined destinies is a subtle, unifying symbol of *Zhivago*. Trains wail along outside the house where Lara and her mother's self-seeking lover (Rod Steiger) generate the first sparks of scandal. After the revolution, a train carries Yuri, his wife Tonya (Geraldine Chaplin) and his family away to the relative safety of the Urals; and Lean bears down on every detail of their flight across an endless white snowscape in which ordinary human values seem suddenly locked in deep freeze.

Summarized, *Zhivago's* plot sounds like any conventional saga of Red Star-crossed lovers who meet, part, and meet

again at all the crossroads of history. But if this is soap opera—and in some measure it is—the suds are set into motion by an impressive cast. As the poet-physician Zhivago, Sharif embodies both wounded sensibility and the simple, stubborn faith that a man need not sell heart and soul to prove his love of country. Julie Christie, frankly passionate and vulnerable as Lara, proves again that she is a vital presence on the screen. Steiger, who makes his beauty-and-the-beast role a seething study of precariously balanced lusts, Ralph Richardson, Siobhan McKenna, Tom Courtenay and Rita Tushingham, all meet the film's exacting standard. In a vivacious debut, Actress Chaplin indicates that a striking resemblance to her father may be somewhat more than skin-deep.

The star of *Doctor Zhivago* is Director Lean himself, who has effectively captured on film the essence of Pasternak's belief that men are priceless as individuals, not as cogs in a superstar. Lean speaks for humanity in a language of unspeakably beautiful images: the desolate ritual of a funeral on a wind-swept Russian heath; a band of running, white-shirted schoolboys suddenly massacred in a field of golden wheat; or simply the timeless, kaleidoscopic, never-ceasing cycle of the seasons. His sentimental *Zhivago* is perhaps warm and rewarding entertainment rather than great art; yet it reaches that level of taste, perception and emotional fullness where a movie becomes a motion-picture event.

Carnival in Brio

Viva Maria! gives Brigitte Bardot one of the best roles of her career and Jeanne Moreau one of her worst. Fortunately, Moreau treats the handicap lightly, as if she were taking up tent-show theatricals just for the hell of it. Together, the two co-stars perform miracles of wit, charm and camera-wise witchery in this jaunty but slipshod farce written and directed by France's Louis Malle.

Maria! dusts off a sliver of plot about a team of carnival song-and-dance girls, both named Maria, touring the flesh-pots of a mythical Central American republic in 1907. Enhancing a collection of dazzling period costumes, they inspire lust—and frequently satisfy it—from stop to stop. They invent the strip-tease, seizing with girlish delight upon a gaping seam and a stubborn snap as though the benefits to mankind might rival the discovery of radium. Finally, they fall jointly in love with a doomed revolutionary (George Hamilton) and continue to inflame the peasantry in his name. As Maria I, Moreau drolly helps the cause by improvising bits of the funeral oration from *Julius Caesar*, although most of the time she plays second banana to Maria II. A tomboyish Mata Hari who spent her childhood in

CINEMA

Ireland as a mad bomber, Bardot gets the flashier jobs, manning a machine gun, planting high explosives, swinging from tree to tree like Tarzan.

Having saddled himself with an idea that often seems too silly for words, Director Malle rides to the rescue with more antistate, anticlerical, antedated spoofery than he can gracefully handle. His rhythm is erratic, as though he were trying to make a movie in five or six different styles at the same time, none wholly his own. But even the deadly slow stretches are redeemed by Cameraman Henri Decae, whose breathtakingly sophisticated photography is a show in itself, imperceptibly shaded as the action moves from lush Rousseau tropics to the cabaret scenes that exude a smoky golden haze in which Moreau and Bardot appear like creatures of Lautrec or Degas, ineffably alluring.

Backward Front

Battle of the Bulge harks back to that bitter morn in mid-December 1944 when Hitler's Panzer divisions mounted the last great German offensive of World War II. Tiger tanks and infantry spat destruction against the Allied invaders, thrusting them back through the Ardennes forest along a lightly guarded 85-mile front to gouge out a bleeding chunk of Luxembourg, France and eastern Belgium. What happened at the Bulge? According to a trio of Hollywood script writers, the Allies were caught flat-footed because nobody would listen to Henry Fonda.

Fonda plays a folksy intelligence officer whose outlook remains sensible and somehow civilian. This, the film implies, puts him one up on the hardheaded military professionals (Dana Andrews,



BARDOT & MOREAU IN "MARIA!"
Strip-tease in revolution.

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Robert Ryan) who refuse to believe, until too late, that the Germans are planning a massive attack. A Nazi tank commander (Robert Shaw) has driven a spearhead deep into U.S. positions before Fonda, eyes twinkling, brightly deduces that the enemy is short of fuel.

Thus, gas propels *Bulge* toward the grandiose tank battle that eventually spells German defeat, but all the rest of the picture seems to run on sheer gall. On the questionable assumption that ferocious truth must be offset by comedy relief, there is a black-marketeering U.S. sergeant (Telly Savalas) who blunders into heroic deeds. Even the

massacre of 125 G.I. prisoners at Malmedy has a silver lining, since it turns simpering Lieut. James MacArthur into a fit soldier.

Director Ken Annakin (*Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*) skillfully deploys the tanks across the Cinerama playing fields, but the end result is just another run on the bloodbank of the war. *Bulge's* sole achievement is that veterans may emerge from it feeling at least as affronted as Brigadier General Anthony McAuliffe, defender of Bastogne, whose imperishable reply to German surrender demands was simply, "Nuts!"

MILESTONES

Married. Arlene Dahl, 38, still-flaming Hollywood redhead (*Kisses for My President*), now author of a beauty column; and Alexis Lichine, 52, U.S. wine importer; he for the second time, she for the fourth in St. James, Barbados.

Divorced. By Dame Peggy Ashcroft, 58, well-versed Shakespearean actress and pillar of Britain's Old Vic; Jeremy Hutchinson, 50, London barrister whose roster of clients has included *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Fanny Hill* and Party-girl Christine Keeler; on uncontested grounds of adultery; after 25 years of marriage, two children; in London.

Died. Richard Dimbleby, 52, BBC's mellifluous Voice of Britain for the past 30 years, who covered every major event from the 1952 coronation of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Winston Churchill's funeral this year; of cancer; in London. He brought such knowledge and unabashed love of the Establishment to his broadcasts that Britons nicknamed him Bishop Dimbleby, Dick Dimbleboom and the Royal Plum Pudding—though he could, in a moment of off-mike irreverence, crack that "We marry 'em, we crown 'em and we bury 'em."

Died. General Walter Campbell Sweeney Jr., 56, recently retired boss of the Tactical Air Command (1961-65), a much-decorated bomber pilot (Midway, Tokyo) who took over TAC at the height of the Berlin Wall crisis, turned it from a relatively small outfit into a major arm of U.S. airpower with 1,400 jet fighters, its own tankers and transports, and the ability to perform any tactical mission from the 1964 Congo missionary rescue to ground support in Viet Nam; of cancer; at Homestead Air Force Base, Fla.

Died. Al Ritz, 64, eldest of the Ritz Brothers who, with Second Brother Jimmy, played straight man to Rubber-faced Harry in 18 movies between 1936 and 1944 (*Never a Dull Moment*), continued to enliven nightclubs with a blend of lunatic dance and non sequitur patter; of a heart attack; in New Orleans.

Died. General Thomas Dresser White, 64, Air Force Chief of Staff, from 1957 to 1961; of leukemia; in Washington. An unrelenting advocate of ever stronger air power who fought vainly for the Air Force's experimental B-70 supersonic bomber, General White felt that rigid reliance on missiles was "tantamount to the Maginot Line" and that the theory of mutual deterrence gave a false sense of invulnerability. "The only safe strategy," he said, was "imbalance—with a vast preponderance on our side."

Died. George H. Dixon, 65, author of the syndicated "Washington Scene," a grab bag column of nonpolitical cocktail-party and press-conference observations appearing daily since 1944; following a heart attack; in Washington. Sometimes sharp, more often corny, Dixon took aim at "the guy in the silk hat," up to and including the President of the U.S., which led him to describe 1965 as "the year of incision" and L.B.J. as "the abdominal showman."

Died. William J. Allen, 76, New Jersey truck driver whose discovery in May 1932 of the decomposed body of 20-month-old Charles A. Lindbergh Jr. in a shallow grave near Hopewell, N.J., ended a 72-day search for the kidnapped child and catapulted the Negro worker into brief but unfortunate fame, landing him as a freak in a Coney Island exhibit until public pressure forced New Jersey Governor A. Harry Moore to find him state employment and give him a \$5,000 reward; of heart disease; in Trenton, N.J.

Died. Andrew Wells Robertson, 85, chairman and chief executive of Westinghouse Electric Corp. from 1929 to 1945, a Pittsburgh lawyer who guided the firm through the Depression into the spectacular growth years of World War II, tripling its sales with new consumer appliances (dishwashers, electric ranges), the first industrial atom smasher (the 1937 Van de Graaff generator) and a vast array of defense equipment; of a stroke; in Pittsburgh.

BOOKS

African Agonies

THE SAVAGE STATE by Georges Conchon. 222 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$4.50.

White is white and black is black in the new Africa, but the twain meet on one point of principle: even more than each hates the other, they hate anybody who tries to erase the color line that divides them. Such is the sardonic opinion of France's Georges Conchon, a former Secretary-General of the Central African Republic, and he expresses his opinion with sadistic delight in this fe-



GEORGES CONCHON

Underdogs have sharp teeth.

rociously witty satire on the men and movements of contemporary Africa.

The savage state of the accusatory title is a young African republic where a Negro Cabinet minister falls in love with a white woman. Both black and white communities rise up against the couple and take a terrible vengeance. The minister's black colleagues cynically arrange his assassination, and then literally eat his brains. His mistress is successively brutalized by a black mob and berated by the white colony. Her estranged husband, who tries to protect her, is beaten up by his white associates. And at book's end, two howling hordes of savages, one black and one white, converge and expel husband and wife from the country.

Racism is the proximate cause of Conchon's rage, but all man's inhumanity is the ultimate butt of his abhorrence. In scenes both hilarious and scarifying, he slashes at the sickly fear, pride, cruelty and self-deceit that hide behind the name of love until they dare assume the shape of hate.

His representation of an Africa emerging is no doubt distorted. But it may remind people who like to pat underdogs that they usually have sharp teeth.

One Man's Volcano

SELECTED LETTERS OF MALCOLM LOWRY edited by Harvey Breit and Margerie Bonner Lowry. 459 pages. Lipincott. \$10.

The geography of Dante's inferno was fixed. As a 14th century Florentine, he knew it was somewhere under Tuscany. For Malcolm Lowry, a 20th century mystic, it lay under the volcano that looks down on Cuernavaca in Mexico and inside a bottle of mescal, a drink as hallucinatory, it seems, as mescaline, a drug which is also derived from the *maguey* cactus.

At 47, Lowry died of drink (which the coroner called "misadventure") in his native England in 1957. He also lived by it; it was his Vergil, guide to those infernal regions from which he returned a man possessed by demons. He exorcised them by the masterpiece called *Under the Volcano*, which can be read as a novel but understood only as a parable of the pit. "William James if not Freud," he wrote in a letter to his British publisher, "would certainly agree with me when I say that the agonies of the drunkard find their most accurate poetic analogue in the agonies of the mystic who has abused his powers."

The *Forest*. *Under the Volcano* was rejected by twelve New York publishers before it finally appeared in 1947. On the surface, it tells the story of Geoffrey Firmin, an alcoholic and almost derelict British consul in a town strongly resembling Cuernavaca, where Lowry himself lived for two years. However, its subterranean reputation continued to grow until it is now taught in college courses on the modern novel.

"The novel should reform itself by drawing upon its ancient Aeschylean and tragic heritage," he wrote to his publisher. "There are a thousand writers who can draw adequate characters till all is blue for one who can tell you anything new about hell fire." Lowry set out to do just that. Most modern men do not believe in hell because they have not been there. Lowry did, because he had been there. He also believed in a number of other unmodern things—that "life is a forest of symbols," in fate, destiny, demons and spells, numerology and divination by study of birds and their behavior. What saved him from being—as so many mystics are—a bore and an embarrassment to plain men was his artist's eye and the controlled magic of his words, which made him a tragic novelist rather than a tiresome navel gazer.

Five Watchers. Such a man as Lowry has trouble in this world even when sober—which he was for long productive periods. His letters, collected by his widow and the New York Times' Harvey Breit, record enough of those troubles—neglect, poverty, manuscripts lost or burned—to make paranoiacs of 50 po-

ets. Lowry first appears as "a small boy chased by furies." He strummed a guitar in dives, "ran away to sea," and the last thing he did to please his bewildered father, a Liverpool cotton broker who fox-hunted, was to graduate (third-class honors) in English from Cambridge. Years of wandering as a merchant seaman, a marriage in Paris, and a minor novel (*Ultramarine*, a Melville-and-blue-water affair) lay ahead before he fetched up in Mexico on a midget paternal subsidy.

From Oaxaca and the middle of what he called with desperate facetiousness his "last too-lose-Lowrytrek," he wrote a British friend: "I have, since being here, been in prison three times. Everywhere I go I am pursued and even now,



MALCOLM LOWRY

Alcoholics can have a clear eye.

as I write, no less than five policemen are watching me. This is the perfect Kafka situation but you will pardon me if I do not consider it any longer funny . . . There is a church here for those who are solitary and the comfort you obtain from it is non-existent though I have wept many times there . . . Incidentally I smell."

No Man's Land. But his burly rugger player's build survived both external abuse and the internal erosion of mescal: booze left unbleared a blazing eye. A woman turned up who would (he wrote) "share conditions which make Gorki's *Lower Depths* look like a drawing-room comedy," and who loved him, tidied his papers, married him, and cosseted his hangovers until he died. She was Margerie Bonner, an actress turned writer, to whose own person and work Lowry remained steadfastly protective (even when she was clearly protecting him). His father's money got him out of Mexico into Canada, where he found one of the few legal no man's lands left in a modern society—a strip between low and high tide in wilderness land near Vancouver. He built a cabin on stilts and sent letters out into the world like pigeons from the ark. The Lowrys were

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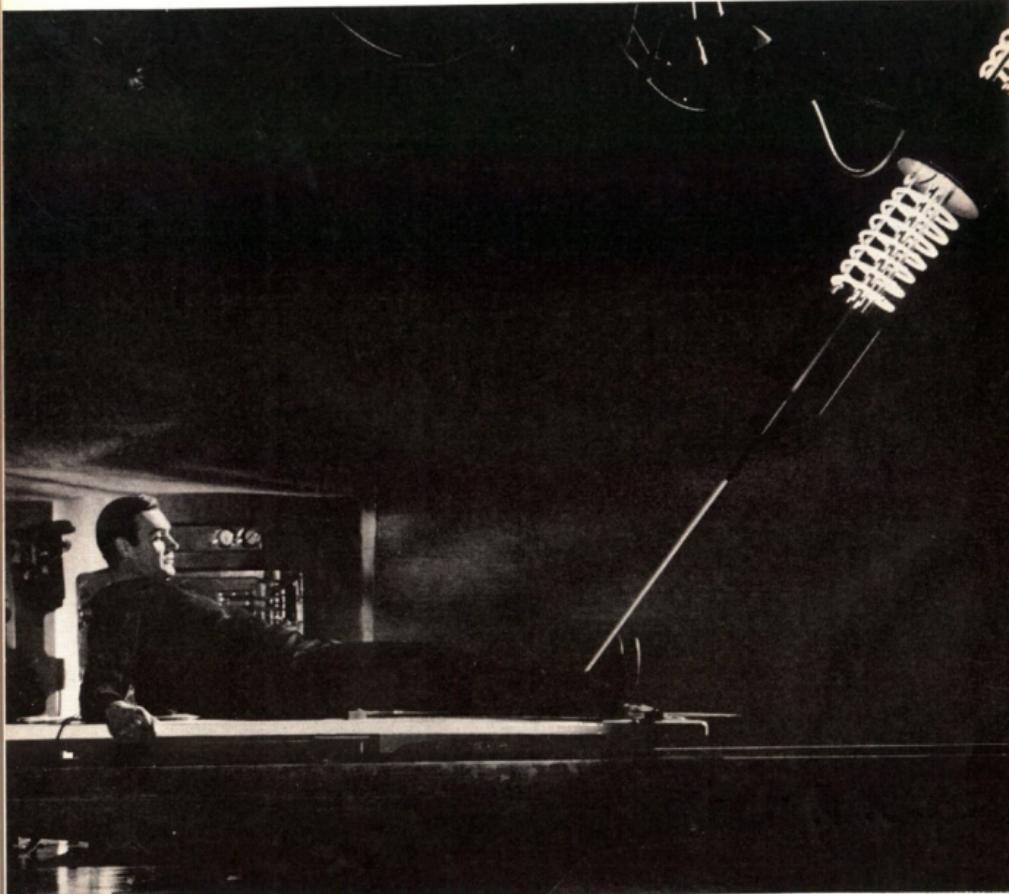
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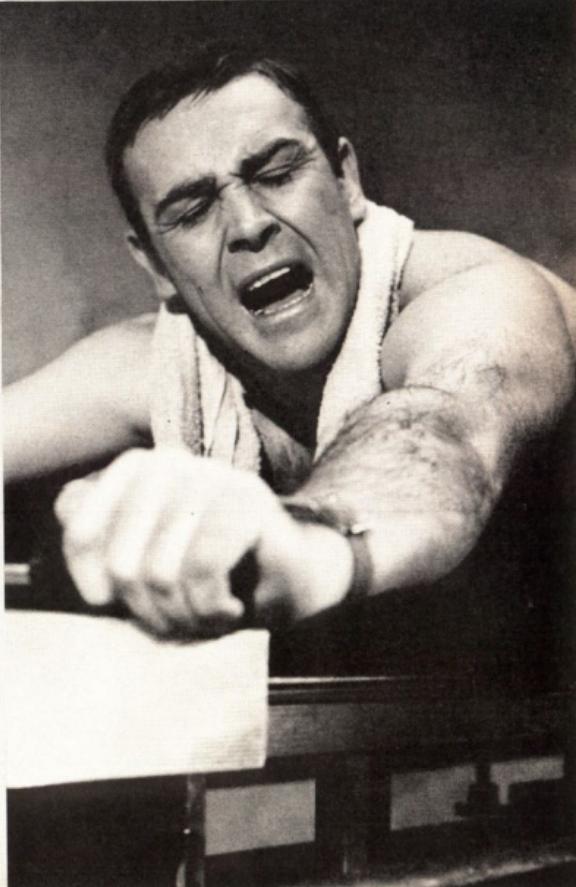
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often close to starvation; the cabin burned down, and Lowry was badly burned himself saving his manuscript.

The theme of his work, said Lowry, quoting Critic Edmund Wilson, was "the forces in man which cause him to be terrified of himself." The theme of his letters could be the well-grounded fears that man has of other men. They are witty, light, profound and erudite. The tone is that of an infinitely gentle man whose capacity for pity was not—as in the case of most drunks—squandered on himself.

Frame-Up

VICTORIAN SCANDAL by Roy Jenkins. 447 pages. Chilmark Press; Random House. \$7.95.

On the morning of July 19, 1885, Sir Charles Dilke sat confidently on top of what Disraeli once called "the greasy pole" of British politi... Disraeli himself, though a Tory, had acknowledged Liberal Dilke as "the most useful and influential" politician of his generation. Gladstone had just designated Sir Charles, then only 41, to succeed him as leader of the Liberal Party. As such, he was almost certain to become Prime Minister when Gladstone, then almost 76, stepped down. But before the fateful day was over, Dilke had a disastrous fall that smashed his career and arguably altered the course of British political history. The Dilke Case was the Profumo Affair of the Victorian era.

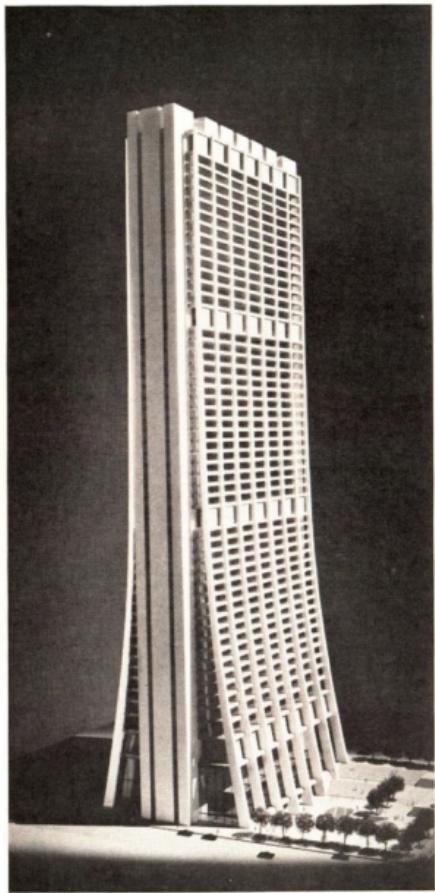
Youngest Ever. Long forgotten by all but avid devotees of Victoriana, Dilke and his scandal were recently and rather carelessly reconstructed in a melodrama (*The Right Honourable Gentleman*) that ran a year and a half in London and is now maintaining a precarious life on Broadway. The tragedy deserves more responsible treatment, and this it has been given by Roy Jenkins, a political historian who is Minister of Aviation in Britain's Labor government. After a study of all available evidence, some of it never before made public, Jenkins concludes that Dilke was framed and finished off by a cabal of malevolent in-laws and mistresses.

Until the dark day dawned, fortune smiled relentlessly on Dilke. Heir to a minor publishing fortune, he was a first-class scholar and athlete at Cambridge, soon after graduation stood successfully for Parliament and then followed up his election with a socio-political study of the British Empire (*Greater Britain*) that hugely impressed the British intellectual and political establishment. At 39, he became the youngest member of the Gladstone Cabinet.

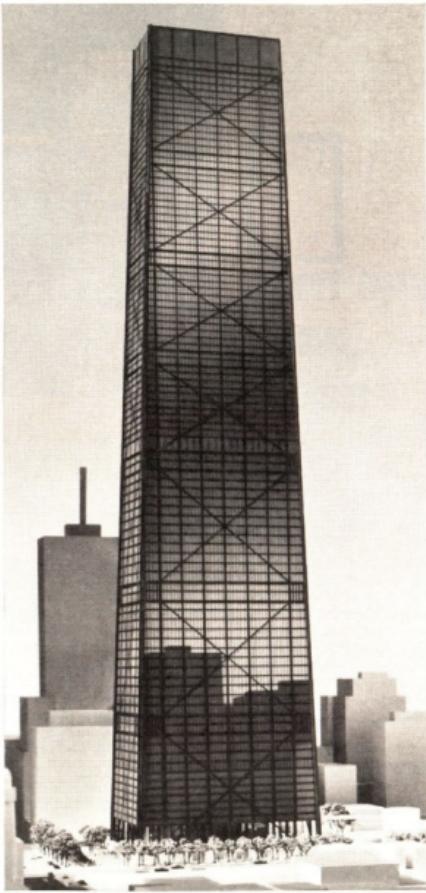
Unhappily, as was often the case with Victorian politicians, Dilke's private life was rather less exemplary than his public activity. He had a fatal attraction to the tigress type, and during his 20s and 30s he apparently conducted affairs with three or four appall-

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SIR CHARLES DILKE
A historic fall.

ingly predatory women—among them his sister-in-law's mother.

French Vice. The plot was sprung by his sister-in-law's sister, a Mrs. Donald Crawford, who suddenly informed her husband that she had been "ruined" by Sir Charles. What's more, she told him that Sir Charles had taught her "every French vice" and had persuaded her to play three-in-a-bed with himself and his housemaid. Mr. Crawford thereupon decided to sue his wife for divorce and to name Sir Charles as corespondent. Dilke duly protested that he had never laid a finger on Mrs. Crawford, but he knew that the prudish Victorian public would not believe him. So did Gladstone. He quietly dropped Dilke.

Cut adrift by most of his friends, ripped apart by the gutter press, bewildered by expensive lawyers who gave him bad advice, labored by indignant judges who prejudged him a monster of depravity, Sir Charles staggered pathetically through two sensational trials. Crawford won his divorce; Dilke was lucky to escape prosecution for perjury and perversion. His constituents turned him out of office.

With nothing left but cash and courage, Dilke grimly continued the fight. During the next decade a committee established to investigate the case produced evidence which strongly suggests that Mrs. Crawford's story was a lie.

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from beginning to end. In fact, says Jenkins, Mrs. Crawford had an affair with a certain Captain Forster, from whom she had contracted syphilis. Unable to continue her marriage without disclosing her condition, Mrs. Crawford cynically decided to get both Dilke and a divorce in one fell swoop.

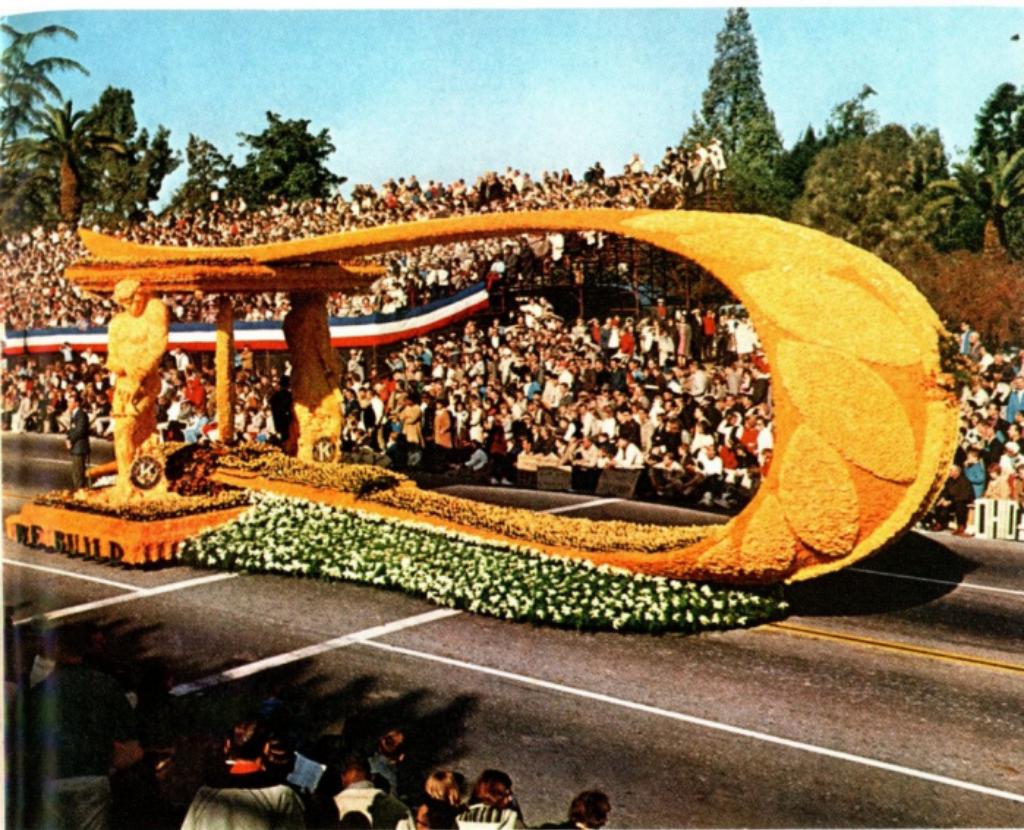
Fatal Split. Why did she want to destroy Dilke? Author Jenkins argues that despite his protestation of utter innocence, Dilke actually did have an affair with Mrs. Crawford before she was married; that Dilke refused to marry her; that she ruined him because he had "ruined" her. But nobody knows for certain. What is certain, or seems so on the evidence Jenkins supplies, is that Dilke was the only man who could hold the Liberals together. Within a year of his political demise the party split, and Gladstone's last administration founded in failed majorities. One woman's vindictiveness, Jenkins suggests, had significantly tipped the balance of political power in Britain.

It's All a Plot

THE PARANOID STYLE IN AMERICAN POLITICS by Richard Hofstadter. 315 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

The Great Conspiracy Against America first came to light in 1779, when the pulpits of New England rang with denunciations of the Illuminati, a sinister society of freethinkers who were purportedly prepared to attack the U.S. with a number of secret weapons—among them a tea that caused abortion and a "method for filling a bedchamber with pestilential vapours." By 1835, control of the conspiracy had passed to the Pope, whose Jesuits were reported "prowling about all parts of the United States in disguise" and conjugating in clandestine convents with unnatural nuns. By 1951, according to Senator McCarthy, the perennial enemy had planted agents in the Truman Cabinet. By 1958, according to "detailed evidence" collected by the founder of the John Birch Society, President Eisenhower had actually been converted into a "dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." And soon after that, still others with inside information reported that supreme command of the U.S. armed forces had secretly been transferred to a Russian colonel attached to the United Nations.

In the four long essays that make up the better part of this book, Historian Richard Hofstadter (*The Age of Reform*) briskly traces the history of political paranoia in the U.S., and wittily examines the political pathology that produced and sustained the legend of the Great Conspiracy. He concludes, somewhat magisterially, that the nomination of Senator Goldwater was the "triumphant moment of pseudo-conservatism in American politics," and finds that the ironic result was that Goldwater's "campaign broke the back of our postwar practical conservatism."



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